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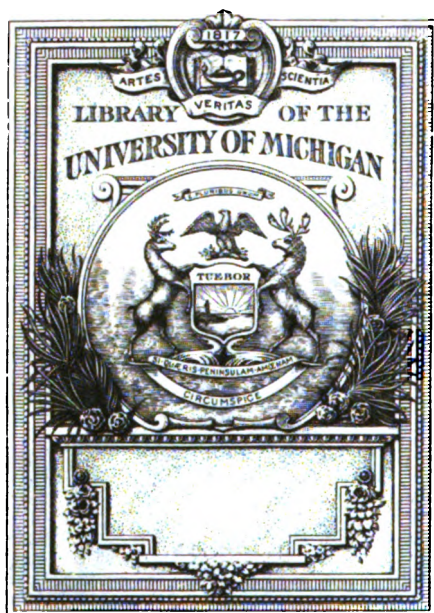
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THE



# CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

VOLUME LXIV.

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME II.

JANUARY, MARCH, MAY, 1858.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, . . . . verus philosophus est amator Dei."—*St. AUGUSTINE.*

BOSTON:

BY THE PROPRIETOR, 21 BROMFIELD STREET.

CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO., 117 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW YORK: C. S. FRANCIS & CO., 554 BROADWAY.

LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178 STRAND.

1858.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by  
THOMAS B. FOX,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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CAMBRIDGE:  
METCALF AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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JANUARY, 1858.

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ART. I.—DR. FERDINAND CHRISTIAN BAUR.

1. *Geschichte des Christenthums und der Kirche in den ersten drei Jahrhunderten.* Von DR. FERDINAND CHRISTIAN BAUR. Tübingen. 1853.
2. *Das Marcus-Evangelium nebst einem Anhang über das Evangelium Marcion's.* Von DR. FERDINAND CHRISTIAN BAUR. Tübingen. 1851.
3. *Kritische Untersuchungen über die Canonischen Evangelien.* Von DR. FERDINAND CHRISTIAN BAUR. Tübingen. 1847.

DR. BAUR, the distinguished head of the Tübingen school of theology, is fairly entitled to be called a representative man. Professor Schwarz, an appreciative, but not too sympathetic judge, believes him to hold at the present time, since the death of Schleiermacher, the first place in theological science; and they who are not prepared to say as much as this cordially rank him as the peer of Rothe and Ewald. He has lived through all those convulsions of theology and philosophy which have given to German literature such welcome or dreaded fame on this side of the water. He has seen systems rise and fall, epochs bloom and pass away, "epoch-making books" appear, reign, and disappear. When Schleiermacher came finally to Berlin, in 1806, and breathed an animation unknown before into every department of theology, reviving orthodoxy, inspiring rationalism, quickening pietism,

pressing into the existing body of thought at all its pores, Baur was fourteen years old; when Hegel came thither, in 1818, he was twenty-six, fully prepared to sympathize with the glow of exultation which greeted that philosopher's concrete formulas and vast generalizations. From Baur's pupilage in Tübingen, Strauss, the young "referent," repaired to Berlin to attend the lectures of Schleiermacher; and sitting at his study-window, the master watched the storm that was raised by the "Life of Jesus"; saw Tholuck, Neander, Ullman, and a host of minor thunderers, pour their wrath upon the devoted book; heard the pelting rain of the "Kirchenzeitung," and calmly watched the clear heavens when the tempest was over. The whole Straussian literature sprung into existence and went out of existence while he was in the prime of life, and the fruits of it, such as they were, dropped into his lap; nor does any marked phase of thought seem to have been missed by him.

The range of Baur's intellectual gifts is as remarkable as the comprehensiveness of his intellectual experience. He combines mental qualities that are not commonly found together. To erudition wonderfully varied, vast, and massive, he unites a prophetic sagacity which lightly and tirelessly follows its own scent, unencumbered by ponderous folios. With a power of abstruse speculation, which enables him to dwell as if at home in the thinnest atmosphere of Hegelian thought, he possesses an amazing capacity for hard, dry, protracted work in the study. His patience and accuracy in the minutiae of criticism and the details of historical investigation would alone secure to him a distinguished place in the departments he has chosen; but these qualities do not appear to fetter the action of a genius for generalization which loves to comprehend and weave together all the literary facts of an epoch to make an harmonious and perfect piece. In the last-mentioned quality Baur has no equal among theological scholars. Nothing is too small to escape his eye. Nothing is too remote to be insignificant. He examines every scrap of paper for himself, scrutinizes every letter upon it, and assigns to the fragment its place in the development of thought, with a skill that, at first sight, appears to be unerring. The



obscure line of Greek or Latin, which meant nothing to others, is a clew that leads him through the most intricate ways of ancient speculation. Give him a single leaf, and out of it he will construct a literature. The bare list of his writings is suggestive of his intellectual character. His first work, "Symbolik und Mythologie," was published in 1824-5. In 1831 came from him "Das Manichäische Religions-System," an essay on Ebionitism and Essenism, and an article in the *Tübinger Zeitschrift* on "The Christ Party at Corinth." The next year appeared the "Apollonius of Tyana and Christ," a small volume; and in 1833, the famous defence of Protestantism against Möhler's "Symbolik" gave evidence of his industry and vigor in an entirely new field. 1834 produced nothing for the press; but in 1835 was published the "Christian Gnosis," one thick volume, and a dissertation upon "The Pastoral Letters, so called, of the Apostle Paul"; two books strikingly illustrating, the one his power of abstruse speculation, the other his critical acumen. These were followed, in 1836, by an essay in the *Tubinger Zeitschrift* on "The Purpose and Occasion of the Epistle to the Romans"; and this was succeeded, in 1837, by a companion to the "Apollonius," entitled "Socrates and Christ." "The Origin of the Episcopate" (1838) was written in opposition to Rothe's "Beginnings of the Christian Church," and the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles; "The History of the Doctrine of Atonement" was published the same year. A rest of two years prepared the public for his greatest work, "The History of the Doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation," in three stout volumes, almost any other man's life-labor. In 1842 was issued the first number of the "Theologische Jahrbücher,"\* to which

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\* The following are titles of some of the more noteworthy articles in the *Jahrbücher*, by Dr. Baur:—"The John Gospel."—"Contributions to the Earliest Christian History."—"The John Question."—"The Doctrine of the Reformed Church as distinguished from the Lutheran."—"Critical Studies on the Essence of Protestantism."—"Character and Significance of the Calistine Syncretism."—"The John Gospel and the Passover."—"The Johannic Epistles."—"The Principle of the Reformed Doctrine."—"Towards the Study of Protestant Mysticism."—"Contributions to N. T. Criticism."—"Towards the Explanation of the Epistles to the Corinthians."—"The Introduction to the N. T. as a Department of Theological Science," four long articles.—"The Essence of Montanism."—"A Defence

he has been the largest contributor, and in which, during the year 1844, he published his three great articles on the Gospel of John. After this, for several years, Baur's labors were mostly critical. The "*Paulus*," a masterly book, written in a clear and finished style, set forth, in 1845, the results of study on the life, times, and writings of the Apostle to the Gentiles. The "*Canonical Gospels*" (1847) contained his articles on John's Gospel, with an analysis of Matthew and Luke. In 1851 these labors were closed for a time by a similar study of the "*Mark-Gospel*." These isolated essays having prepared him for a more extended historical work, he published, in 1852, in one volume, his "*Epochs in Church History*," a prelude to his "*History of Christianity and the Christian Church in the First Three Centuries*," which appeared in 1853.

The books above mentioned represent more than one phase of religious thought. At the commencement of his authorship Baur entertained Orthodox opinions, and shared in the enthusiasm which hailed the advent of Schleiermacher. In the Preface to his "*Symbolik und Mythologie*," he says: "Mythology has presented itself to me as the opposite of Christianity, and as this, from the fact that it is no human system, but a divine revelation, can be worthily stationed only at the highest point of the world's history, Mythology, or the religion of nature, can only be understood when it is placed in its proper relation to Christianity." He then pays a grateful tribute to Schleiermacher's "*Christliche Glaube*," as a work which beyond any other makes an epoch in the history of theology, — a work which, by its profound exhibition of the character of Christianity, has made easy the task of measuring other systems by it. The book on "*Manichæism*" opens with the statement, that, although superficially and externally

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of Calvin against a Catholic Reproach." — "Towards an Explanation of Corinthians." — "Philippians ii. 6." — "Criticism on the Latest Explanations of the Apocalypse." — "Review of the Latest Researches on the Mark-Gospel." — "The Philosophoumena of Origen." — "Bunsen's Hippolytus Theory." — "The John Question and its Recent Answers" (1854). — "Cajus and Hippolytus." — "The Principle of Protestantism and its Historical Development." — "The Epistles to the Thessalonians." — "The Historical Method of Conceiving the Apocalypse." — "The System of the Gnostic Basilides." — "The First Epistle of Peter." — "The Purport and Course of Thought in Romans" — "The John Question."

related to Christianity, it stands upon an entirely different ground. "Separating essentials from non-essentials, and going back to great principles, Manichæism is heathenish, for we must ascribe to it the character of a nature-religion, which is foreign to the ethical genius of Christianity." The monograph on Apollonius of Tyana, the author tells us, "connects itself in many ways with the exposition of the Manichæan system. Here, as there, the purpose is to grasp and present the mighty impression which Christianity, at that early age, made at the two opposite points of its even then extensive sphere of influence, — there in the remote East, here in the centre of Western culture, — upon the heathen world, already attracted, but not yet penetrated, by its divine power." These writings are animated by a positive Christian faith, by no means "Evangelical" indeed, yet as much so as other writings of the same class, proceeding from the school of Schleiermacher. But in the book against Möhler, the negative character of the Hegelian philosophy begins to appear. At least Philip Schaff detects it there, and remarks, bitterly, that "the Protestantism which Baur protects from Möhler's earnest and keen assault is not at all the Reformers' system of faith, but is distorted by modern pantheistic and fatalistic elements, so that an Evangelical Christian believer must constantly decline such a vindication, and feels often tempted to extend his hand of brotherhood to the pious Catholic, in hearty league against modern unbelief and half-belief, which attaches only a negative significance to the Reformation, as the beginning of man's deliverance from all and every authority."

The "Christian Gnosis, or Christian Philosophy of Religion," — a work which presents Gnosticism under an entirely new aspect, as the beginning of a line of speculation that originated in Judaism, assumed three distinct forms as related to Christianity and Heathenism, was further developed by the conflict with Neo-Platonism and the Fathers, passed over from the ancient religious philosophy to the new, reappeared in the Theosophy of Jakob Böhme, in the Nature Philosophy of Schelling, in the "Glaubens-Lehre" of Schleiermacher, and finally culminated in Hegel's "Religions-Philosophie," — is distinctly Hegelian in its character. Gnosticism was an at-



tempt to give a philosophical statement of Christianity; Hegelianism is the successful accomplishment of that task, and is the only philosophy which fully comprehends the Christian religion. But according to Hegel, God is not a conscious person. The Absolute in itself is *nothing*. Deity comes to consciousness in man, his existence being an endless process of evolving thought. "The import of Religion," says Baur (Gnosis, pp. 674, 675), "is the self-consciousness of God. God comes to know himself in a consciousness which is differenced from him (i. e. the outgoing of his thought), — a consciousness which is His own, but whose identity — for it recognizes its identity with God — is effected by the negation of the Finite." "We need not remark," he continues (pp. 709, 710), "how intimately this philosophy is connected with Christianity, how eagerly it transfers to itself its entire import; indeed, in its whole purpose it will be nothing else than the scientific exposition of historical Christianity." And further on (p. 711): "The doctrine respecting the person of Christ seems to present the most obvious proof of the earnestness with which this philosophy of religion appropriated the full substance of the Christian faith, and would lose nothing of its deep significance. It does not talk of an ideal of blessed humanity floating in the dim distance, nor of a Prototype that only raises the human to the divine, nor of a consciousness of God become the being of God; it affirms, with all the emphasis of the Church formulas, that Christ was the God-Man, God become man, manifest in the flesh, the essential unity of the divine and human nature objectively exhibited to the world in a single individual. But, of course, all depends upon the sense in which Christ is held to be the God-Man. If we consider the doctrine of Christ nearer, three distinct points of thought present themselves. The merely outward, the bald historical view, sees in Christ only a common man, a martyr to the truth, like Socrates. Upon this first point, at which the person of Christ is still an object of unbelief, follows, as the second process, faith, which contemplates Christ no longer as a common man, but as God-Man, as the person in whom the Divine nature is manifested, in whom the Godhead is

seen. If we ask in what way the first position is connected with the second, — how unbelief passes into faith, — we are reminded that the origin of faith is the outpouring of the Spirit, which consists herein, that the immediate becomes spiritually determined, the sensible is spiritually taken up; with the man Jesus as a human, sensuous phenomenon, the consciousness of a spiritual essence was united. The death of Christ, then, makes this transition-point into the sphere of religion. For Christ is the God-Man only because he has vanquished death, abolished the grave, set his denial upon negation, and thus annihilated the finite, evil, as something abhorrent to him, and reconciled the world with God. Everything hangs upon the apprehension of his death, — it is the touchstone by which faith must be tried; therefore the spirit could not come until Christ had been snatched from the flesh, and his immediate sensuous presence was withdrawn. In one word, Christ is God-Man only through the mediation of faith. What lies behind faith, as the historical, outward reality which must be supposed in order that the bare, eternal, circumstantial apprehension may become faith, remains shrouded in a mystery which we shall not penetrate, for the question is not whether Christ was himself, in his objective, historical form, the God-man; the only matter of concern to us is that he became the God-Man to faith."

This is a fair example of the way in which this philosophy of religion, this Christian Gnosis, or Hegelianism, interpreted and reproduced the Evangelical doctrines. By the same scholastic process it restored the other orthodox dogmas, then fallen into much disrepute. Many an old-fashioned believer ranked himself among the disciples of Hegel, and rejoiced in the new teacher, who, by reconciling faith and knowledge, speculation and dogma, history and revelation, science and supernaturalism, had allowed them to dwell comfortably in their own belief. The "Gospel according to Hegel" became the accepted gospel among the enlightened and conservative. Its grave judicial tone, its calm temper, its large charity towards differing systems, its freedom from everything controversial and disorganizing, caused it to be honored greatly in the state. It really seemed as if, at last, the unity of spirit

had been attained, and the bond of peace knit, by the latest apostle. But Hegel was hardly quiet in his grave, when Strauss, himself a thorough master of the grand philosophy, in the same year that Baur's "Gnosis" appeared, flung his "Leben Jesu," like a firebrand, into the tranquil circle. The effect was astonishing. Such an abandonment of the orthodox pretensions of the school, such an exposure of destructive tendencies in the system which had set itself forth as the universal reconciler, excited in all quarters the utmost alarm, but nowhere more than among the Hegelians themselves. The body of the disciples fell asunder. The larger portion, including some eminent names, repudiated Strauss and his book, said that he was no true Hegelian, and undertook to vindicate the school and the master from all responsibility for the new heresies. Strauss himself, in a dissertation entitled "The Transient and the Permanent,"—the substance of which was incorporated into the third edition of the "Leben Jesu,"—attempted to restore dogmatically what he had destroyed critically, to save the philosophical Christ when the literal Jesus had been resolved away; and, in his endeavor to become reconciled once more with Christianity, allowed himself to make concessions which consistency could hardly justify. In the fourth edition, this "too much of compliance" was corrected; and, to use his own language, his labor consisted chiefly "in whetting his good sword to free it from the notches made in it, rather by his own grinding than by the blows of enemies." Amid all this uproar in the school, Baur maintained a dignified silence. He was neither terrified nor surprised. Understanding himself too well to be confused, and being too powerful to be shaken, he labored on, producing works which plainly indicated his position at the extreme left of the Hegelians, and drew about him a band of theologians who were prepared to acknowledge an open breach between philosophy and faith, and to make any sacrifices of faith to philosophy. His two great histories of the Atonement and the Trinity assume throughout, and boldly, the principles of his master Hegel.

The history of doctrines was, and is, with Baur, the history of God. For, in his view, God exists only in the process of

evolving thought. Ideas are facts. The course of history is no play of chance or human caprice, no long tangle of arbitrary notions, crossing and recrossing each other; it is the movement of the inevitable and eternal laws of Spirit. It is the being of God unfolding and realizing itself. Every thought is actual; and everything that has a true ground of reality is of the reason. The development of every century is the necessary proceeding of the absolute Spirit; and revelation is an eternal, continuous outgoing of the Divine life in and through humanity. This central principle of Hegel's philosophy explains the fact that so many of his disciples have devoted themselves to the study of history, and especially to the history of opinion. They seem to have made it their sacred task to revise the creeds of mankind; to recover and fix in its proper place every fragment of thought that may possibly indicate a passage in the autobiography of Deity. In this work, Dr. Baur has no equal. All his extraordinary powers of analysis and synthesis, of patient research, of logical divination, his rapidity, grasp, tenacity, are inspired by his philosophical formula. His mind is calm, even, and religiously conscientious. Partisanship, in his estimation, is crime. To be a controversialist in theology is to be a sinner. Every doctrine must have exact justice done to it, and every shade of doctrine must be rendered truly, for it was necessary in its time and place. Baur has no preferences of one dogma above another; he never takes a side. There are no sides. Each position is a link in the eternal process of thought. The business of the historian is to report what is. It is all right: it is all true. The works on the Trinity and the Atonement have, therefore, the singular merit of absolute logical impartiality; an impartiality which, combined with their exhaustive thoroughness, must secure for them a permanent fame. And yet, we may say, it is this same logical impartiality that constitutes their chief defect. They are pale from the intensity of rarefied thought. This is partly to be explained by the fact that Baur has no personal faith in any of the special doctrines he describes, and consequently infuses no warmth of personal interest or feeling into his delineation. He works like an anatomist,—if possible, even more passionless when

his knife is busy in the neighborhood of vital parts. Faith in individual dogmas would, in his view, be infidelity to all the rest, which had an equal claim upon his preference. Faith presents to him only its intellectual aspect; the spiritual aspect he does not recognize. Several years ago, two American scholars called upon Dr. Baur, in Tübingen. In the course of conversation mention was made of Mr. Norton's book on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," which this omnivorous professor had never heard of; one of the young men, alluding to a note upon Baur in the second volume, said: "Mr. Norton calls you an atheist." Instantly the great heavy head was lifted up, and the emphatic reply broke forth: "Nicht wahr: Ich bin kein Atheist,"—"False: I am no atheist." We would give the philosopher credit for his disclaimer, and allow him all the benefit of his reserved definition. The notion of God is too subtle to be confined in any single form of phraseology. It is not for us to judge of the sincere meaning that may lie deep in the mind of one who ponders this matter profoundly, by any interpretation that we may be able to put upon his words; nor have we a right to presume that the language in which the philosopher seeks expression for his inmost thought must convey that thought fully to our casual reading. Still, when we have stretched our intellectual charity to its utmost limits, we must admit that Baur does not believe in God as Christians do. Whatever he may mean by his "Ansichsein," "Fürsichsein," and "Anundfürsichsein," his "Indifferenz," "Differenz," and "Einheit der Differenz und Indifferenz," his "Objectivität," "Subjectivität," and "Einheit der Objectivität und Subjectivität," it is evident he means nothing that makes him a partaker in the spiritual consciousness of Christendom.

Whatever substance may be beneath the formulas which seem to teach that God comes to consciousness in mankind, it is safe to say that it is not the substance that fills out the Christian belief in the Trinity, Incarnation, and Atonement. His grand panorama of Church theology is imposing in more senses than one. The process of development is not conceived of as ordered and directed by the Holy Spirit, which is ever guiding believers by devious ways to the perfect truth.

It is a process, and only a process. The working forces have no vitality, but are naked formulas, abstract categories, playing, like fatal engines, in an atmosphere which no living creature could breathe. The whole history of doctrines is nothing but a mechanical working of the abstract laws of thought, a clashing of dialectics, producing, by its endless rattle and whirl, the identity of the finite and the infinite,—of the object and the subject.

And if these histories of doctrine are cold because the author lacks the hearty interest of a personal faith in the beliefs he describes, the failure to recognize their intimate connection with Christian experience in the different periods of the Church imparts to his pictures a look almost of ghastliness. That the Christian faith, in its several phases, grew out of the Christian heart as it was exercised by providential trials of hope and fear, is a fact which receives no proportion of its due consideration. The effect which moral and spiritual culture has exerted on speculation is almost entirely ignored. The part which human passion, hot with demonic or glowing with celestial fire, has played in this august procession of the Absolute, is not indicated. We do not hear resounding through his pages the holy songs of St. Ambrose or the penitential cries of St. Augustine, the challenge of apologists or the death-groans of martyrs. We do not see stalking along his episodes the gigantic forms of Origen and Tertullian, of Cyril and Athanasius, of Constantine and Julian, of Leo and Hildebrand;—the agency of war and peace, of persecution and tolerance, of changing dynasties and moving thrones, of the fortunes of an emperor or the caprice of an empress, of the obstinacy of a confessor or the wiles of a eunuch,—for these no allowance is made. We move across the dreary track of the tenth century like men in a trance, unaware of the terrific throes which convulse the soul of Christendom, as the time appointed for the end of all things drew nigh. That the Christian world, in all the formative epochs of faith, was filled with living men, hoping, fearing, confessing, praying, suffering, and sorrowing unto death, believing and burning for their belief, sitting all scarred and mutilated on council benches, wrestling with

demons and embracing angels, — all this intense stir in the heart of the Church passes by as noiselessly as a tempest traverses the empty spaces of the upper air. Great as these books of Baur are, — unapproachably great in some respects, — a work like Böhringer's "Biographical Church History" is not only more interesting, but is even more valuable; for it shows us belief, not as resulting from the inevitable evolution of logic, but as springing out of the spiritual needs of men, — not as an abstract process of "becoming," but as living and working in human souls.

The critical labors which have made Dr. Baur so famous — or, as some would say, so infamous — in England and in this country, seem to have been suggested by his researches into the history of thought. The study of Christian theology from his point of view led, of course, to the study of the earliest Christian literature, and to a fresh analysis of primitive documents. In his treatment of the New Testament Scriptures, and of the Apostolic and post-Apostolic age, Baur is not to be ranked with the ordinary rationalists of any school. His name is not to be mentioned in company with Semler, Paulus, or Strauss. Schaff distinguishes the former phases of rationalism from the latter, by saying that those adopted a simple, dry, and spiritless mode of stating their views, while these clothe their ideas in the pomp of philosophical language; that those were deistic, while these are pantheistic; that those were Ebionitic in their cast, while these have more affinity with Gnosticism; that those accepted the truths of natural religion, held fast to the belief in God, freedom, and immortality, and wished to make their peace with the Bible, while these confess to no faith in a personal God or a conscious immortality, deny the Apostolical origin of nearly all the New Testament books, and resolve the solidest facts of history into mythological fictions or deliberate frauds. To discriminate in this way is only to confound. In the first place, Schaff introduces points of difference which are entirely irrelevant to the critical question in hand. In the next place, he would seem to put Strauss and Baur in the same category, whereas Baur, as a student of the New Testament, is more widely separated from Strauss than Strauss is from Paulus,

Semler, or Hencke. There is, in fact, a broad chasm between Baur and all his predecessors. The rationalism of the last century and the early portion of this, had little breadth of philosophical or historical view. Its aim was short-sighted; its method extremely defective. Its much-boasted instrument was "common sense," and this it turned upon everything which transcended the scope of the ordinary understanding, or was beyond the reach of sensible evidence. Its criticism was especially directed against the miraculous in the Bible; the whole of which, as being absurd or legendary, was denied, without any attempt at an explanation. A miraculous revelation was its stone of stumbling; and it was never weary of objecting to the Immaculate Conception, and the resurrection of Jesus, and the wonderful works of Christ. The naturalists, with Paulus at their head, followed in the same general track, though with broader trail and more carefully arranged march. They had a theory for the explanation of the miracles; and vast was the ingenuity they expended in attempts to resolve them into natural events, which only seemed miraculous in the telling. Even Strauss, notwithstanding his scientific and philosophical pretensions, the completeness of his method, the thoroughness of his analysis, the breadth of his theory the calm, judicial, literary tone of his work, belongs really to the same school, and by his mythical explanation simply brought that line of forced and partial and experimental criticism to a close. The predecessors of Baur, one and all, laid out their strength upon a few problems thrown up by the New Testament. They discussed the evidences for and against the genuineness of the Gospels, the want of harmony between the narratives, the improbability of the accounts, and so forth. The literary composition and organic structure of the writings themselves, their connection with each other, their relation to other literatures of the same age, or of previous and succeeding periods, they were not prepared to contemplate. In one word, they were critics of details, and not historians of literature and of thought. Now this is precisely what Ferdinand Christian Baur claims, and proves himself, to be. He does not confine his attention to details of criticism; nor does he raise second-



ary and incidental questions into supreme importance. Instead of stationing himself within the enclosure of the New Testament, and exploring here and there a section of its territory, he takes a stand outside of it, entirely embraces its whole contents as one department in the world's literature, brings lights from all quarters to bear upon each document, and endeavors to grasp the principle which produced the entire series as it has come down to us. Opponents have spoken jestingly of the Tübingen "romance." But Baur is no friend to fictions; he is not a man to be possessed by a mere fancy or to be governed by a dream. His purpose is to deal impartially and on a liberal scale with the facts of literature: he is an historian who, with vast powers of generalization, includes the Apostolic age as an episode in the epic flow of human beliefs. His attitude, therefore, is not that of an opponent of Christianity; and in this again he is to be distinguished from the rationalists. Whatever may be the results of his investigation, he is never actuated by sentiments of hostility to the popular religion. He would simply, as a scholar, know what these books are; by what intellectual impulse they were brought into being; how they stand related to each other, and what information they give respecting their own age. In Baur's writings, one meets with none of the old-fashioned polemics: the vexed questions that have so tormented the apologists are dismissed briefly enough; the supernatural problem is left so completely untouched, that a reader would never suspect its theological importance. He meets these books in his path, as he comes marching down the highway of human opinion: he takes them up, examines them as if they had never been examined before, tells us what they indicate, and where they belong. As Schwarz says, "Baur's place in New Testament criticism has been compared, and fairly, with that of Niebuhr and Wolf in the department of classical literature. As Niebuhr, with unsparing criticism, demolished Livy's representation of Roman history, in order to reconstruct, by skilful combinations, the genuine history of Rome,—as Wolf declared that the Homeric songs grew gradually, and by natural laws, out of the life and poetry of the Grecian people,—so Baur first

made the attempt to discover and comprehend the historical origin of the Canonical Scriptures, and to assign their place in the record of the development of Christianity. And this indicates, beyond all question, a great advance, — nothing less, in fact, than the transition from a *dogmatic* to a truly historic treatment of the canon."

Baur's first significant essay in New Testament criticism was the article on "The Christ Party at Corinth." Here he suggested, and most ingeniously unfolded, the idea that this "Christ party" was identical with the party of Cephas. It was composed of all who set themselves against Paul's Gospel and Apostleship. These people called themselves "disciples of Cephas," because Peter held the chief place among the Jewish Apostles, and "disciples of Christ," because they regarded immediate association with Christ as the prime condition of genuine Apostolic rank. The party revered all the Apostles who had enjoyed personal intercourse with Jesus, more especially those who stood in the nearer relation of kindred to him, the "Lord's brethren," but peculiarly Peter, to whom Jesus had shown a preference above the rest. Paul was rejected as an outsider, who came into the brotherhood late, and by a private door. This opposition between Peter and Paul, as representing the Jewish and the Gentile tendencies in the primitive Church, is the key to all Baur's later and more extended discoveries. This is his clew to the whole history of the Apostolic age, and the two generations succeeding it: the root of bitterness from which the whole Christian literature of a century sprang. Four years after the publication of this essay, the significance of which was not at the time suspected, appeared another from the same hand, on "The so-called Pastoral Letters of the Apostle Paul." In this a much bolder position was taken; the believing public was startled by the announcement that these Epistles were written with polemical intent against the Gnostics of the school of Marcion, which flourished about the middle of the second century; that, moreover, they are devoted to the ecclesiastical or hierarchical interest in the Church, which was gaining ground at that period, and which the Gnostics vehemently resisted; that they could not, therefore, be received as produc-

tions of the Apostolic age, and, of course, could not have been written by Paul, who lived half a century earlier, and who, if he had written, would probably have advocated the opposite side in the existing controversies. The dissertation on the "Pastoral Letters" was followed the next year by an article in the *Tübinger Zeitschrift* on the design and motive of the Epistle to the Romans, in which the posture of Judaism and Gentilism towards each other was more sharply defined, and the broad, practical significance of Paul's mission was powerfully presented to the consideration of those who have been in the habit of reading the letter to the Romans as a calm, theological treatise, containing a formal and systematic exposition of the Apostle's Christian belief. We do not hesitate to say that the perusal of this paper, which was afterwards incorporated in the "*Paulus*," gave us an altogether fresh conception of Paul's purpose in writing as he did; taught us to see that the missive came from the Apostle's heart, and not from his head,—that its intent was not speculative, but vital,—that what we had read as metaphysics was not meant as metaphysics, but as close argument urged in the interest of very deep practical truths,—and that the chapters which theologians have taken up as the pith of the whole composition, and have pored over, commented upon, wrestled with, as containing the hidden mysteries of faith, are after all of subordinate moment, and have no value save as they bear up the great, crowning proposition, that Christianity is not a mere supplement to Judaism, but a spiritual, world-embracing religion.

The leaning of Baur's criticism was by this time apparent to all discerning minds, although his conclusions hitherto had not menaced directly the strong-holds of Scriptural belief. For a time his critical labors seemed to be suspended, and the production of such colossal works as the *History of the Atonement*, and of the *Trinity*, might well afford grounds for surmising that they had altogether ceased. But the forces were gathering for a fresh demonstration, which was soon made against the citadel itself,—that citadel before which even Strauss had paused. The first number of the *Theologische Jahrbücher* for 1844 was occupied (with the exception of three

or four literary notices) by a dissertation from the pen of Dr. Baur, "On the Composition and Character of the Johannean Gospel." In the third number the subject was continued, and the conclusion, of eighty-five pages, appeared in the fourth. This essay has occasioned more discussion than any single work of its author, and furnishes us with a perfect example of his method.

Taking up the book as a literary composition, and subjecting its contents to analysis, Baur finds that it is an elaborate production, carefully wrought upon an ideal plan. At the outset it is assumed that Christ was the Logos, the absolute principle of all existence, pre-existent as a person from eternity; and this conception offers the key to the entire book, which, on examination, proves to be an account of the manifestation of this Divine Logos to the world, for the purpose of confronting the powers of darkness, and drawing men away from its abyss into the blessedness of his light and life. The Logos *appears*, — is not born, not even miraculously, — does not become a man, but only assumes a mask of flesh by which he is made visible to men, and is enabled to act upon those who are receptive of his spirit.

The result of Baur's analysis is, that a Gospel which assumes a theory lying out of the domain of history, which holds this theory fast from beginning to end, and stamps its mark upon every section, is not, in any strict sense, an *historical* Gospel. Examining this point more closely, and comparing the book with the Synoptical Gospels, it looks as if the author had borrowed his material from them, and worked it over in accordance with his general plan. His leading theory is, of course, his own; his chronological arrangement is his own; his historical incidents are often peculiar to himself, and cannot be reconciled with the other Evangelists; but the traces of his having consulted them are everywhere manifest. The sick man at Bethesda stands, once for all, for the numerous invalids of the other narratives, which together contribute the several features of the case. The curing of the blind man, chapter ix., represents a whole class of similar healings related in the Synoptics, and makes amends for its solitariness by the emphasis that is laid upon it, and the boldness of its details.

Even the resurrection of Lazarus, which the other three biographers do not mention, and could not have known, is evidently constructed, says Baur, from materials which they furnish. It is the superlative of their positive and comparative. Matthew tells simply of the daughter of a Jewish archon whom Christ raised from the dead. Luke instances a young man of Nain, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, adding that Jesus was touched with compassion. The author of the fourth Gospel colors his picture more highly still. The deceased Lazarus is not only the brother of two sisters, the favorite of a household united by tenderest ties; he is also the deeply beloved friend of Jesus himself, who betrays much emotion in the presence of the sisters, and weeps at the grave. To heighten the interest of the scene, other circumstances are introduced, — the message, the delay, the four days' burial, the grief, the concourse of people. The domestic scene may have been borrowed from Luke x. 38–42; but where was the brother Lazarus found? Where, but in the parable of Dives, in which Lazarus, the image of the truthful, pure, and meek believer, has his name associated with death and resurrection. Dives requests that Lazarus may be permitted to revisit the earth to convert his unbelieving brethren, and Abraham replies, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." The hypothesis has become a fact. Lazarus is actually called from the grave; the Jews have seen him and have not believed. (!)

Passing by other incidents, his account of the Last Supper deserves especial notice. The entire scene of the Supper is omitted by this writer, and in place of it is substituted an ablution of the disciples' feet. Yet the Supper must have been in his mind, for it is suggested in chapter xiii., and one cannot read chapter vi. without having it recalled to him. Why was it left out? Partly, says Baur, because its import had already been exhausted in discourses of Jesus, and partly because Jesus, being plainly described as the paschal lamb, could not, like the Christ of Matthew, sit down to the paschal feast at which he himself was the sacrifice. That conspicuous fact is therefore passed by in silence; and while the gen-

eral features of the scene are retained, another incident is composed from materials at hand in Matthew xx. 26 and Luke xxii. 25 – 28, the sentiments of the Synoptics becoming history in John.

Having thus compared the narrative portions of the Gospel with the Synoptics, the keen Professor returns to consider the internal probability of John's historical representations, and is strengthened in the persuasion that the groundwork of literal fact is very slight indeed, that the composition has a purely ideal or doctrinal purpose. The entire arrangement of scene and incident he finds to be arbitrary and artificial; the field of Christ's ministry is substantially different from that assigned to him by his other biographers, being confined almost to Judæa; and in consequence of this change, all the relations of time are confused: what should come last is placed first; the crisis arrives at the commencement, — it is all crisis; the narrative lacks movement and development; the incidents do not grow together; the whole catastrophe stands exposed on the first page; the complete drama is played in the first act; at the raising of the curtain we see a blow about descending upon the head of Jesus, and we wonder why it does not fall. Our wonder is not diminished when we detect the forced expedient by which the narrator extricates himself from the dilemma. The Logos has no body, but only a phantom form, which appears and disappears at will; consequently, when the people offer to seize him, or take up stones to cast at him, he is not there. This happens repeatedly, and thus the career of Christ is continued from stage to stage until "his hour had come." An ingenious device, but one not consistent with the historical mode of treatment.

The larger portion of the Gospel consists of long discourses, which, for several reasons, must be judged unauthentic. They are, in almost every instance, connected with historical data that will not bear the test of criticism; they lack point and pertinency; they are mystical, enigmatical, and dark; they are often incompatible with the character of Jesus as portrayed by the other Evangelists; they are mainly expositions of the Logos theory, and abound in phrases which that theory suggested and alone can explain; in no single feature do they

resemble the recorded words of Jesus in Matthew or Luke. In fact, the speeches as well as the deeds of the Logos-Christ compel one to believe that the composition is rather a theological romance than an authentic history.

Baur next proceeds to consider the relation of the Gospel to the thought of the age. The cast of the book is so peculiar, that this examination is conducted with much confidence. The type of Christology indicates a stage of speculation on the nature of Christ far in advance of the Apostolic period, many degrees removed from that of any other New Testament writer. The contest between Judaism and Paganism is described as ended for ever; the heathen are not only freely admitted into the Church, but, in point of spirituality, are ranked infinitely above the Jews; even Pilate is represented as doing his best to rescue Jesus from the clutches of the chief priests; the Jews in a body are counted as enemies of Christ. All these are signs of a development of thought that was not reached till long after the close of the first century. The subordinate position assigned to Peter is another hint that the party of which he had been the leader was on the decline. One or two less conspicuous marks help the conclusion, that the book had a Greek and not a Jewish origin, and was produced not before the middle of the second century.

Having searched the Gospel through, and estimated its character from its contents, Baur approaches, finally, the question of genuineness, leaving until the last the inquiry that is commonly entered upon first. General considerations adverse to its Johannean claim he adduces as follows:—1. In Galatians, and by primitive tradition, John is described as an antagonist of Paul, opposed to the preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles; how, then, could he have written a book which is even more Pauline than Paul himself? 2. The author, by several expressions, betrays the fact that he is not a native Jew, as the Apostle John undoubtedly was. 3. Midway in the second century there was a great controversy respecting the time of observing the Lord's Supper. The churches of Asia Minor held their celebration according to the Jewish custom, on the 14th of Nisan, and appealed to Philip, *John*, Polycarp, and others. Now the fourth Gospel, herein differ-

ing from the others, states decidedly that Jesus sat down with his disciples on the 13th of Nisan. How, then, could John have written the fourth Gospel? Moreover, this Gospel was not once quoted during that whole controversy. Even the opponents of the Jewish custom, to whom its authority would have been of such vast importance, never mention it as favoring their side. This surely could not have happened if the Gospel had been in existence, or, being in existence, had been regarded as the work of an Apostle. If it was not in existence, of course John could not have composed it; if it was in existence, and was not received as the work of an Apostle, it is hard to believe that John was its author. This is a point elaborated by Dr. Baur with the utmost care. 4. The fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse must be regarded as productions of different hands. Now, there is strong reason for thinking that John the Apostle did write the Apocalypse; if he did, it is all but certain that he did not write the Gospel. 5. In conclusion, the evidence in favor of the genuineness is sifted and found unsatisfactory. The earliest distinct testimony to the Johannean origin of the work is given by writers that flourished towards the end of the second century, Irenæus, Tertullian, and others; the author who first speaks of it by name is Theophilus of Antioch, A. D. 181; the first unequivocal reference to the book is as late as the year 170.

This is a very meagre outline of the course pursued by Dr. Baur in this famous treatise. It is a striking specimen of the *historical* style of treatment as distinguished from the *dogmatical*, exemplified by Augustine, Bengel, and Storr; from the *abstract-critical*, or *literary*, illustrated by Eichhorn, Hug, Gieseler, Schleiermacher, De Wette, and Credner; and from the *dialectical*, or *negative critical*, as Baur terms it, pursued by Strauss and his opponents.

It is now time to give some account of the celebrated theory with which Dr. Baur's name, as the head of the Tübingen school, is especially associated. The fundamental positions for this theory are found in the four Epistles of Paul, (the only ones whose genuineness Baur allows,) Romans, the two Corinthians, and Galatians. The conclusion to which he was led by his study of the letters to the



Corinthians has already been mentioned. This conclusion was confirmed by the letter to the Romans. But the Epistle to the Galatians is more deeply significant than these, — especially a single passage in the second chapter, which alludes to a meeting of the Apostles at Jerusalem, and to a sharp rencounter that Paul had with Peter at Antioch. He went to Jerusalem, he tells us, for the sake of an interview with James, Peter, and John, “who seemed to be pillars,” unfolded to them his revelation, and announced his calling as the divinely commissioned bearer of Christianity to the Gentiles. They, perceiving the grace that was given to him, privately offered the right hand of fellowship to him and his companion, thus recognizing his authority, but declined participating in his work, on the ground that their errand was to Jews only. The two parties, widely divergent in aims and opinions, are represented as standing face to face on terms of cool but polite toleration. There is clearly no sympathy of feeling between them. Paul speaks disrespectfully, not to say contemptuously, of the “pillars,” and they look upon him as an interloper, whose title to preach they cannot plausibly discredit, but towards whom they bear no love. That the fellowship was merely courteous, is evident from the fact — of which there can be no doubt, since Paul asserts it himself — that Peter some time afterwards came to Antioch, where Paul had a church, and while alone there, under his powerful influence and eye, treated the uncircumcised converts precisely as if they had been good orthodox Christians, who had come by the proper Jewish gate into the Church. Presently, however, some of James’s disciples appear, and Peter, ashamed to be seen by them countenancing Paul’s heresy and holding communion with Gentiles, withdraws from the uncircumcised believers, recedes from his liberal position, and persuades others, Barnabas among them, to return to the old conservative side. “Whereupon,” says Paul, “I withstood him to the face.” This dispute cuts into the very heart of the age. The grounds of it were radical: it indicates two widely separated and openly hostile sections in the Church. These Apostles, James, Peter, and John, who “were of reputation, and seemed to be somewhat,” — these

personal friends and disciples of Christ, heads of the primitive Church, representatives of primitive Christianity,—were Jews in sentiment and opinion. Their Christ was the Jewish Messiah; their Christianity was Judaism completed and glorified by the advent of the Son of Man, the belief in whom was the single point that distinguished them from other Jews; and it never had occurred to them that any could enter the kingdom without first, by the rite of circumcision, joining the Hebrew Church. This position Baur and his friends sustain by abundant historical evidence, as they interpret history. They appeal to Hegesippus, who describes James as a veritable Jewish ascetic, a Nazarite, himself a high-priest, daily kneeling in the temple making intercession for the people, honored by the priests and scribes, and summing up his Christianity in the single article, “Jesus Christ was the Messiah.” They appeal to the early traditions respecting John, which report him as a Chiliast, a priest wearing the mitre in the Ephesian church, as if he were a member of the Hebrew hierarchy,—a man quoted by the churches of Asia Minor as authority for their Jewish observance of the Passover,—the reputed author, likewise, of the Apocalypse. As to Peter, it is enough that he was the fast friend and ally of these two zealots for the Law, and that Paul mentions him as the head of a Jewish party at Corinth. Add to this testimony numerous facts such as these,—that the seat of primitive Christianity was Jerusalem, where Christians of Paul’s stamp could not have lived in peace; that the Palestine Christians continued in full communion with the Jewish synagogue; that Josephus speaks of the Christians as belonging to the Jewish fraternity; that the original communities, according to Sulpitius Severus, down to the time of Hadrian, had none but circumcised bishops, and held generally to the observance of the Law; that Hegesippus, himself an Ebionite, rejoices in Christianity as the true orthodoxy; that the early Christian literature—the Apocalypse, the Epistle of James, so called, the Apology of Melito, the Clementine Homilies and Recognitions, the “Shepherd” of Hermas—makes open profession of the same principle; that writers like Justin Martyr, and even Tertullian, confess it;—let

these points, to add no more, be fairly weighed, and it must be considered as established that the primitive Christians regarded themselves as a portion still of the Jewish Church, as the true Judaism, fresh in its second youth.

It was Paul who rescued the religion of Jesus from this bondage to the ancient Law. It was Paul who, claiming to have received an independent message, proclaimed that Christianity was not Judaism at all, but a new principle of spiritual life, freely offered to all mankind on the single condition of faith. With his new Gospel, he broke out of the old Hebrew temple, and went away, on his private responsibility, as a missionary to the Gentiles. For this, according to his own story, he was bitterly persecuted by the Jewish Christians; his whole life was a struggle to maintain his authority as an Apostle, to defend himself from aspersions, to assert and establish his principles. His person was ridiculed, his views denounced, his plans thwarted at every step. The opposition must, indeed, have been fierce to have wrung from him such drops of gall as blot the second chapter of Galatians and almost every page of 2 Corinthians. The author of the Apocalypse has no place for him among the Apostles; spies dog his footsteps; up to the hour of his death the hostility burns, and after his death it continues to rage. The Ebionites, representing primitive Christianity in the second century, rejected all his Epistles, and heaped all manner of reproach upon his memory. The churches of Antioch, Corinth, and Rome — his own children — dishonored him by holding Peter in equal reverence with himself. The Clementine Homilies, with the utmost violence of polemics, vented their wrath upon the false teacher, the seducer of the people, the Apostolical parvenu, the apostate, the herald of a new heathenism. Justin Martyr never quoted his writings, and vehemently opposed his views; and even poor Papias valiantly bestowed his kick upon the dead lion.

This controversy between Petrinism and Paulinism is the distinguishing feature of the Apostolic and post-Apostolic age. Its furrow, ploughed deep into the generation which succeeded the destruction of Jerusalem, is traceable as far as the middle of the second century. At first the Jewish party had the

ascendency; but, in the course of time, the necessity of union against outside enemies, the Gnostics especially, caused the long animosity to decline, and when the idea of one Church was entertained and effectually adopted, the two hostile tendencies lay down peacefully side by side in final reconciliation.

Baur, reading the literature of that whole considerable period by the torch-flames of this controversy, finds that every page is colored by it. The character and age of every fragment of manuscript is indicated by its attitude towards these opposing parties. The writings of the New Testament constitute a portion of this literature; of course the key to their interpretation is here. Cross-questioned by this tribunal, they confess at once their date, purpose, and motive. We can do no more than mention the most general results in criticism which Baur and his school have reached from these premises. Paul gives his own views in their purity. The only book that represents exclusively the opinions of the opposite party is the Apocalypse. The other writings have a mixed character. Their tendency is irenic. Produced at a period when the idea of harmonizing the hitherto discordant sects was freely considered, their aim is to assist the process of reconciliation. The Gospel of Matthew speaks more decidedly for the primitive Jewish Christianity than any book except the Apocalypse. Some of its features are obviously Hebrew. It asserts the binding authority of the Mosaic dispensation, and its everlasting significance for the people of God. It assumes the perpetuity of the Mosaic cultus. It adopts the national conception of the plan and purposes of Christianity, frequently and directly teaching that its privileges are vouchsafed to the Jews alone. It looks for an immediate coming of the Messiah, and accepts the Christology of those who regarded Jesus as a Hebrew king. The writer, by his ingenious citation of Old Testament passages, seems anxious to make it appear that Christ satisfied all the conditions of ancient prophecy. And yet, side by side with statements like these, lie others of an entirely different character. The new wine must be put into new bottles; the temple of Jerusalem is doomed to fall; parables are inserted teaching

that the kingdom may be taken from the Jews and given to other nations; other parables contain the thought that Christianity is to develop itself by a gradual process in history; Pauline views in respect to asceticism are openly admitted. On the whole, the Gospel, though strongly marked by Hebrew peculiarities, cannot be said to represent the opinions of the earliest disciples. Its attitude is that of mediation between the opposing tendencies. But, of course, this attitude could not have been assumed by any Christian writer during the Apostolic age. It could hardly have been taken during the first quarter of the second century. If, as Baur infers from a searching criticism of its contents, and a fresh historical comparison of its details, the twenty-fourth chapter depicts, not the first destruction of Jerusalem, but events in the Jewish war under the Emperor Hadrian, the Gospel must be assigned to a period not far from the years 130-134; a date which, in Dr. Baur's judgment, is rather confirmed than contradicted by external evidence. Tradition reports that Matthew composed a Gospel in Hebrew; but our Gospel is in Greek, and no one knows who translated it. A Hebrew Gospel there was, and Jerome rendered it into Greek and Latin, doubting all the while whether it could be Matthew's work, because it corresponded so faintly with the manuscript upon his table. Papias testifies that the Hebrew Gospel was early translated into Greek, but was altered in the version. Here are two or three links belonging to the same chain. Put them together. Matthew wrote a Hebrew Gospel reflecting the primitive form of Christianity; this book was translated into Greek, but this early version was not our present one. What more likely, then than that this version underwent various modifications, each new transcript adding something to whatever of Pauline liberalism it may have contained, until, finally, it assumed the form of our canonical Matthew? Such is Baur's judgment, the grounds for and against which cannot be argued here.

The Gospel of Mark is pronounced by the great head of the school (though in this his disciples do not all agree with him) to be destitute of individuality, historical or dogmatic. Its author is supposed to occupy a position of complete neu-

trality; having Matthew and Luke before him, he sits down in the spirit of a compiler, and makes an epitome, adding nothing of his own, save literary embellishments of a superficial and meagre kind. This of itself would prove that his composition belonged to a late period, (for books of the negative cast are not written during the epochs of creative thought,) even if the faintest shade of docetism did not betray a view of Christ such as had not obtained currency in the first generation of the Church.

The Gospel of Luke, Baur thinks, is no more entitled than that of Matthew to be regarded as an historical composition originally produced in the form in which it lies before us. This, too, has undergone its series of transformations. The soil from which its root, the Gospel of Marcion, sprung, was Pauline Christianity; but upon this stem another slip, the original Luke Gospel, was supposed to have been grafted. The basis of the work is decidedly Pauline. Conspicuous on its surface are discourses and parables which contain the germs of the theology peculiar to the Apostle to the Gentiles; — parables of the King's Feast, — the Fig-Tree, — the Lost Coin, — the Pharisee and the Publican; the story of Zaccheus, and the anointing of Jesus by the woman who was a sinner, and the Converted Thief on the Cross; declarations like those contained in chapters xvi. 16, xvii. 10, 20, 21. More broadly still the character of the Gospel is marked by Christ's treatment of the Samaritans, — those quasi-Gentiles, whom Mark never mentions at all, and Matthew only once, — when the disciples are forbidden to go near them; and by the commission of *seventy* Apostles instead of *twelve*, — a sign that the Gospel was intended for all the world, and not for the Jewish tribes alone. The parable of the Prodigal Son sets forth the Pauline doctrine of God's free grace in the most unqualified manner. A dignity is ascribed to the person of Christ which far transcends that of Matthew's Messiah, and reminds us of the "Heavenly Lord" of the great Epistles. Over against these and other prevailing elements of liberalism, the writer inserts a few traits barely sufficient to present the opposite side. The opening chapters are a concession to Hebrew thought. The entrance of Christ into Jerusalem is a remnant of the old

Messianic idea. Two or three references to ancient predictions, one or two features of asceticism, give a faint Ebionitic coloring; but such fragments do not stamp a character upon the composition. The author inserts these few passages for the edification of Jewish readers, and to guard his work against the charge of being partial. His aim, partly polemical, is mainly conciliatory. A firm disciple of Paul, he is willing to compromise a little for his master's sake. The chief argument against the early date of the Gospel is, that its aim is so evidently speculative; that it represents the facts in the life of Jesus as they never could have occurred, but as one might represent them who stood at a distance from actual events, and was deeply engaged in the theories current in his generation. He wrote, probably, later than Matthew.

The Book of Acts Baur has touched incidentally, but not made the subject of thorough research. In his studies on Paul's Epistles, his attention was called to the difference, amounting to contradiction, between the statements of the Apostles and those of the historian;\* especially to the two conflicting representations of the convention at Jerusalem, Galatians ii. 7-11, Acts xv. Schneckenburger opened the investigation into the character of the book, and suggested that its purpose was to run a parallel between Peter and Paul. In 1846 Schwegler devoted a section of his "*Nachapostolisches Zeitalter*" to the Acts, and made the most of his brief space to destroy its historical reputation. In 1849 Zeller commenced a series of articles in the "*Theologische Jahrbücher*," which have since been collected into a volume, and represent the verdict of the Tübingen school on the composition. That verdict, in brief, is as follows: that the book has, strictly speaking, no claim to be called a history. It is a "*Tendenz-Schrift*" from beginning to end. The purpose of its author is manifest in an endeavor to establish a complete parallel between Paul and Peter as the heads of the two opposing factions. Their miracles, the proofs of their Apostolical calling and dignity, the exhibition of their endowments and capacities, the principles that governed their conduct,

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\* See *Christian Examiner*, No. CCIV., Art. VII.

both personal and official, are skilfully balanced. Paul is converted by the author into a zealous Jew, fulfilling all the righteousness of the law, taking upon himself the Nazarite's ascetic vow at the suggestion of James, and, in deference to Jewish prejudices, leaving his post in order to present himself dutifully at Jerusalem on the grand feast-days, circumcising Timothy so as not to give offence to the Jews by taking about with him an uncircumcised companion, representing himself to the church at Jerusalem as a good Hebrew, and diligently collecting alms-money for its poor, associating cordially with the men of whom he had spoken so slightly in Galatians, paying to all Jews the compliment of offering them the refusal of the Gospel, and at all times adopting the theology of Judaism as the correct form of belief. In a guise like this, the Apostle is an utter stranger to us. Nothing is left by which he can be recognized. There is profound silence about that quarrel in Antioch; not a word do we hear of Christian attacks made upon his person, his dignity, or his authority, his chosen field of action, or his peculiar theology. His characteristic ideas are so completely omitted, that it would be impossible to gather from the Acts alone that his doctrine was in anywise distinguished from that of James or John.

The garments which this author has stripped from Paul, he, with equal disdain of ceremony, hangs upon Peter, who, according to his story, was the first Apostle to the Gentiles, divinely called to that office, and recognized in it by the brethren, long before Paul's conversion. He is the hero of Pentecost Day, which inaugurated Christianity as a religion for all nations. He baptizes the eminent Pagans, discourses of the necessity of faith and the worthlessness of legal observances, altogether after the manner of his great antagonist; he even speaks of the law as a yoke. Neither of these portraits, say Baur and his friends, can be drawn from the life. We have here neither the historical Paul nor the historical Apostles, — nothing like the historical Peter. Surely the author knew he was not writing history, and had no intention of writing it. He wished not to narrate facts, but to reconcile parties. An earnest disciple of Paul, interested in the fate of his doctrines, he lived in an age that sympathized with his



opponents, and, rather than not recommend the Pauline universalism, was willing to deprive his master of a portion of his glory, that it might shine the more conspicuously though in the person of his rival. He loved his master's principles more than his fame, and, so the truth was spoken and accepted, did not hesitate to represent it as proceeding from hostile, but more persuasive lips. Such a theological romance might have been written any time from the year 110 to 130.

The same merciless criticism which thus brings to judgment every phrase in the historical books, holds its "bloody assize" in all the other departments. Four only of the Pauline letters are spared; the rest are condemned by their own confession, and thrust into the outer darkness of the second century. They are flat, colorless, insipid; they read like feeble imitations; they are too weak in doctrine, and too strong in homiletics; they believe too much in good works; they are guilty of sympathizing with Montanism, or of holding secret correspondence with the Gnostics; their Christology is not in accordance with Apostolic authority; their eschatology is more pronounced than it is orthodox. Some of them, as the Pastoral Letters, are convicted of hierarchical tendencies, of an inclination to suppress heresies, and of opinions favoring a closer organization in the Church, — crimes which merit transportation into the limbo of the post-Apostolic age. Even the unobtrusive little note to Philemon stands charged with a teleological offence, and must be doomed to the same exile for presuming to inculcate Christian ideas under the form of fiction.

But, with all this "historical criticism," what, we must ask, has become of historical Christianity? Has it been swallowed up in the vast whirlpool of controversy? Must we say, with Schaff, that Christianity, according to Baur, is a "product of the Catholic Church of the middle of the second century, the result of a long conflict between Ebionitic and Gnostic heresies, so that the truth was begotten of a lie, the day from the womb of old mother Night"? Must we say, that in the mind of Jesus it existed merely as a more inward and exalted Judaism, and was essentially the same thing with the Ebionitism which was afterwards condemned as a heresy?

This, upon a superficial view, would seem to be the authorized inference. If Christianity was apprehended by the personal disciples of Jesus as the old Jewish system, completed by the advent of the predicted Messiah, how are we to know that it was apprehended differently by the Master? Was not "primitive Christianity" the religion of Christ himself? Schaff, consulting sentiment, says, "Yes," without hesitation. Baur, consulting criticism, answers, "No." Primitive Christianity, that is, the Christianity of the disciples, was *not* the Christianity of Christ. This Dr. Baur affirms, if not laboriously and at length, yet often enough and explicitly enough to be understood. Speaking, for example, of the Sermon on the Mount, he says, "The discourse, as a whole, bears upon it the stamp of originality, and that portion of it which is animated by such an earnest spirit of hostility to Pharisaism belongs unquestionably to the most genuine speech that fell from the lips of Jesus." Treating of the Hebrew Gospel which was the root of our canonical Matthew, he asks if it is not "altogether probable that it contained purer elements than those of 'primitive Christianity,' seeing that it was the oldest record of the teaching of Christ." In the first section of his "History of Christianity and the Christian Church, for the First Three Centuries," he contends that Jesus engrafted upon Judaism an entirely new principle, both moral and spiritual, offering a fresh view of man and God, and the relations subsisting between them. In fact, he indicates unmistakably that Jesus held and promulgated the ideas which were afterwards peculiar to Paul. Nor is this conclusion adopted capriciously; it is rather forced upon an honest member of the "historical school." For, leaving the genuineness of this or that passage out of view, if the Gospel of Jesus were nothing more than Judaism completed by the coming of the Messiah, how can we explain the presence of broad anti-Hebraistic thoughts in those earliest records penned by Hebrew hands? Why did Paul so revere and glorify the Christ, at the same time that he repudiated the doctrine of his immediate disciples? This man, who would borrow nothing from the original Apostles, and even joined issue with them on the ground of their narrowness, — this man, who said, "Though

an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than that which I have preached unto you, let him be accursed," — has no language strong enough to express his feeling of veneration for Jesus, and his Gospel calls him the "heavenly man," the "heavenly Lord," who has broken down the veil of the ancient dispensation, and united all nations in a common bond of spiritual life. This man, so jealous of his authority, so strenuous in asserting his equal dignity with the other Apostles, is humbled into the very dust when he thinks of Christ, and cries out in the humiliation of his soul that he is not worthy to be called an Apostle. This can be explained only by a conviction in Paul's mind that the doctrines of Jesus were substantially identical with his own, and that he was but the privileged interpreter of them. And if this was Paul's conviction, there is strong presumption that it was founded upon historical facts. Nay, Paul makes use of the very language of Christ in a way which convinces us that he was indebted to him for his original ideas. The Epistle to the Romans furnishes an interesting example of this. The last verses of the twelfth chapter read as if they were copied almost word for word from the Sermon on the Mount. But the thoughts of Jesus are so great, that Paul cannot borrow them without adding some qualification suggested by his Hebrew temper. "*If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.*" "Avenge not yourselves; for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine'; *I will repay*, saith the Lord." "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; *because*," says the Apostle, apologetically, "in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head"; which means, "Practise the loving-kindness of the Gospel, as the most effective mode of punishing your foe." Can we doubt, then, that the Gospel of Jesus was at least as heavenly as Paul's? Must we not believe that it was even larger and deeper?

We do not deny that Baur has done grievous harm to historical Christianity, as we have always been accustomed to regard it, by driving it out of three Gospels, and by compelling us to search for it, with the help of microscopic criticism, in a fourth. We cannot feel so sure of it, now that its character is left for us to guess at, or to construct from a few

scattered hints dropped here and there by unknown recorders. Its authoritative character as a miraculous revelation is entirely lost; for upon such very slender threads of probability it would be impossible to suspend the heavy weights of dogmatism. We do not quarrel with Dr. Baur for making us face a difficulty that has never ceased to haunt us, however uncomfortable that duty may be; but we cannot forgive him for leaving out of his original Christianity, such as it is, the person of Christ. His picture of the Apostolic age is vitiated by the same defect that mars so seriously his panoramic views of dogmatic history. There are no living souls at work in it. The Apostles are phantoms. Even Paul, his hero, who seems to have had passions at least, rushes before us more like a stormy engine, driven by a superhuman power, than like a man; and as for Jesus, we do not see him at all. The Professor apparently adopts the theory of the fourth Gospel, and would have us suppose that Christ was not a human being of flesh and blood, suffering, hoping, praying, believing, transmuting sentiments into principles and worship into life; but a Word, looking impassively through a mask, which can be dropped without in the least affecting it. That Jesus, setting aside his special actions and views, was a spiritual person, whose religious qualities made him a miracle among men, whose character was a regenerating force in humanity, whose soul shed a virtue upon the moral world which healed all who came in contact with it; that through the attractive power of his inward being he drew around him disciples who believed more in him than they knew, and surrendered more to him than they suspected; that by this same mysterious might of influence he searched, converted, inspired, and made his own, the fiery but noble-minded Saul, the persecutor; that a heavenly life, an incarnate holiness, truth, purity, love, was actually manifested there in Judæa, and did contain in itself, fully matured in an individual, all those practical energies of sentiment, feeling, faith, principle, which, seizing upon heroes, made them ministers of truth, which organized churches in every Gentile city, which united by fraternal bonds men of diverse races and opposite social conditions, and, like a host of angels, wrought

upon the cruelty, the sensuality, the materialism and atheism, of the decaying civilization of Greece and Rome; that the noblest beliefs of Christendom were but an attempt to give coherent expression to the felt experiences of aspiration, fear, hope, devoutness, longing, love, which had been awakened by the living Jesus;—of all this we find no suggestion in the pages of Dr. Baur. And the omission is a radical and fatal defect in his sketch of original Christianity. We can believe that Christianity might be born and grow to maturity, and establish itself in the world, without complete authentic records; but a Christianity without a spiritual personality as its root, without a Christ, is utterly inconceivable. That Baur allows no more significance to this fact, is to be explained, not by his critical method, nor by his critical results, for they do not affect directly the historical reality of Christ's character, but by the leading principle of his Hegelian philosophy, which, by affirming that the evolution of thought is the self-revelation of God, makes great account of ideas, but none whatever of persons,—represents doctrines as if they were living beings, and resolves living beings into stepping-stones of doctrine. Schleiermacher, if he had lived, might perhaps have been a disciple of the "historical school"; but Schleiermacher would never have consented to the sacrifice of the spiritual Christ.

Of Baur's opponents little can be said here. They have been numerous, powerful, and persevering. Men like Neander, Dorner, Thiersch, Lechler, Baumgarten, Schaff, Luthardt, Wieseler, Bleek, Hase, Bunsen, Ewald, have bent all their forces against him, and followed him over the whole field of the New Testament, contesting the ground inch by inch. Yet Schwarz says that most of the refutations and rejoinders have proceeded from theologians who were predetermined to meet all critical conclusions that were unpalatable to them with a stiff "No." Baur, he declares, has never found a peer in an adversary. And even Schaff admits that, hitherto, no work has appeared giving a satisfactory account of the primitive Church, in answer to these modern errors.

The chief modifications in the results of the Tübingen criticism have thus far been suggested by members of the

school, who, adopting their master's method, but not slavishly accepting his results, have been industrious gleaners in the field over which he sometimes walked too hastily. By the efforts of these men, Georgii, Ritschl, Hilgenfeld, and others, the controversy between Petrinism and Paulinism has been compressed into smaller compass, thus carrying back the dates of the Gospel compositions to the very limits of the Apostolic period. Matthew, in its completed form, is brought to the year 70 or 80. Mark is left somewhere between 80 and 100, and Luke is placed later, instead of earlier, than Mark, by ten or twenty years. The master's verdict upon the minor Epistles of Paul has been greatly, though variously, qualified, without coming to fixed or consenting results. On the other hand, his judgment respecting the Pastoral Epistles is unanimously acquiesced in; and the members of the school stand fast together in their opinion of the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel of John. The controversy between Petrinism and Paulinism has not only been reduced within a moderate space of time; some of its features have also been softened. There has been a considerable transference of points from the Ebionitic to the liberal side, giving a preponderance to the "Pauline element," and altering, in some respects, the position in which the elder Apostles stood to Paul. As a consequence of this, the historical character of the Gospels has gained upon the doctrinal; they are relieved a little from the imputation of being "Tendenz-Schriften," or controversial treatises; and it is allowed that their authors may have confined themselves more closely than was at first conjectured to the actual materials that lay before them. In short, whenever these scholars have found a position untenable, they have at once receded from it, like men who, loving the truth better than their theory, were not ashamed to retract an error as soon as discovered.

In this noble and rare quality of candor we must admit that the master is no whit inferior to his disciples. He too has made concessions. With little or none of the jealousy for his private renown which usually marks the discoverer, he stands prepared, at any honest man's invitation, to revise his charts. Some points he has abandoned, after careful consid-

eration; others he has ceased to regard as important. He insists less than he did at first upon the application of his theory to all the Gospel details. But by his main conclusions he still abides unshaken. His antagonists are always sure of receiving honorable and courteous treatment at his hands; but equally sure are they of meeting hard blows, as from a man who cannot afford to trifle with the matter in hand. The Chevalier Bunsen's confident assault in the "*Hippolytus*," is parried with an ease which intimates that there is no occasion for putting forth full strength. Bleek's "*Beiträge*," the work which by some is believed to have established beyond all reasonable doubt the genuineness of the fourth Gospel, is reviewed with the dignified but half-impatient air of one who is tired of giving the same old answers to the same old questions, and vexed at being thrust at by arguments that have been parried a score of times. He meets all the points which merit his attention, and thus, in language of severe rebuke, closes his critique. "The argument of Bleek borrows its sharpest point from the assurance, often and emphatically repeated, that the fourth Gospel is Johannic, and must come out at last victorious from all the attacks upon its genuineness. This is the Alpha and Omega of his school of criticism, and with this abiding assurance it expects, if not to break in pieces, yet to blunt, the weapons of adversaries, and to conduct all the rivulets that have sprung from a fresh fountain of investigation back into the standing water of vague, indefinite assertion and long-exhausted opinions, instead of letting them follow their free course. . . . If Dr. Bleek has any desire to engage again 'the latest critical school,' let him reflect that it will be prudent, for his own sake, and a duty, if self-knowledge be a duty, to enter the field with somewhat less of self-conceit and somewhat more of dignity."

What the final result of Baur's New Testament criticism may be, it is impossible to predict. How much will remain, at the close of the next generation, as his contribution to the study of the Apostolic age, can hardly be surmised. At present, his influence does not appear to be on the wane, nor does his school perceptibly abate its pretensions. It is the confident belief, evidently, both of himself and his faithful co-workers,

that they have established their main conclusions upon a firm foundation, and finished, nearly, their critical work. Baur still writes articles in the party organ, reviewing the latest books of importance in New Testament literature, or re-examining secondary points for himself; but his chief labor is bestowed on wider themes. Zeller suspends his studies on the "Philosophy of the Greeks," to treat, in an occasional paper, some special topic in the history of dogmatics. Other members of the sect have dispersed themselves over a broad field of critical and historical investigation, and are industriously working up, by the aid of their new method, the old materials which lie abundantly about them. Köstlin inquires into the Gnostic system of the "Pistis Sophia," and the origin of the book of Enoch. Hilgenfeld deals with the pseudo-Clementine Homilies, and the system of Basilides. Schweizer devotes himself to an exposition of the Lutheran and Reformed doctrines. Ritschl's last paper was on Hippolytus, written three years ago. The *Jahrbücher* for 1856 contained but one article of a strictly critical stamp, and that one a paper by Baur on the First Epistle of Peter, called out by Dr. Bernhard Weiss's book on the Petrine Theology. The once exciting magazine is now comparatively uninteresting, and we should not be surprised at any time to hear of its decease. If that intelligence comes, we shall infer that, in the opinion of its supporters, the magazine has fairly completed its course, and faithfully discharged its function, which was to inaugurate, explain, unfold, and defend the "historical method" in New Testament criticism.

The confidence of these gentlemen in the final triumph of their school may be well grounded. It is possible that their conclusions respecting the composition and character of the Gospels may bear the test of time and study, and remain essentially unchanged. We hope not. But hope does not answer critical questions, nor will fear stay the progress of scholarship. Of this we are satisfied, that the discussion has been, and is, in the ablest hands; and whatever may be its results, we must accept them as providential; and instead of impotently bewailing the downfall of historical Christianity, and casting reproach upon the men who have occasioned it, we must



revive the spirit of our faith, and resolutely set about the task of readjusting our religion to the new order of literary facts. That this can be done, we have never doubted; that it has been done, successfully, by at least one great theologian, James Martineau, we honestly believe and gratefully acknowledge; that such an adjustment will have the effect to ennoble and spiritualize the faith of many, we should certainly anticipate. It will, surely, be an advantage to us if we can, by any means, learn to base our Christian assurance more upon the personal character of Christ, and less upon the biographical details of the Evangelists. Though it should be proved that the Gospel which bears the name of Matthew came from an unknown hand, and is unreliable as a narrative of events, still its thoughts are living and authoritative as ever, and we see all over its surface footprints which declare that one greater than the sons of men has trod the earth. Though the book which we received so gladly from the beloved disciple should be shown to contain, after all, no authentic story of his Master's life, but only the idea that was entertained respecting him by some philosophic believer of another nation and a distant age, still its deep spiritual truths would come to us like holy oracles, if not from the lips of Jesus himself, yet from the heart of one whom he had filled with his inspiration; and we should feel that he must have been indeed divine who could have reproduced his image thus in the mind of a speculative Greek, a full century after his death. So long as we have the soul of Christ, we have Christianity; even as Paul had it, who never saw Jesus, nor cultivated the acquaintance of those that had seen him,—who had no patience with men that clung with tenacious memory to the terrestrial Messiah, and shut their hearts to the revelations of the Heavenly Lord.

The "Ordinary Professor of Evangelical Theology" is now sixty-five years old, a man of large frame, above the middle height, with heavy features, and a massy head covered with grayish hair. The wide and intense enthusiasm that greeted the first disclosure of his critical views has passed away. Personally, he excites, as might be expected, very little interest; his

manner in the lecture-room is not attractive. But even his opponents concede his ability and his worth; Oesler, the Lutheran, who is in the same faculty, speaks of him with great respect, and his books carry as much weight as they ever did. It is some years since he preached his last sermon, exhorting his hearers to abandon the letter which killeth for the spirit which giveth life; and in narrowing the sphere of his public duties, he has narrowed also the circle of his sympathies. Baur sits alone, surrounded by piled-up folios, in an uncarpeted study, toiling fourteen hours a day, in vacation time, upon the crowning labor of his life, the History of the Church, only interrupting his labor in term time to lecture before his classes; and still he finds leisure to write articles for his magazine, and to keep up an acquaintance with the popular literature of the day. His wife is dead. His daughter, married to Dr. Zeller, is, of course, separated from her father. "He has no satisfaction in life, now, but to work." May the night not come upon the lonely man till his work is done.

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## ART. II. — DANTE'S BEATRICE AS A TYPE OF WOMANHOOD.

1. *La Vita Nuova di DANTE ALIGHIERI*. Firenze: Felice Le Monnier. 1856.
2. *La Commedia di DANTE ALIGHIERI, Fiorentino. Novamente Riveduta nel Testo, e Dichiarata da BRUNONE BIANCHI*. Quarta Edizione. Corredata del Rimario. Firenze: Felice Le Monnier. 1854.

THE *Vita Nuova*, that charming, earliest work of Dante, which contains the record of the love, joys, and sorrows of his youth, closes with the following words:—

"After that, there appeared unto me a vision, in which I saw things which made me determine not to speak any more of that blessed saint, until I should be able to treat of her more worthily. And to attain to this, I study with all my powers, as she well knoweth. So that, if it should be His pleasure, for whom all things live, that my life should be

spared to me some years longer, I hope to say that of her which never hath been said of any woman (*spero dire di lei quello che non fu mai detto d'alcuna*). And then may it please Him who is the Father of gentleness (*il Sire della cortesia*) to suffer my soul to see the glory of its Donna (that is, of the sainted *Beatrice*), who now, abiding in glory, looketh upon the face of Him who is blessed for ever, world without end."

The vow which the youth had made, the man performed. Never, by pen of mortal writer, has woman been more glorified than Beatrice was by Dante. Never has love inspired its poet with a purer and loftier ideal, never has earthly beauty enjoyed a more radiant apotheosis. She who had been, while living, the delight of his youthful eyes, became, when dead, the guiding star of his spirit, the comforter and enlightener of his soul, the Jacob's ladder of his holiest aspirations. It is from the reflection of the Divine love in her God-illuminated eyes, that he receives the strength and purity of spirit that enable him to mount to the heavenly spheres. All representations of love and woman before Dante appear earthly and sensual by the side of his. Noble and glorious as were some of the creations of Greek and Roman poets, here is something "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." We may admire, we may pity, we may love, Andromache, Penelope, Iphigenia, Electra, Antigone; but here we put off our shoes from our feet, and humbly bow in profound veneration. When, after a long separation, — after he had descended into the abyss of horror and despair, and ascended the terraces of the Mountain of Purgatory, — she at last comes to meet him in Paradise, we join in his rapturous exclamation: —

"O splendor!

O sacred light eternal! who is he  
So pale with musing in Pierian shades,  
Or with that fount so lavishly imbued,  
Whose spirit would not fail him in the essay  
To represent thee such as thou didst seem,  
When under cope of the still-chiming heaven  
Thou gavest to open air thy charms revealed!"

We shall not trouble ourselves with the prosaic and unprofitable task of investigating and discriminating how much

of Dante's Beatrice belongs to the Real, and how much to the Ideal; how far the daughter of *Folco Portinari* and the wife of *Messer Simone dei Bardi* answered the description of the blessed saint in the *Divina Commedia*. We know too well that it is the essential property of all love to idealize its object, and that there never has been nor ever will be a woman such as the love-inspired heart of poet conceived. All women that have been glorified in song may, with equal truth, say of their lovers what *Leonora Sanvitale*, in Goethe's drama, says of Tasso: —

“ He loves not us, — forgive me what I say:  
His loved Ideal from the spheres he brings,  
And doth invest it with the name we bear.  
While seeming to love us, he only loves  
The highest object that can claim his love.”

We are satisfied, therefore, to take Dante's Beatrice such as we find her, as the poet's own ideal creation, suggested, however, by the beauty and goodness of the real woman he had loved. And granting this of *Bice Portinari*, we have given her the highest praise. For the highest and most characteristic glory of all earthly beauty is to make us aspire to a heavenly one, and a woman is great in proportion to the ideal she suggests.

But we would not be suspected, for a moment, of entertaining the ridiculous notion, that no such being as Beatrice actually existed, that she is altogether a fictitious character, meant to personify Theology or Divine Wisdom, as some Dryasdust commentators have fabled. No one who has read, with his eyes open, the account of Dante's meeting with her on the top of the mountain of Purgatory, and, above all, the *Vita Nuova*, can possibly entertain such a doubt. That there was such a person as Beatrice, that Dante loved her with all the intensity and enthusiasm of a poet's love, is just as certain, as that there was such a man as Dante, and that he is the author of the *Divina Commedia*. The rest is the natural product of his own feeling, and a wonder only to those who have never experienced the same.

Beatrice, though she may not have been in reality all that the poet's love has painted her, must have been, at all events,

a pure and noble being. We judge of the cause from the effect; and surely no ordinary woman could have awakened and retained the life-long love of such a man as Dante. For, when all the sagacity of scepticism is exhausted, the question will always recur, How came the ideal of the poet to be connected with her name, rather than with that of a hundred others of his acquaintance?

Love is not blind, as the vulgar saying is; but, on the contrary, his are the keenest and most piercing eyes. He can see through the shell of accident the everlasting substance of the kernel. He perceives the germs of excellence, though hidden under earth-clods of human weakness, and with the genial warmth of his idealizing power nourishes and unfolds them into the full growth of immortal loveliness. Wherever there is a love, that, time and death defying, like Dante's, lifts the soul to heaven, the object of it, we may be sure, cannot be altogether of the earth. And however little we may know from other sources about the character of Bice Portinari, we have full assurance that she was worthy of him who glorified her. Dante himself would, no doubt, protest with indignation against all theories and hypotheses that tend to exalt his poetic powers at the expense of the "gloriosa donna" of his heart. He would exclaim, in the words of Goethe's Tasso:

"Whatever in my song doth reach the heart,  
And find an echo there, I owe to one,  
And one alone. No image undefined  
Hovered before my soul, approaching now  
In radiant glory to retire again.  
I have myself, with mine own eyes, beheld  
The type of every virtue, every grace,  
And what I copied thence will aye endure.  
She is no shadow, by illusions bred:  
I know she is eternal, for she is."

But, as we said before, for our present purpose, it is perfectly immaterial whether Dante's representation of Beatrice was true or not, in the historical sense of the word. We are satisfied to take her for a mere ideal, and our single object is to define what this ideal was, with whatever name connected.

This ideal woman of Dante is an altogether new creation, a new and most precious addition to our stock of poetic ideali-

zations, — something never dreamt of before him, hardly ever reproduced after him. This is equally apparent, whether we compare with it the representations of love and woman by his great predecessors in antiquity, or those of his immediate successors, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Ariosto. What, then, let us ask, are the characteristics of this woman of Dante? By what traits, peculiarly her own, is she distinguished from the ideal creations of all other poets?

What strikes us first of all in the character of Beatrice is the predominance given to the spiritual element. We find little in the genuine poems of Dante about her personal appearance; for the glowing description of her bodily charms, in the "Ritratto" of the *Canzoniero* is universally considered as spurious. Her chief beauty is "the beauty of the soul," her most winning charms the spiritual graces of purity, humility, and charity. The epithet by which he designates her is none of the Homeric ones, — "the bright-eyed," "the white-armed," "the fair-haired," or "the deep-bosomed"; but "the most gentle" (*gentilissima*) Beatrice. The effect which her sight produces on the beholder is not a sensual delight, but a moral elevation and purification. Her very atmosphere is "death to every mean and ignoble thought." He who loves her, loves God and man the more for loving her.

The *Vita Nuova* abounds in proofs of this. "Whenever she appeared before my sight," he says, "all hatred at once departed from my heart, and in its stead there was kindled such a flame of charity, that I willingly pardoned whomsoever had offended me." And again: "This gentlest of ladies gained such favor with every one, that, when she walked through the streets, people would run to catch a glimpse of her, whence a marvellous gladness seized my heart; and when she drew near to any one, so much gentleness would enter into the heart of him, that he would not dare to lift up his eyes or to answer her greeting; and of this many, as having witnessed it, would bear testimony to those that would not believe it. But she, crowned and clothed in humility, walked on, showing no pride of what she saw and heard. And many would say, after she had passed by, 'This is no woman, surely, but one of the most beautiful

angels of heaven.' And others would say, 'She is a miracle; blessed be the Lord, who worketh so marvellously!'"

The same thoughts are expressed in many of the Sonnets and Canzoni, with which the *Vita Nuova* is interspersed.

"So noble is Madonna's air, so kind,  
So full of grace to all whom she salutes,  
That every tongue with awe is mute and trembles,  
And every eye shrinks back from her regard.

"Clothed with humility she hears her praise,  
And passeth on with calm benignity,  
Appearing not a thing of earth, but come  
From heaven to show mankind a miracle."

A second characteristic of Dante's Beatrice is that she is represented as a superior being, as an object of reverence, amounting almost to adoration. The earthly strength of the man bows down before the divine weakness of the woman; and he looks up to her as to a being whom her very weakness makes fitter for receiving and transmitting that true strength which comes from on high. He looks up to her as to his guide and monitress, the priestess of that divine wisdom which is "pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits."

When Beatrice, on the Mount of Purgatory, urges him to ask her questions about the wonders he has seen, he says:

"Like to those  
Who, speaking with too reverent an awe  
Before their betters, draw not forth the voice  
Alive unto their lips, befell me then,  
That I, in sounds imperfect, thus begun."

And in another place:

"Blank awe,  
Which lords it over me, even at the sound  
Of Beatrice's name, did bow me down,  
As one in slumber held."

He feels towards her as to a mother to whose lap he flies for sympathy, comfort, and advice, in the doubts and misfortunes which oppress him.

"Astounded, to the guardian of my steps  
I turned me, like the child who always thither

Runs for succor where he trusteth most ;  
And she was like the mother who, her son  
Beholding pale and breathless, with her voice  
Soothes him, and he is cheered."

The mighty Dante becoming a child by the side of the gentle Beatrice ! What more touching !— what more touchingly sublime !

Through all the *Vita Nuova*, and the *Divina Commedia*, there is nothing, in his conduct towards her, of that patronizing air and implied superiority with which a self-styled "lord of creation" condescends to a fair daughter of earth ; nothing of that silly gallantry, which, while it affects to honor her, is in reality the greatest insult to a woman of sense. No ! Dante's love was founded in respect, and a clear appreciation of her superior excellence of head as well as heart. His love called forth his highest powers, and he knew himself the nearer and the dearer to her the more worthy he was.

"Thou wast to me a crystal-girded shrine,  
Worshipped at holy distance, and around  
Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly ground.  
Not for thou wert a goddess ; but that love  
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed  
Thy lineaments in beauty which dismayed, —  
Ah ! not dismayed, but awed like one above.  
And in that sweet severity there was  
A something which all softness did surpass,  
I know not how, — thy spirit mastered mine,  
My star stood still before thee !"

There is a third peculiarity in Dante's Beatrice, and his love for her, which is still more characteristic, and separates her by a still wider gulf from the creations of ancient poetry.

For who, we ask, is this Beatrice, — the object of such undying love, of such immortal glory ? The biographers tell us that Dante's love was an unhappy one ; that Beatrice was never possessed by him ; that she became the wife of another ; that soon after, while yet in the prime of her life, she died. And we know that his first account of her in the *Vita Nuova* was written at least four years after that event. When he composed his great poem, whose main object was to glorify her, she was already but a handful of dust.

It was the departed, then, it was the spirit, that he loved.



Such a love was altogether new, unknown, and unintelligible to the mind of the ancient world. Fully to appreciate the heroism and purity of such a love, we must not forget that Dante was as far as could be from anything like sickly sentimentalism, which is apt to hide its hollowness under high-sounding and philosophic names. He was a man in the fullest, largest sense of the word; a man consisting of heart and head, of body and spirit, of passion as well as reason.

"When Beatrice married, Dante could not subdue his love, — he could not make it as though it had never been. For many a day its shadow must often have crossed him, much too sadly for his peace. Nor was it necessary that he should forget a thing so noble. But he did what was better, yet what only a great and manly nature could have done, — he triumphed over the pain." Dante did not believe in so-called "unhappy" love. He believed that love, like every true, noble, holy feeling, that warms, expands, and ennobles the soul, is its own exceeding great reward, and, being of an infinite and heavenly nature, is a blessing independent of possession.

"For though he do not win his wish to end,  
Yet thus far happy he himself doth ween,  
That God such happy grace did to him lend  
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seen." \*

And when she dies, he suffers indeed intensely, so that his own life is near extinction; but he recovers at last, comforting himself

"That Beatrice is gone to yonder heaven,  
To realms where angels dwell and are in peace;  
She was not hence like other creatures riven,  
By chill and calenture, or such disease,  
But for her mighty worth alone was borne away.  
For her meek nature shed so bright a ray  
It beamed to heaven, and with a light so blest,  
As woke amaze in the Eternal Sire,  
And kindled sweet desire  
To call a soul so lovely to his rest,  
Deeming this life of care and sorrowing  
Unworthy of so pure, so fair a thing."

What was meant to drive him to hopeless despair becomes

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\* Spenser.

a never-failing source of joy. Death, instead of taking her away from him, has, on the contrary, given her back to him, freed from all the fetters of conventional restraint, united to him by the firmest and holiest of all ties, the divine one of spiritual affinity, — his own, his soul's affianced bride, inseparably his, world without end.

His union with her becomes more intimate, the purer and holier he grows; and the higher they rise in their heavenly progress, the more her beauty and loveliness increase, and the more is he able to see and appreciate them.

Never indeed had he seen on earth loveliness like hers, but when, risen from flesh to spirit, he meets her again on the Mount of Purgatory, she appeared to him, though still beneath the veil, as far surpassing her former self in loveliness, as that self had ever surpassed all others.

And so on, through all the successive stages of their ascension, from star to star, and from heaven to heaven. Till at last, having risen to the heaven of heavens, the empyrean itself, the glory which breaks upon him transcends both speech and comprehension. Mortal strength bends under the overwhelming burden of bliss.

“ Lov’r,

With loss of other object, forced me turn  
Mine eyes on Beatrice once again.  
If all that hitherto is told of her  
Were in one praise concluded, ’t were too weak  
To furnish out this turn. Mine eyes did look  
On beauty such as I believe in soot;  
Not merely to exceed our human; but,  
That save its Maker, none can to the full  
Enjoy it. At this point, overpowered I fail,  
Unequal to my theme, as never bard  
. . . . . failed before.

For as the sun o’erpowers the feeblest sight,  
Even so remembrance of that witching smile  
Hath dispossessed my spirit of itself.  
Not from the day when on this earth I first  
Beheld her charms, up to that view of them,  
Have I with song applausive ever ceased  
To follow; but now follow it no more;  
My course here bounded, as each artist’s is  
When it doth touch the limit of his skill.”

*Paradise, XXX. 20.*

A question here forces itself upon us. If this representation of woman and of love, in Dante's Beatrice, was altogether new, as undoubtedly it was, whence was it derived? There had been great poets before Dante, and there never was poet without love. How, then, did it happen, and to what particular influence is it to be ascribed, that he originated an ideal of woman and of love such as none of his great predecessors — not Homer, nor Virgil, nor Sophocles, nor Euripides, nor Plato himself — had produced? What new and peculiar agency was at work in Dante's individuality and in Dante's time, that could produce such an effect?

We have no hesitation in answering this question. It was Christianity. It was out of his religion that Dante drew his inspiration, as all great poets have done; and it was owing to the superior purity and spirituality of his religion that his ideal was superior to that of his predecessors. Dante was the first great poet that had appeared since Christianity had entered the world. Had he not been a Christian, we should have had no Beatrice.

And what is there in Christianity that could suggest a higher and purer idea of woman than the world had ever conceived before? We cannot better express what we consider to be the peculiar spirit of Christianity, and the essential and specific blessing it has conferred upon humanity, than by saying that Christianity first introduced the feminine element into the moral world.

Two forces pervade the universe, without whose harmonious co-operation the world would never have been what God designed it to be, — a cosmos. In the sphere of the material, we call these contraction and expansion, or repulsion and attraction; in the sphere of the moral, freedom and love; and in the particular sphere of humanity we find them symbolized by the dualism of the masculine and the feminine.

The ancient world was emphatically masculine. Independence and strength were considered the highest virtue and glory of humanity. All the political and social institutions, all the ethical systems of the ancients, are illustrations of this fact. To be free, independent, self-sufficient, was their ideal of perfection. Stoicism is the purest and truest exponent of

the ancient mind. Pride was not only no sin, but a virtue; love and humility were looked upon as weaknesses. What wonder that woman should have occupied an inferior position, when the element she was meant to embody was thus depreciated!

In direct opposition to the spirit of the ancient world, Christianity proclaims the Gospel of the "Ever Feminine." By exhibiting the utter nothingness of masculine self-sufficiency in the presence of Infinite Holiness and Wisdom, by revealing the essence of the Divine no longer as mere Power, but emphatically as Love, it developed the hitherto neglected element of the Feminine in man's soul; it begat humility, charity, and a yearning of conscious weakness for that strength which comes from above.

Christianity completely revolutionized the human mind. The wisdom of this world was convicted of foolishness, the pride of this world was confounded as an empty boast, the glory of this world paled as a fading flower. Weakness, that is, the consciousness of human frailty, came to be considered the true strength; childlike single-mindedness, the true wisdom; suffering, the road to victory; humility, the proudest ornament; purity, the supreme excellence; charity, the bond of perfectness. Compare the Sermon on the Mount with the ethical systems of antiquity. Compare the characters of Christ and the beloved disciple with the characters of other founders of philosophical and religious systems, — with Moses, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Mohammed. From such a comparison it will appear that Christianity is eminently a feminine religion, and that old Chaucer uttered a deeper word than he was probably aware of, when he said,

"Christ was a maid, though shapen as a man."

It is this feminine element in Christianity which caused it to find its first converts amongst women, and which will always secure to it the firmest adherence among the gentler sex. Compare the highest idealizations of womanhood which we find in the ancient mythology, Juno, Minerva, Diana, Venus, with the poetical symbolization of the Christian idea in the glorious figure of Madonna, and judge of the difference in the

ideas which produced them. This Madonna is the legitimate efflorescence of Christian imagination, and all Protestants who have the least spark of poetical feeling, though they may not regard the historical mother of Jesus as an object of worship, will acknowledge the Madonna to be the truest poetical expression of the Christian idea of woman.

It was from this religion, which first gave to the feminine clement its due rank in the moral world, and, as a natural consequence, gave to woman a higher position in society, that the first of Christian poets derived the ideal he has embodied in his Beatrice. And Dante's idea of woman being the product of his religion, it was natural that the effect she had upon him, and the feeling he entertained for her, should be of a religious character. His love, while it warms his heart and fires his imagination, enlightens his mind and purifies his soul. Lost in the dark mazes of the world, it is Beatrice who urges him to leave the vulgar crowd (*la volgare schiera*), and aspire to loftier things; it is she who, as the type of religion, draws him heavenward.

"She solves his doubts, she draws the veil from off  
Our present life, and bares the truth of poor mortality."

She combines the highest mission of poetry with that of philosophy and religion; she "justifies the ways of God to man."

"As when the North blows from his milder cheek  
A blast that scours the sky, forthwith our air,  
Cleared of the rack that hung on it before,  
Glitters, and, with its beauties all unveiled,  
The firmament looks forth serene, and smiles;  
Such was my cheer, when Beatrice drove,  
With clear reply, the shadows back, and truth  
Was manifested as a star in heaven."

When he sees her in her highest glory, — a glory which drowns his soul in ecstasy, and which he thinks all earthly eloquence unable to express, — she asks him: "Why art thou so enamored of my face, as not to turn thine eyes to the beautiful garden, blossoming under the rays of Christ himself?" And when, in compliance with her oft-repeated request, he gives himself up to the only true object of adoration, and in worshipping God forgets Beatrice, she re-

joices with exceeding joy, and rewards him with the sweetest of her heavenly smiles. She had said to him :

"Thank, O thank  
The Sun of Angels, Him who by his grace  
To highest heaven has uplifted thee."

Whereupon,

"Never was heart in such devotion bound,  
And with complacency so absolute  
Disposed to render up itself to God,  
As mine was at those words. *And so entire*  
*The love for Him who held me, it eclipsed*  
*Beatrice in oblivion.* Naught displeased  
Was she, but smiled thereat so joyously  
That from her laughing eyes the radiance broke,  
And scattered my collected mind abroad."

And when, at the close, he is so far advanced as to have outgrown her guidance, — when only the Infinite himself can give him strength to sustain the Infinite, — she is yet visible in the distance, stretching out her clasped hands, praying to obtain for the beloved that highest gift for which his soul was yearning, — to see Him, the Invisible, face to face.

Dante's love, then, is religious ; but as true religion is not merely a looking upward, not merely contemplation and devotion, not merely faith, but "faith that worketh through love," — divine action, — so love not only inspires him with holy thoughts, but stimulates to great and noble deeds. It is an heroic love. It does not emasculate his soul. Neither with sickly sentimentality, nor with morbid pietism, does it unman him. It does not tempt him "to betray the noon of manhood to a myrtle shade," nor drive him to seek refuge from the storms of the world in monastic solitudes, where "ever-musing melancholy reigns"; it enables him in the midst of the world to live with the world, though not of it.

It is the divine weakness of the gentle Beatrice that steels him in his battles against the powers of this world ; and above all, against spiritual wickedness in high places, — against the priests and popes. It is her influence which first induces him to forsake the paths of the vulgar crowd ; it is her influence which makes him a poet ; it is her influence which leads him



"I was a slave, thy love has made me free."

"*Tu mi hai di servo tratto a libertate.*"

The highest word he could have said of her; the highest word any man ever said of any woman.

We hear a great deal in these days about the rights and the mission of woman. In the multitude of words there is a great deal of nonsense, as well as sense. The mission of man or of woman results from his or her nature. Her rights and his rights spring from her or his duties. There are two gross and lamentable misconceptions on this subject, equally false, though diametrically opposed the one to the other.

The one considers woman as identical with man, and recognizes no essential and specific difference between them. According to this view, whatever is fit for man is fit for woman, and no one should, therefore, object to female dragons, to she-constables, hack-women, and lady-butchers. But this view, though supported by the authority of no less a name than Plato, is utterly refuted by the experience of all ages, and by the *a priori* argument that Nature has a meaning in whatever she does, and does not repeat herself. This view, if carried out, would be a violation of the law of Nature, would ruin woman and injure man. It is an undoubted fact, of so stubborn a nature that no abstract theories can overthrow it, that the intellectual no less than the physical organization of woman is different from that of man; that consequently woman is not man, and man not woman, and that neither was meant to be the other. It is not the interest of either sex, and least of all is it the interest of woman, to forget this distinction.

"For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But *diverse* : could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,  
Not to be like, but like in *difference*."

But there is another view, more popular, and, if possible, still more injurious to man and to woman,—a view whose pernicious consequences are daily and hourly thrust upon us,—the view that woman, because different from man, is therefore



inferior. According to this notion, woman is a kind of miniature man, a toy, a doll, ingeniously constructed, with the wonderful peculiarity of sensation and locomotion, invented for no purpose but to amuse the lord of creation in his idle hours. Having no destination but that of ornament and pleasure, there is no use in giving her any higher culture than is comprehended in dancing a polka, playing a waltz, or talking bad French and reading silly novels. She is excluded from all intellectual activity. She must never be troubled with any serious word concerning the great interests of humanity, God, nature, life, death, liberty, truth; in short, she is a perennial infant, who can never outgrow her taste for toys and sugar-plums, and whose every whim and caprice must be indulged. As a compensation for being deprived of her inalienable rights as a human being, she is made the object of an idle gallantry, which degrades while professing to honor.

The mission of woman results from the nature of woman; her rights spring from her duties. Her nature being different from that of man, her mission is also different, — different, but not inferior. Man's nature is centrifugal, it tends towards the periphery of life. His mission is to spread himself over the earth in all directions, to hunt, fight, plough, trade, &c., to subdue reluctant matter and rebellious spirit, and to make them co-operate in the service of the Divine. He impersonates the principle of repulsion; he is a born fighter; liberty is his dearest good, dominion his highest aspiration; strength, courage, justice, independence, are the qualities he prizes. His aims are far-reaching, his goal is in the distance; and while following out the radii of life to their utmost bounds, he is apt to forget and neglect the centre from which they all spring, and into which they all return. While engaged in subduing and possessing the earthly, he is apt to become forgetful of the heavenly.

Here, then, correcting and supplying the deficiencies of man with the complement of her own specific nature, the mission of womanhood properly begins. Woman's nature is centripetal; it symbolizes that elemental power of attraction which compels the isolated individual atoms to unite in one harmonious whole. As we value strength, courage, indepen-

dence, learning, genius, in man, so we prize in woman, above all things, delicacy, purity, charity.

The genuine mission of woman, then, is to bring unity into the various pursuits of man, by connecting them with the centre of the natural and moral universe, God; by directing his wandering, earthward thoughts to a heavenly goal; by softening, purifying, spiritualizing his strength, and giving to his work of valor the consecration of love. While man is engaged in the rough but necessary work of negation and repulsion, she admonishes him, that to deny error is but half the work of truth, that the holier part consists in affirmation, and that the highest glory is not to know "that spirits are subject unto us, but that our names are written in heaven."

If man is the warrior, woman is the priestess,—the priestess *par excellence*, the only true and God-ordained one. She stands by the altar, whose horns afford a safe asylum to every victim flying from the wrath of man. She knows no parties, political or religious, no sects, no castes with their narrow prejudices and fiercer passions; she knows only the one Father in heaven, and the one human family on earth. She binds together what the pride and passion of man are for ever dividing. "She is the true poet, or rather poem; for of that beauteous harmony after which, in all his many-rayed activity, man is for ever, consciously or unconsciously, striving, as after his ideal, she presents him a constant type in the beautiful harmony of her being." \*

It has often been said, that as woman is, so man will be. The elevation of man presupposes that of woman. He will never realize the perfection of his own nature, until he has aided woman in gaining that eminence from which her specific power of attraction may operate as a stimulus to progress, and which will compel him, if he wishes to be level with her, to rise, and not to descend.

In the last words of that astonishing production, which closed an eighty years' life of the deepest thought and the richest experience, the master mind of the age just passed (who was also a prophet of the future) has left it as a legacy

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\* Wilhelm von Humboldt.

to future ages, that the elevation of man is dependent upon woman ; that

“ The Ever Feminine draweth us on.” \*

We often hear the lament, from such as mistake the ephemeral manifestation for the permanent essence, that the golden age of chivalry is over, and the noble order of knighthood is extinct. God forbid ! Knighthood, the noblest flower of manhood, belongs to no particular age ; it is not a transient phase, but a stated condition of human development ; it will last as long as manhood itself. True, the enemies to be encountered are no longer the giants, minotaurs, and dragons of the olden time, but other monsters equally fearful remain ; the thousand-headed Protean monsters of ignorance, intemperance, superstition, unbelief. Valor and heroism have still their work to perform in the world ; and still, as of old, they will find their strongest encouragement and dearest guerdon in the sympathy and approbation of woman. However circumstances may change, the man true to the mission of manhood may still be a knight, and the woman who is true to her own heart may still realize the proud satisfaction of inspiring, stimulating, and rewarding noble deeds.

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#### ART. III — AGASSIZ'S NATURAL HISTORY.

*Contributions to the Natural History of the United States of America.*

By LOUIS AGASSIZ. Vols. I. and II. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 4to. pp. 632.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we hail the appearance of these magnificent volumes, so long and impatiently looked for, not only by the students of natural history, but by all the people of the United States, who have already learned, with their accustomed national vanity, to claim Agassiz's honors as their own. And, indeed, the history of this work is honor-

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\* The last words of Faust. See *Christian Examiner*, No. CCII. p. 18.

able to them, as well as to him. When he came to this country, about eleven years ago, it was not his intention to make his home among us; but his genial enthusiasm in the cause of natural science proved so contagious, that scarce a twelve-month was requisite to make America his most congenial home; and when he had finished his course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and had made a scientific tour of observation through the country, he found a place provided for him in the Scientific School at Cambridge, founded, after his arrival in this country, by the munificence of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence. Obtaining an honorable discharge from his duties in Europe, he entered, in 1848, upon his labors at Cambridge. But little more than two years ago, in conversation with the late Hon. Francis C. Gray of Boston, Agassiz "mentioned to him the numerous preparations which he had made to illustrate the natural history of North America, and his regret that the costliness of such works must prevent the publication of the materials he had collected." Mr. Gray entered at once into the matter with energy, set on foot a subscription, and promoted it by every means which the warmest friendship and the most genuine interest in science could suggest. In consultation with the publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., they fixed upon five hundred subscribers as the number necessary for entering upon publication with safety; but the American people astonished themselves and the world by a subscription numbering twenty-five hundred names. In consequence of this liberal subscription, the plan of the work has been greatly enlarged, and the number of figures upon the plates fully doubled. Desirous, also, of increasing to the utmost the value of the book, Agassiz has prefaced the special contents of the work by an essay of two hundred and thirty quarto pages, giving, in a masterly manner, those generalizations which are the result of his whole scientific life,—a review of the classification of the whole animal kingdom. This is rendered still more valuable to the student of natural history, by numerous references to original memoirs of observers in natural science.

This essay upon classification, which occupies the first two hundred and thirty pages, is followed by an essay upon the

classification of North American turtles, occupying two hundred and twenty pages. The third part, occupying the second volume, consists of one hundred and ninety pages upon the embryology of turtles. The work is illustrated by thirty-four lithographed plates in the highest style of the art, rivalling, and perhaps excelling, in delicacy the finest steel engravings, in accuracy almost photographic, and in color true to nature.

In obtaining specimens of the turtles and other animals of North America, Agassiz has received the most liberal assistance from amateurs in all parts of the Union, assistance which he acknowledges with scrupulous justice, both in his Preface and in the body of his work. During the first year after issuing his circular, asking for specimens of North American animals, his rooms presented a wonderful appearance, from the multitude of packages which poured in upon him by almost every train of cars, containing either living animals or specimens preserved in alcohol. Equally valuable, and in some respects more valuable, were letters accompanying these gifts, from which he has made extracts in his book, detailing the habits and manners of life of these aboriginal inhabitants of the continent. The assistance thus rendered this prince of living naturalists, in studying the animal life of North America, was not less acceptable to him, nor less honorable to our countrymen, than the subscription which enabled him to publish the results of his studies.

The essay on classification, which constitutes the first of the three parts of these two volumes, is divided into three chapters. The design of the first chapter is to show that a natural system of classifying animated nature must be based not only upon structural differences, but upon other fundamental relations of animals to each other and to the world in which they live. The pervading thought throughout the chapter is, that a natural system must have an actual existence in nature; but that it consists not simply in actual differences of physical manifestation, but in the intangible differences of plan or conception in the Creative Mind. Indeed, this chapter of thirty-two sections might be called, with justice, a treatise, in thirty-two chapters, upon the highest forms of evidence given by zoölogy to the doctrine that God, the Cre-

ator, is a spirit, a mind, a person. This doctrine is, in Agassiz's view, the only foundation upon which an intelligent study of zoölogy can be grounded. With him the aim of science is something higher than the grouping of facts under a general formula. This may be obtained by empiricism, in some cases more successfully than by science. The aim of science is to detect the thoughts or designs of the Creative Mind. To the school of Positive philosophy the knowledge of secondary agencies appears the only worthy subject of investigation, and the school thinks it very unscientific to assume that thinking is not a function of the brain, and that there is an essential difference between inorganic matter and living, thinking beings. "But," says Agassiz, "I shall not be prevented, by any such pretensions of a false philosophy, from expressing my conviction, that, as long as it cannot be shown that matter or physical forces do actually reason, I shall consider any manifestation of thought as evidence of the existence of a thinking being as the author of such thought, and shall look upon an intelligent and intelligible connection between the facts of nature as direct proof of the existence of a thinking God, as certainly as man exhibits the power of thinking when he recognizes their natural relations." The only drawback to the perfect enjoyment of the glorious thoughts and extensive generalizations of this chapter arises from the occasional obscurity of language, which must necessarily be found in the writings of one who is not using his mother tongue; but there is an advantage as well as disadvantage in the slightly foreign idioms of Agassiz, as they insure a more patient and careful study of the precise meaning and value of those sentences which have an unfamiliar form. They also give additional pleasure to those who have heard this most natural and graceful orator, by recalling more vividly the expressive tones of his voice and the animated play of his manly features. This may seem a gratuitous comment upon the mere verbal form in which such grand thoughts have been expressed; but we were fearful lest our quotation of a sentence containing such evident marks of the writer's foreign birth might give an unjust impression of the style of the whole work, which is, for the most part, clear and attractive.

The thirty-one generalizations here given to demonstrate the existence of an intelligent thinking God, "whom man may know, adore, and love," are not arguments drawn from the adaptation of means to ends, but are proofs of design in the wider sense; proofs that thought preceded creation, and that Providence guides it,—that there has been a repeated intervention of the Creative Will in accordance with a pre-determined purpose. The difference, therefore, between this treatise on natural theology and those of other writers, who have sought chiefly to show the adaptations of means to ends, may be compared to the difference between arguments for the human origin of the forms of metallic articles found concealed under the earth, drawn from a symmetrical and beautiful form, or from a form adapted to economical uses. The teeth of mammals are evidently designed to be used in chewing; the indications of teeth in the embryo of turtles—indications which are never fulfilled—show a unity of plan in the formation of creatures in which the plan is carried out in modes so different.

The first section speaks of the simultaneous existence of the most diversified types under identical circumstances, as showing the ability to adapt a great variety of structures to the most uniform conditions. On the other hand, the repetition of similar types under the most diversified circumstances shows the Creative Mind to be independent of any physical necessities. The herrings of the Arctic and of the Torrid Zone are identical in structure; the muscle shows no increase in the thickness of its shell when living in water saturated with carbonate of lime; and almost numberless facts of the same kind show, in the same manner, how independent the animal world really is of the material world in which it was made to live: The unity of plan in animals highly diversified in the modes in which that plan has been carried into execution, shows a premeditation, if that word be allowable, in the Supreme Intelligence by whom these plans were formed. The plan of vertebrates, for instance, includes *Amphioxus*, which is without a skeleton, and the fish with its complicated system of bones, the turtle and the bird, the whale and the bat. And when we remember that this plan has been adhered to for

countless ages, in the formation of countless myriads of animals, differing with infinite variety of details, we must see that it could only have originated in an all-comprehensive prescient intellect. Another section treats of the correspondence in the details of structure, in animals otherwise entirely disconnected. The correspondence noticed by Aristotle between the feathers of birds and the scales of fishes, the conformity of all the details of the structure of each part of the human skeleton with the skeleton of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and even fishes,—the identity in plan and structure between animals otherwise so diverse, and not on any conceivable hypothesis descended from a common parent,—shows them to have come from one forming mind. And the argument is still stronger, when we remember that there are four such plans exhibited in the creation; in each of which we shall find the most diversified modes of carrying out the plan combined with the closest conformity in the details of the plan itself. Diverse as the lobster and the butterfly are, they are built upon the same plan, and the parts of the lobster bear an analogy to the parts of the butterfly incomparably closer than that which they bear to the parts of a vertebrate.

The next argument is drawn from the various degrees and kinds of relationship among animals. It is a striking fact, that the students of natural history, starting with the most opposite tendencies, some simply observing facts, and others generalizing at once from *a priori* conceptions, have gradually arrived at a closer agreement with each other in regard to the natural classification of animals. It shows not only that there is a distinct premeditated plan in the relationship and affinities of animated beings, but that there is an identity in the operations of the human and the Divine intellect; that we are justified by the deductions of rigid science in adhering to the Hebrew conception of God, in preference to the abstractions of philosophy concerning the First Cause.

All four of the great plans of the animal kingdom were introduced upon our planet in the earliest ages; and the mode in which the various executions of this plan have been successively introduced, throughout the geological periods, until the perfection of each plan was attained in the present age,



and crowned in the vertebrate type by the creation of man, shows that the whole was foreseen and predetermined from the commencement of the geological eternity. Agassiz thinks "it can be shown, by anatomical evidence, that man is not only the last and highest among the living beings for the present period, but that he is the last term of a series, beyond which there is no material progress possible, upon the plan upon which the whole animal kingdom is constructed; and that the only improvement we may look to upon earth for the future, must consist in the development of man's intellectual and moral faculties." The gradations of complication in structure in each one of the four great branches of animal life, especially when we take in the succession of the past geological ages, is a subject requiring careful and extensive study; but it reveals startling proofs of the admirable order and unity of purpose, maintained throughout all times, in the degrees of complication. Such unequal gifts could have been so harmoniously distributed only by a supremely wise Intelligence. Additional proof of the presence of intention and thought may be found in the definite range of the geographical distribution of animals. While the four branches occur together in every part of the ocean, and all, with the exception of radiates, everywhere upon land, classes are limited; orders, families, and genera still more so; and very few, if any, species have an unlimited range. No conceivable cause for this distribution of the earth's surface among its inhabitants can be found, except in the intention of the Creator.

"The details," says Agassiz, "of the geographical distribution of animals exhibit, indeed, too much discrimination to admit for a moment that it could be the result of accident; that is, the result of the accidental emigrations of the animals, or the accidental dispersion of the seeds of plants. The greater the uniformity of structure of these widely distributed organized beings, the less probable does their accidental distribution appear. I confess that nothing has ever surprised me so much, as to see the perfect identity of the most delicate microscopic structures of animals and plants from the remotest parts of the world. It was this striking identity of structure in the same types,—this total independence, in the essential characteristics of animals and plants, of their distribution under the most extreme climatic differences known

upon our globe, — which led me to distrust the belief, then almost universal, that organized beings are influenced by physical causes to a degree which may essentially modify their character.”

A further argument is drawn from a series of facts, the most striking of which is found on the continent of Australia. On that strange land there are few quadrupeds belonging to the same orders that are found in other countries; but instead thereof, we find the marsupial animals, (of which we have an example in this country in the opossum,) presenting a remarkable diversity of structure, and representing almost every other order of Mammalia. Neither the birds, reptiles, nor any other inhabitants of New Holland, differ so widely from the ordinary character of their representatives in other parts of the world. The organization of the marsupials was not, then, produced by the physical conditions of Australia, but was simply adapted to them, and had its origin in the intelligent design of the Divine Mind.

The next argument in order is drawn from an extended series of facts, illustrated by the example of the Scincoids, in which there is a regular gradation of structure from the smallest snake-like forms, up to the highly organized, with five toes upon the fore and five upon the hind feet; but this gradation cannot be discovered except by bringing together specimens from almost every part of the known world. In like manner, regular gradations, in a complete series, can be formed of certain other animals; but the series is not complete unless we take specimens from all known geological periods. From this we argue the omnipresence and eternity of the Intellect which framed this series. The freedom of the immaterial principle from any control of the physical world is further shown by the definite size to which each species of animal grows, and also by the relation between the size of an animal and the sphere in which it is placed. Upon a careful review of all the facts of zoölogy bearing on this subject, it is evident that the size of animals is as definitely determined by creative thought as their form; and that this determination is made with reference to the medium in which the animal is to live. Nor can we conceive of anything else than a divine purpose that has established “such close connection between

physical elements so influential in themselves, and organized beings so little affected by the nature of these elements."

The permanence of specific peculiarities in all organized beings, throughout all the changes of time, acting upon succeeding generations, is a most striking proof of the immaterial nature of that which constitutes the species. The coral upon the reef of Florida demonstrates that the coral animal has not changed its peculiarities in any degree during the 30,000 years occupied in building up four out of the twenty-five or thirty concentric reefs of which the surface of that peninsula consists. Here then is a positive addition to metaphysical knowledge, made by the zoölogy of the nineteenth century.

"Modern science can show in the most satisfactory manner that all finite beings have made their appearance successively, and at long intervals, and that each kind of organized beings has existed for a definite period of time in past ages, and that those now living are of comparatively recent origin. At the same time, the order of their succession, and their immutability during such cosmic periods, show no causal connection with physical agents, and the known sphere of action of these agents in nature, but argue in favor of repeated interventions on the part of the Creator."

We are thus taught that limitation in time is an essential element of all finite beings, while eternity is an attribute of the Deity only.

An examination of the relation in which various attributes of animals and plants stand to the surrounding world, shows that different animals stand in different relations to identical conditions of existence, in a manner which implies that that relation was established by considerate forethought, by ineffable wisdom. The function of respiration, for example, is performed in different animals by entirely different organs, bearing, even in animals of the same plan of structure, different relations to the vascular system. The relations in which individuals of a given species stand to each other are as rigidly fixed as their relations to the surrounding elements; and "are of such a character that they ought long ago to have been considered as proof sufficient that no organized being could ever have been called into existence by any other agency than the direct intervention of a reflective mind."

The relations, for example, of sex, and the infinite diversity of those relations in the various types of animals, have really nothing to do with external conditions of existence, and could not, therefore, on any conceivable hypothesis, be the result of physical causes. There are other more directly psychological relations between individuals, which argue strongly for the existence of a soul in animals.

"Most of the arguments of philosophy in favor of the immortality of man, apply equally to the permanency of this principle in other living beings. May I not add, that a future life, in which man should be deprived of that great source of enjoyment and intellectual and moral improvement which result from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organic world, would involve a lamentable loss; and may we not look to a spiritual concert of the combined worlds, and all their inhabitants, in presence of their Creator, as the highest conception of Paradise?"

To this section is appended a note containing an interesting suggestion concerning the relationship between the voices of different species of the same family, as indicating a relationship in their mental faculties.

The eighteenth section treats of the metamorphoses of animals. The extent and limitation of the changes which an animal undergoes during its growth, are not dependent upon external influences, but are determined by a superior Power according to an intelligent plan. This opens the subject of the value of embryology as a standard to determine the relative rank among animals. The nineteenth section speaks of the duration of the individual's life, showing its independence of the conditions of existence, and its dependence upon the will of One who has determined the bounds of their habitation. The marvellous subject of alternate generation is next briefly handled, to show how wide a circle of changes may be included within precise limits. Although the parent may be unlike the child, yet the period when the likeness of the parent shall be exactly reproduced, in one of a definite series of generations, is precisely limited by the Divine decree.

The succession of animals and plants in the geological periods, established by careful induction from the most extensive series of observations, shows that, while the material

world is identical with itself in all ages, the types of organized beings, called into existence in successive periods, have varied according to a predetermined plan. The geographical range of animals was limited in past ages, as at present, and almost all species have been strictly confined to a definite time. Whole faunæ appear and disappear simultaneously. Nothing but the intervention of the Creator can account for such evidence of consecutive thought and providence.

The parallelism between the order of succession of animals and plants in geological history and their present relative standing, as likewise the parallelism between that geological succession and the embryonic growth of living animals, so far from lending any support to the Lamarckian view of development, shows to the more thorough student "the working of the same Creative Mind through all times and upon the whole surface of the globe." The manifestation in animals now extinct of combined characters, which in later ages appear disconnected in different animals, exhibits prophetic foresight, — "combinations of thought preceding their manifestation in living forms." The parallelism between the gradation of animals in regard to their structure and their growth in the embryo, so much misrepresented in the anonymous *Vestiges of Creation*, affords complete evidence of a connection wholly independent of genetic causes, and existing only in consequence of the designs of an intelligent Creator. These various parallelisms are moreover so related to the geographical distributions of animals, as to indicate, in that point of view, the omnipresence of their Maker. The mutual dependence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms upon each other, and the complete dependence of parasitic plants and animals upon other plants and animals for their existence, show the intervention of thought in the arrangement of the animal kingdom. The variety of the modes of parasitic existence, much greater than the unlearned suppose, confirms this argument, and shows it to be impossible to ascribe the origin of parasites to physical causes. This ends the thirtieth section. The sum of the whole discussion, thus far, shows that

"Organized beings exhibit in themselves all those categories of

structure and of existence upon which a natural system may be founded, in such a manner that, in tracing it, the human mind is only translating into human language the divine thoughts expressed in nature in living realities."

These beings do not exist through the agency of physical causes, but have successively appeared by the immediate intervention of the Creator.

"The products of what are commonly called physical agents are everywhere the same (that is, upon the whole surface of the globe); and have always been the same (that is, during all geological periods); . . . . while organized beings are everywhere different, and have differed in all ages. Between two such series of phenomena there can be no causal or genetic connection."

Agassiz next speaks of the complicated combinations in the relations of organized beings, and of the singular coincidences between certain forms of thought in the organic and the inorganic worlds. One striking illustration of the latter point he finds in Peirce's analogy between plants and the planets, first brought to public notice in this journal.\* The connection between the facts is only intellectual, and implies therefore the agency of intellect as its first cause.

"And if the power of thinking connectedly is the privilege of cultivated minds only; if the power of combining different thoughts, and of drawing from them new thoughts, is a still rarer privilege of a few superior minds; if the ability to trace simultaneously several trains of thought is an extraordinary gift; . . . . if all this is only possible for the highest intellectual powers, shall we by any false argumentation allow ourselves to deny the intervention of a Supreme Intellect in calling into existence combinations in nature by the side of which all human conceptions are child's play? . . . . Taking nature as exhibiting thought for my guide, it appears to me that, while human thought is consecutive, divine thought is simultaneous, embracing at the same time, and for ever, in the past, the present, and the future, the most diversified relations among hundreds of thousands of organized beings, each of which may present complications again, which to study and understand, even imperfectly (as for instance man himself), mankind has already spent thousands of years. And yet all this has been done by one Mind, and must be the work of one Mind only,—of Him before whom man can

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\* Vol. XLVII. p. 329.

only bow, in grateful acknowledgment of the prerogatives he is allowed to enjoy in this world, not to speak of the promises of a future life."

Thus Agassiz prepares the way for his second chapter, in which he attempts to show that classification is a philosophical study of the greatest importance; since it is an attempt to understand the thought of Infinite Wisdom. He attempts to show, not only from an examination of the animal kingdom itself, but also from the general consent of all naturalists in all time, so far as there has been any agreement of thought among them, that there are six principal degrees of relationship in the animal kingdom. This subject he unfolded at the Providence meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. We wish it were possible for printed words to convey his ideas as clearly and vividly as the living utterance of his voice.

The names applied to these six degrees of relationship have varied with different naturalists. Agassiz proposes to use and define them as follows:—

*Branches* are the largest divisions of the animal kingdom, and are distinguished from each other by differences in the *plan* of structure.

*Classes* are subdivisions of a branch, distinguished by the differences in the *ways* and *means* of carrying out the plan.

*Orders* are subdivisions of the class, and are distinguished from each other by the *degree of complication* in structure.

*Families* are subdivisions of an order, distinguished by differences in the *pattern or form* of structure, that is, by the geometrical figure of the whole animal.

*Genera* are subdivisions of the family, distinguished from each other by *anatomical details* of structure.

In each genus the *Species* are defined by the *relations* of individuals to one another, and to the world in which they live, and by the *proportion* of the parts to each other.

It must not be understood that each of these higher divisions necessarily contains two or more of the next smaller groups. A genus may contain but a single species, and a family but a single genus. If we could suppose one individual animal known in any branch, that individual would

exhibit definite marks of his intended relation to the surrounding elements, and to other individuals not yet discovered by us, and this would constitute it the representative of a species. The definite and specific details of its structure would make it also the representative of a genus. The definite figure or pattern of the creature would make it the representative of a family. The complication of its structure would make it the representative of an order. The ways and means by which the plan of its structure was carried out would make it the representative of a class, and the plan itself would constitute it the representative of a branch.

It will be observed that these six degrees of relationship stand in two triplets, the family being divided into genera and species in a manner beautifully corresponding to that by which branches are divided into classes and orders. But the details of this comparison seem foreign to the purpose of this review, and we forbear to enter into them. It is apparent that what appeared to be the theological discussion of the first chapter was in fact the necessary scientific basis for the second. These new and higher views of classification, which seem to us the most splendid scientific conceptions as yet evolved from the study of Natural History, require, for their basis and justification, the theological inductions which Agassiz has drawn, with so severe a logic, from such extensive and profound knowledge of the facts of Natural History.

In the third chapter we have a review of all the principal systems of classification hitherto proposed. Though called a chapter, yet, like its two predecessors, it might well pass for a volume, an historical sketch of the progress of zoölogy, written in the most charitable and yet most discriminating spirit, with the firmness of a master's hand, but of a master too modest to claim that title.

The second part consists, as we have said, of the application of the foregoing principles of classification to the American turtles. It is impossible to give any abstract of that which is, of necessity, a technical treatise. Not one page of it, however, is dry; and frequently the foot-notes are richly suggestive of thought. But that which will most inter-



est the general reader is the frequent occurrence of short episodes, of picturesque description, giving us, as it were, a personal acquaintance with particular turtles. Agassiz justly considers the habits of animals to be as proper and noble a subject of study as their structure. The body was made for the soul, not the soul for the body; and the soul is therefore, even in the lower orders of creation, the more important element, demanding the most careful and reverential study. There is a peculiar scarcity in America of works detailing the habits of American animals. The Reports of the Massachusetts Commissioners on Insects and on Birds stand almost alone among American books of this character. Most of our popular allusions to the habits of animals are made at second hand from European observers, and, of course, do not fit remarkably well the habits of American animals. American poets speak of the morning carol of the lark, although it can be heard in only one locality in the country, and there only from imported larks. Children's books are full of the cuckoo, its songs, and its indolence, which leads him to use another bird's nest, and to force another bird to rear its young. Yet there is no cuckoo in our country that can plainly tell its name, or that intrusts its eggs to the keeping of other birds. Meanwhile the delightful music of our various thrushes and finches, the curious habits of our cow-bird, the singular nest and brilliant plumage of our oriole, the nest-building propensity of our marsh-wren, are so seldom alluded to, that European writers have actually supposed our birds to be without musical power or any other point of interest. That which our countrymen most need to do, is to observe with minute accuracy the habits of life of the various animals of the country, and to detail them with particularity and scrupulous fidelity, publishing their papers only after a careful and thorough study of a species. If the distinction of species is founded partly upon relationship to the external world, anecdotes of the habits of any animal will serve to identify the species. Every boy who has read Jacobs's Greek Reader, or is familiar with the translation of a passage in it given in one of Miss Edgeworth's tales, will not need to be told that the little crab that he finds in the oyster is a pinnothere.

Some of the animals and plants of Europe are recognized as identical with those described by ancient naturalists, not through their loose descriptions, but through their characteristic anecdotes. It is but a few months since Agassiz successfully defended Aristotle against an unjust criticism of Cuvier, by means of the reports of modern Greek peasants concerning the habits of life of some of the fishes of Greece.

The second volume is still more purely technical than this essay upon classification. It treats of the development of the turtle's egg, from its first appearance until the time of hatching. The exceeding minuteness of the history may be inferred from the fact, that it occupies one hundred and seventy quarto pages of compressed details of the successive changes in each part of the young creature's frame, from the moment of the first hint towards its formation. It teaches a lesson of thoroughness and patience, which it would be well for all students to ponder. The development of one egg studied with such care, and described with such accuracy, as to require one hundred and seventy quarto pages for the description! Nor is the work that of simple observation and record. It has involved an immense amount of patient, inductive reasoning; for the microscope does not, any more than the eye, show things as they are, but only shows them as they appear to be; and the careful exclusion of all sources of deception, in inferring the reality from the appearance, is a labor for which few minds are qualified by nature, still fewer by education; for a thorough education is as rare as the gift of genius. Education alone cannot give a man sense, nor can sense alone, without education, enable him to conduct such delicate and tedious investigations to a successful issue.

Both volumes, indeed, bear upon every page the marks of a profound intellect and a careful, trained logic. They breathe the highest spirit of reverence towards the Infinite Wisdom, whose thoughts Agassiz seeks to unfold, and the most cordial appreciation of the assistance which he has received in this great undertaking, from the labors of all naturalists who have preceded him, from the sympathy of correspondents in all parts of our country, who have furnished him with specimens, from zealous and indefatigable students and fellow-laborers in his

own rooms, and from the liberality of his publishers, and the multitude of subscribers to the work.

As we closed the volumes after a single rapid perusal, and endeavored to decide whether our expectations had been fulfilled or not, the variety and magnitude of the subjects presented to our view at first completely overwhelmed us. What problems in metaphysics, in mathematics, in psychology, in theology, in ethics, to say nothing of those in zoölogy and in botany, are here presented! First among them in importance, as well as in order of presentation, is that which relates to the value of the argument from design, and the argument from symmetry. It has been somewhat the fashion, of late years, to sneer at Paley, and to hold the argument from design in light esteem; but as for ourselves, we have been no more able than Agassiz to follow this fashion. The investigation of final causes, although sneered at by Lord Bacon, has been an important part of all zoölogical and botanical studies; and the argument from final causes, however much it may be despised by those who glow with prophetic insight, has always been of great weight with those who were of sound understanding. The arguments of Agassiz's first chapter, drawn from innumerable indications of thought in the organic world, are of precisely the same nature and same validity as the argument drawn from the indications of purpose or design. All thought is but design in a wider sense. In the adaptations of means and ends, the design is to effect a result; in the intelligent disposition of parts, that is, in symmetry in its widest sense, the design is also to effect a result. The difference is, that in the first case the result has reference to the needs of the creature, that is, it is a useful result; while in the second case the result has reference to its own intrinsic nature, that is, it is a beautiful result. It is impossible to conceive an intelligent mind, even of finite order, acting without purpose, and every display of thought must, in this wide sense, be a display of purpose.

But the question arises, whether the argument from the display of thought is valid; whether the eye implies a consciously intelligent Framer as truly as the microscope does; whether the ornamentation of a butterfly's wing implies a

consciously designing Architect, as much as the ornamentation of a cathedral. Do these patent facts of the organic world, and the similar facts, which can be known and appreciated only through the labors of a man of such gigantic learning as Agassiz, really prove the existence of a personal Creator such as revealed by the Hebrew prophet; or are they consistent with the views of those who suppose men to have the highest form of conscious intelligence? The conception of unconscious intelligence is rendered possible by certain facts of our own action; such, for instance, as the extemporaneous production of works of art, while the conscious thought is wholly absorbed in some other subject. But, for our part, we cannot separate such unconscious intelligence from a consciously intelligent person. A work of art is proof of the existence of an artist; and, even if it is an extemporaneous effort, it is made by one whose powers of perception and appreciation of art have long been disciplined by communion with natural objects. To us it appears that no argument can be stronger, or approach more nearly the absolute certainty of consciousness, than the argument from design, when properly apprehended. The knowledge of that which is external to ourselves is built upon a double basis of consciousness and perception. The ideas of pure space itself rest obscurely upon consciousness, and those of time are, beyond controversy, partly derived from our flow of thought. He, therefore, who objects to the grounds of an argument based upon direct perception and direct consciousness, has denied his own intellectual existence. There can be no thought but that which is thus based. Now, in the argument from design, we have simply the perception of symmetry and combinations outside ourselves, identical with those that we are conscious of forming within ourselves. Our power of perceiving them is inseparable from our consciousness of conceiving them, and we find it impossible to separate our conception of such symmetry and combinations from our conception of a consciousness like to our own. But the multitude and the magnitude of these displays, outside ourselves, force us to conceive of that consciousness as residing in the absolutely Infinite and absolutely Eternal One.

We have long considered it a singular thing that Christian

men should esteem heathen culture as higher than Christian. But in these volumes we have the example of one whose culture is in all respects the highest in its character, whose understanding is broad and comprehensive, and whose intellect is deep and acute, led by his study of the highest of all departments of natural science, in which he stands as the highest living authority, to a conviction that the Hebrew conceptions of the Divine Being are higher than the conceptions of the Greek or of the German. Not only does zoölogy in his hands demand the acknowledgment of one Creative Mind as the necessary basis and justification of its superstructure, but it claims also the admission, that the Infinite Will has acted within finite times and within finite places. If the most laborious student and the most complete master of the science of zoölogy has understood the science which he has so gloriously served, and which has, in return, made his name immortal, then the doctrine of providence and of miracle must be admitted among the established facts of science. The objections against the Christian and Jewish records, drawn from the alleged incredibility and impossibility of miraculous occurrences, are swept entirely away; and the overwhelming power of historic evidence in favor of the truth of those records is left without a shadow of a metaphysical objection to weigh against it.

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#### ART. IV. — HEBREW POETRY.

1. *Die Poetischen Bücher des Alten Bundes erklärt von* HEINRICH EWALD. Göttingen: Bei Wandenhöck und Ruprecht. 1839.
2. *The Poetry of the East.* By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1856.

POETRY is the ancient ally of religion; its office is to bring the mind into pure and harmonious relations with nature. The poet is a mediator as well as the prophet, whose function he once united with his own. He works on a different plane to the same end; interpreting the world to feeling and

imagination, as religion interprets it to conscience, and as science interprets it to the understanding. He has the "vision," and with it the key to nature's cipher; he has also the "faculty divine," and by means of it translates that cipher into human speech, and embodies it in adequate forms for popular use.

That species of composition in which Hebrew and all Oriental literature abounds — the Apologue or Fable — presumes a necessary correspondence between the natural and the spiritual, and serves equally the purpose of religion and of poetry; — the one, by the truths it illustrates; the other, by the fitness of the illustration. The parables of the New Testament are not more remarkable as spiritual lessons, than they are as literary compositions.

Every fact in life, every spiritual experience, has its proper analogon in nature; to discover which is the poet's function. His view and use of things are as true to their innermost essence as the naturalist's, the philosopher's, the mechanic's, or the farmer's. Botany and chemistry do not exhaust the meaning of flowers, nor agriculture the use of the landscape; and the skies have other secrets than astronomers extort from them. The figurative language of poetry attests the variety of aspects in which the same objects have been viewed, and shows us how interchangeable and synonymous are their appellations, when the heart of man is in unison with the things themselves. A Persian poet looks at the crescent moon, and calls it a golden horseshoe; Tennyson looks up from the Isle of Wight, and sees a silver sickle. The lovers in the Canticles ransack nature for epithets. *She* is like the horses of Pharaoh; her eyes are dove's eyes; her locks are like the goats of Mount Gilead; her teeth are like a flock; her lips a thread of scarlet; her temples like a piece of pomegranate; her neck like the tower of David. She is a garden, spikenard and saffron, sweet cane and cinnamon, all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices, — a fountain of the gardens, a well of living waters, a stream that flows from Lebanon. She is lovely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners. And her lover, — *he* is a cluster of cypress-flowers; he is as an apple-tree among the trees of the

forest; he is a gazelle, a young hind; his head is as the most fine gold; his locks are waving palm-branches; his cheeks are like beds of spices; his aspect is like Lebanon, majestic like the cedars.

For the purposes of poetry the Eastern languages are opulent in resources. Poetry is older than prose, and the earliest languages are the most poetic. All that remains to us of the golden age is a few golden and melodious verses. Modern life is essentially prosaic. The modern poet must construct a style for himself, painfully selecting his themes and words, and place himself on such an elevation that those alone comprehend him who have reached the same point of culture with himself. He speaks in an almost foreign dialect to the many; and if, now and then, they catch his sense, it is only to be tantalized with the feeling of something alien and remote. The song haunts us with dim reminiscences of a foregone state which can never return, like a strain of music which we in vain strive to recall. It is as rare to find a reader of poetry, as to find a poet. It would almost seem that the poet himself is his only worthy reader. At best, he writes to an Olympian circle. Most men read with base motives,—to find corn-law, anti-slavery, their favorite theology, or philosophy, or politics, or private experience,—in short, their own prose versified. But only so much of poetry as there is in a man will he be able to find in another. Saadi's idea of his office was "to smell the rose." Poetry neither buys nor sells, will not plough nor grind for any man, and refuses to be subsidized. The poetry of the Eastern nations is especially free from any taint of the market. Their Muse loved the shadowy land where matter and spirit are indistinguishable, and visions the highest realities. Before its pensive, half-closed eye, the earth faded away into a dream of God. By their intense sympathy with nature they reduced the universe to a treasury of symbols, and boldly employed them in common thought and speech. All things seemed to be fused in their imagination. Whatever the subject, land, sea, heavens, all contribute to illustrate and adorn it. This is what gives that gorgeous and stately movement to Hebrew poetry. The Book of Job sounds like an inventory of the creation. Are the limitations

of man to be drawn? The world moves in procession by him, and taunts him with his imbecility. The snow says, "Dost thou know my storehouse?" The glittering thunderbolt says, "Dost thou know who hath prepared my path?" The rain, "Who is my father?" Orion stops an instant in his eternal chase to ask, "Canst thou loosen my chains?" The thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Job were enough to keep several ages in humility and obedience; but there are not many of those questions which the present age cannot, in its fashion, answer.

The poet sees things, not new or different from other men, but in different relations. The more numerous and intimate these are to him, the more affluent will be his language; for the moment the imagination conceives them, the word by which to express them is supplied. Imagination is the author and former of language; and until this faculty enters into it, it remains barren and imperfect. The Arabic language has eighty names for honey, five hundred for the lion, and a thousand for the sword. A thousand poets have lived, and each has conferred a name, according as he penetrated some new disguise, or beheld the object from a different angle. Every true poet is a new Adam, re-naming the world according to his own thought and fancy. Once the mere enumeration of things in irregular verse, with some rude musical accompaniment, could produce wonderful effects on the reciter and the hearer.

"Nature first was fresh to men,  
And wanton without measure;  
So youthful and so flexible then,  
You moved her at your pleasure."

Laws, history, ethics, religion or mythology, cosmogonies and philosophies, were all sung. Everywhere the ancients saw

"Musical order and pairing rhymes,"

and set the universe to music. Not with profane metaphysics, nor vain science, did they attain unto wisdom; but they resolved dark problems by the sound of the harp. The only security for immortality in any writing is that it be song, either in its form or its essence. Whatever poetry touches, high or low, noble or ignoble, it renders indestructible. Ther-



sites is as immortal as Achilles; and no revenge is so terrible as the poet's, who can, by a word, confer an immortality of infamy.

Some thousands of years hence, when this nation shall have finished its course, when its presidents and its government are forgotten, all that will remain of our politics will be the poem of the Declaration of Independence. And will not that be some compensation for the curse of slavery, and the tyranny of all our social inequalities and wrongs?

The Hebrew poets, who saw the world so young and fresh, whose fathers' memories went back to the genesis of things, found their themes almost ready to sing themselves. The echo of the morning stars was yet sounding in the air. God had not yet deserted the earth, but was moulding and perfecting it for all the wants of men. Jehovah himself is introduced in Job, not yet disgusted with his work. He speaks of it with evident pride and satisfaction; and however much, like a prudent friend and father, he wishes to humble Job by his presence, it is evident that he is proud of him, and in heaven he plainly tells Satan as much. The fall of man did not weigh heavily on Jehovah or his people. It was poetry then.

The ethical and religious subjects of the Hebrew poets were as various as the circumstances and relations of men. These are seen to be nearly alike in all ages and among all nations. Their method of treating these topics was national and peculiar. This we cannot imitate; it is with difficulty that we can appreciate it, so different our position and our experiences. The form which life and thought shall take depends in part on circumstances over which we have no control. And yet we are not separated far in reality, in spirit, from Hebrews, Greeks, or Hindoos. Over us all streams one atmosphere, one soul. We are often surprised by an unexpected neighborhood of spirit with nations from whom our calculations and our theories had sundered us most widely, as once two vessels met in mid-ocean, when by log they were two hundred miles apart. If we listen attentively, Moses, David, Homer, Hafiz, Shakespeare, make one harmony.

The pastoral and patriarchal life of the early Israelites

colors all the literature of the nation. Their sentiments, their ethics, their worship, could be better expressed by pastoral symbols than any others, because more natural and familiar to them. All divine and human relations found their ante-type in the occupation and cares of the shepherd. When we look upon things as symbolical, it is of little consequence in what direction we look; we shall always find what we seek. The pastoral life is the ideal state of the early, and especially of the Hebrew, poets. It is the golden age of the past and of the future. Here is an Arcadia, whose Pan is Jehovah, whose shepherds are real poets. To the Greeks and their imitators pastoral life was a beautiful picture; by the Hebrews it was realized and lived. Their shepherds describe things with perfect simplicity and fidelity, and we feel their descriptions to be the sublimest poetry. It is the highest aim of all true culture to reach that free and natural state, where life and speech shall be equally spontaneous and equally poetical.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Hebrew poetry is the boldness of its personifications. The whole language is formed upon this principle. Everything has a voice, mouth, hand, countenance; everything is son or daughter. The rain, the dew, the hoar-frost, have their father and mother. Another indication of their intimate sympathy with nature. We have lost great power of expression, when we have nothing better by which to designate matter than a bare "*It*." Assonance is another peculiarity. The Eastern nations are very susceptible to harmonious sounds. Instead of Cain and Abel, the Arabs say, Abel and Kabel. Assonance is the rhyming of a whole line, instead of a final or intermediate word. Besides the satisfaction of the ear, it serves to exhibit the thought in another light; to explain and impress upon the heart. Rhythm has been finely called the "systole and diastole of the heart." To the assonance of Oriental poetry we are indebted for rhyme, and for the uniform movement of our church music. Herder says that the poetry of the Hebrews should be heard under the open sky. His reasons are philosophic and æsthetic. But there are others. Too long have temples and churches usurped these beautiful

fragments, and gathered around them a base and repulsive theology. Poetry is vitiated the moment it is turned to dogmatic ends. It cannot be converted into catechisms. When good people seek to teach us doctrine from the poetry of Moses, of the Psalms, and of the Prophets, they rob those strains of their best charm. As those who live in the roar of Niagara are said to be unconscious of the sound, so we become hardened and insensible to the grandeur and beauty of these ancient and inspired oracles. When they shall be read in the same spirit in which they were written, they will begin to be understood, and we shall rise with them into the fair light and atmosphere which first gave them their immortal bloom.

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ART. V. — STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF THE POPULAR  
RELIGION AND OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

1. *The Knowledge of God, Objectively Considered.* By ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D., LL. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. xv, 530.
2. *The Saint and his Saviour.* By the REV. C. H. SPURGEON. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

It were hard to find, in the whole range of theological literature, fairer specimen expositions of the doctrinal mind and sentimental temper of the prevalent religion of Christendom, in its two forms of presentation as set forth by the dry scholastic and by the persuasive preacher, than those furnished in the two recent works specified above. Dr. Breckinridge says: "I have not aimed to produce a compend of theology. I aim to teach theology itself." He calls his present volume the "first part of theology considered as a science of positive truth, both inductive and deductive." The first part, *The Knowledge of God Objectively Considered*, presents the sum and result of exegetic theology as pure systematic truth unto salvation. The second part, *The Knowledge of God Subjectively Considered*, presents the sum and result of didactic theology as pure systematic truth actually sav-

ing man. The third part, *The Knowledge of God Relatively Considered*, presents the sum and result of polemical theology as the systematic confutation of all untruth militating against the salvation of man. The last two portions of the entire plan are not yet wrought out for publication; but the first part is not dependent upon them for its own completeness.

The present work is characterized throughout, both in conception and in treatment, by comprehensiveness, clearness, and vigor. But its comprehensiveness is of the Calvinistic system familiar to every theological pupil; its clearness and vigor are those of a harsh mind dictatorially propounding offensive commonplaces. Its thoughts and its sentences are as straight and as hard as iron bars, and are as well calculated to educate human nature to holiness and love. The book is laid out in a profusion of divisions and subdivisions, bristly with the technical methods of logic. But while the form of logical godliness is so obtrusive, the power thereof is utterly wanting. There is not a real argument in the work, from beginning to end. All the propositions in debate are first assumed as truths, then asserted with tremendous emphasis and unwearied iteration. "All the posterity of Adam come into existence with a depravity of nature which insures their misery in this life, their temporal death, and their eternal perdition." "The human race and the whole universe are under the wrath and curse of God." "Their ruin is universal and irremediable, except by the atonement in Christ." The three foregoing sentences are a fair example equally of the originality of our author's thought, the tenderness of his style, and the *cogency of his argument*. For the reader will perceive that the only reasoning he advances in support of his propositions is the direct expression of the propositions themselves.

Dr. Breckinridge describes his work as "an attempt to vindicate the faith of the penitent and believing followers of the Saviour of sinners." But it is truly in no sense a *vindication*, it is merely a *statement*, of that faith. The author first takes for granted the infallible truth of all parts of the Bible. Had he devoted his abilities to prove the justice of so grave an assumption, it would have been a worthy undertaking. Its success would have been a service indeed. But the mere

repetition of a hackneyed assertion is worthless. Secondly, he takes for granted the exact coincidence of the teachings of Scripture with the cardinal doctrines of a modified Calvinism. Here, too, had he given us a fresh and vigorous epitome of reasons for believing such an assumption, instead of merely presenting a synoptical view of opinions based on the assumption itself, it would have been matter for grateful acknowledgment. But what good is done, what help is furnished to the anxious inquirer after theological truth, by the sheer affirmation that the components of the Calvinistic creed are taught in Scripture, and must not be questioned? It is an insult to the honest Biblical criticism, and the earnest scientific thought, of the present age. Thirdly, he takes for granted that, when he has constructed the central elements of his own creed, with their inferential contents, into a systematic form, it is the clear sum and result of that divine knowledge which is necessary for the salvation of man. He sets forth as a fabric of impregnable proof what in fact is but a tissue of traditional hypotheses pieced out and bolstered up with dogmatic asseverations. This language may seem severe. We cannot help it. It is deserved. Anything less would be treachery to our duty as reviewers. We invite our readers to test its justice by a thorough examination of the work itself.

Dr. Breckinridge says his volume is "an attempt to recast, in a form at once natural and complete, the great science of Christian theology." Supposing its ambitious and noble design to be the presentation, "as a science of positive truth both inductive and deductive," of that great department of thought "commonly denied either the name or the treatment of a science," we approached this work with high expectation. The pretentiousness of the plan and the lordliness of the tone, revealed at once in the preliminary remarks, were calculated to intensify curiosity. The author does not hesitate to speak of the labors of his opponents as "the merest absurdity, the merest affectation and pedantry of science." He says: "While I have evaded nothing, the very conception on which I proceed makes all fundamental truths absolutely vital, while such as are dubious or secondary are necessarily reduced to their true position." "It is demonstrably certain that all reve-

lation has been given in a perfectly systematic manner, professes to be one glorious whole, and demands of us the interpretation of it all according to its own proportion." "Perhaps there are special reasons why, holding the views I do, occupying the position I hold, and led by Providence as I have been, my brethren who have exacted this service at my hands might be excused." "If the effect of the whole work shall be, to make the common reader desire to become a better man, and to make the careful student resolve to become a better theologian; then I shall not only be consoled with one more proof that I have not lived in vain, but shall have one more reason to glorify God for condescending to use my poor endeavors in his cause."

Well, we have carefully read the work, and must confess ourselves totally disappointed in it. There is nothing scientific about it. It is moulded by technicality, not by reason; pervaded by tradition, not by insight; the bigoted explication of a stale system, not the modest induction of living truths. It is a dry rehash of the old, old dogmas. Not one independent perception of ethical principles, or one original grapple with the natural facts of the problem, relieves the dismal pressure and progress of the artificial scheme; and the monotonous cruelty of temper is unvaried by one fresh sentiment from the free heart of man or the direct spirit of God. "The orthodox confessions of the Reformation, the standards of the Westminster Assembly," are assumed as the premonitory postulates and the ultimate goal of all theological thinking, every accepted proposition is taken for granted, and not so much as the faintest attempt is made to argue out anything on grounds of evidence and uphold it by processes of proof. This fundamental defect, which wholly vitiates the work, appears to a trained eye on nearly every page, now coupled with an intolerable arrogance of conceit, now reducing a formal climax to ludicrous impotence. For example, our author disposes of the questions of the mode in which successive souls inherit depravity, — questions which have convulsed the Church for ages, and produced weighty volumes, and are pregnant with the destinies of mankind, — in the following decisive style: "Each soul is created in time by God, and neither pre-existent

nor procreated. It becomes actually polluted from the instant of its connection with the flesh it is to inhabit. This is the fate of every human soul that ever existed, except three, namely, the souls of Adam and Eve, which fell, and the soul of Jesus, which did not fall; and it will be the fate of every future human soul." Are questions of such prodigious consequence to be disposed of in this magisterial fashion? Has argument been utterly superseded at "Braedalbane, near Lexington, Kentucky"? Is the autocratic *ipse dixit* of this Dansville Pythagoras final?

Regarding "The Knowledge of God Objectively Considered" as a scientific treatise on theology, or as professing to be a valuable contribution to literature in any form, we are compelled to pronounce that, in our deliberate judgment, it is an ignominious failure. It lacks the logic of science, the humility of discipleship, the freedom of nature, and the spirit of humanity. It is the revamping of the antiquated material in essentially the same old way. Its originality lies chiefly in the extraordinary preponderance of pure assertion with a brazen audacity that would pass it off for demonstration. It is the climax of assumption, the agony of declaration, the apotheosis of dogmatism. "The fall of man brought an utterly ruined world and the immutable justice of God face to face. The solution of the tremendous problem was Christ crucified." Ay, Dr. Breckinridge, so you say on almost every page of your huge octavo. But why do you not give us some evidence of the truth of what you say,—some proof of the verity of your portentous doctrine? On such a subject your affirmation is nothing.

The workings of C. H. Spurgeon's mind are in violent contrast to those of R. J. Breckinridge's. "The Knowledge of God" is a stern presentation of the opinions of dogmatic Calvinists. "The Saint and his Saviour" is an enthusiastic portrayal of the experiences of pious Calvinists. The one is the production of a critical formalist; the other is that of a poetic declaimer. Neither author is a resolute thinker, seeking after truth, soaring into the heights and plunging into the depths of philosophy and life, equipped with the tests of reason, conscience, and love. Both are traditional slaves to the tech-

nical forms of belief and experience laid down by departed generations of Christians, and never presume so much as to peep or mutter of anything different or beyond.

It is a fact of no slight significance, that Mr. Spurgeon takes as a secondary title for his book, not "The Progress of the Soul in the Religious Life," but "The Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus." He has not the consecrated independence and earnestness to analyze the processes by which a faithful man, co-operating with the grace of God, rises step by step to the last attainments of sanctification and the rarest joys of piety. He prefers to take it for granted that the stereotyped accounts of saintly lives transmitted in the "Evangelical" churches are the only true models of a saving experience, revealing the express operations of the Spirit, exemplifying the normal order and fruition of the redemptive work in the soul. Accordingly, his book is but a reproduction — with fresh descriptions, quaint strokes of humor, original gushes of feeling, and flashes of fancy — of the artificial terrors, artificial raptures, artificial stages of advancement, which have been the staple of such works for ages. There is here no laborious strain of the brain, patiently wrestling with real problems at first hand, but all is considered as settled beforehand, and the sole task for the author is to set off the conclusions with startling adjuncts of rhetoric. But while there is in this work no sustained exercise of reason, no steady glow of imagination, no discriminating examination of the various constituents and grades of spiritual experience, yet it is packed with shrewd common-sense, and running over with life.

It leaves us no occasion to wonder at its author's popularity. It lays the elements of his glaring success bare. Full of direct perspicuity, wit, anecdote, fancy, and emotion, sometimes humorous to vulgar farce, never heavy nor vague, appealing continually, in strong vernacular abounding with metaphor, to the common set of notions and sentiments in which the mass of his readers have been educated, and on the average level of their easy comprehension, it cannot fail to be exceedingly effective. But the moment it is examined from a higher plane of thought, with a healthier style of sentiment,



in the light of a more normal religious experience, its artificial character protrudes painfully; its frictional extravagance ("sounding," as Mr. Spurgeon himself owns, "like a wild legend or fairy tale") repels; a great deal of it becomes worthless, and not a little of it becomes contemptible. Is there anything in pagan mythology more mythological than this? "Often when in prayer, I feel as if I held between my palms the fatherly heart of God, and the bloody hand of the Lord Jesus; for I remind one of his divine love, and I grasp the other by his promise." And again: "Those drops of atoning blood have put fair colors upon all creation, even as the sunrise paints the earth, which else had been one huge blot of darkness." Is not the following picture of Jesus closely like the Hindoo representations of destroying Siva? "The eyes which once flowed with tears shall flash lightnings on thee. The hands which were nailed to the cross of redemption shall seize the thunderbolts of vengeance, and the voice which once said, 'Come, ye weary,' shall thunder, 'Depart, ye cursed!'" How coarse and horrible is a passage like this, screamed out over an audience of ten thousand persons! "It will be well for some polished preachers if they shall be able to wash their hands of the blood of souls; for verily in the cells of eternal condemnation there are heard no yells of horror more appalling than the shrieks of damned ministers." But he can as well use a beautiful and persuasive poetry. "When a bucket is let down into a deep well, and is under the water, it is easily wound up, and seems to be light; but when once it is drawn out of the water, its weight becomes excessive: so, as long as we keep our sorrows submerged in God, they are light enough; but once consider them apart from Him, and they become a grievous burden." Mr. Spurgeon is better as an exhorter than as a teacher.

But we have not proposed to ourselves to give a full review of either of these works, but to use them as a text for some thoughts on the theme propounded at the head of this article,—a theme which they naturally suggest, and the serious investigation of which they freshly provoke. To that task we will at once proceed.

Thomas Jefferson once wrote a letter to John Adams, in

which he used substantially the following language: "You and I will live to see the time when every child born in America will be a Unitarian." If so wise a thinker, so experienced an observer, could fall into so prodigious an error in his estimate of the destined spread of an improved theology, we may well pardon the illusions of the unsophisticated young men, who, from year to year, with their new hopes and credulous ardor, recruit the ranks of the Liberal clergy. And yet there is something extremely sad in the spectacle, so often exhibited among us, of the gradual sobering and final cessation of that enthusiastic expectation, indulged at first by many a youthful preacher, of the rapid victory of his faith over the harsh and staggering dogmas of the prevalent creed.

Looking abroad over the theological landscape of the age, we propose to take a fresh survey of the forces in the field, and indicate by a careful analysis the respective elements of strength and weakness in the two hostile parties. For there are essentially but two great interpretations of Christianity current in Christendom. The hundreds of denominations claiming the name and sanction of Christ, with all their peculiarities of doctrine and modifications of sentiment, are fairly reducible to two cardinal representatives. According to one view, in the present state of things, the world is wrecked, humanity utterly corrupt and cursed; and Christianity is a sacrificial expedient for righting the disjointed plan, and rescuing lost souls: through Adam's fall the transmitted nature of the human race was made incapable of righteousness and blasted with God's hate; and Christianity is a vicarious interposition, offering a before impossible deliverance. According to the other view, human life is the ordained process for fulfilling human destiny, and Christianity is a guiding light, a loving call, an inspiring motive, a spiritual life-power, thrown upon the lot of humanity from above: from Adam the human race inherit a free but imperfect nature, apt to sin but capable of virtue, exposed to good and evil, joy and woe, salvation and condemnation; and Christianity is a Divine voice and example instructing and animating them in the right way. The former view is the Popular

Religion; the latter is Liberal Christianity. The characteristic essence of the two systems is that one conceives Christianity to be a preternatural *ransom*; the other, a providential *renewal*. According to one, it is a salvation wrought for us externally; according to the other, it is a salvation wrought in us. The Popular Religion says, Men are victims drifting on a wreck, the helpless prey of perdition; the Gospel is a *life-boat* to pick up some of them. Liberal Christianity says, Men are pilgrims through the world, undergoing the probationary training of toil and temptation: the Gospel is an arm of grace to lead them when uncertain, to restrain them when wrong, to uphold them when weary, to restore them when gone astray.

When we see how much more natural, genial, and beautiful the latter form of thought is than the former, how much better fitted to ennoble and guide human nature, and to give harmony and happiness to human life, blending the present scene of earth and time, as an orderly part, with the great whole of creation and eternity; — when we see, on the contrary, how arbitrary, severe, and repulsive the Calvinistic theology is; how its rigid and petty technicalities offend the liberty of reason, while its morose gloom puts a ban on the natural joys of life; how its dogma and spirit vilify man, flinging contemptuous rejection on all natural goodness, and execrate the present order of the world, affirming it to be an after discord forced into the creative plan by an evil power; — contemplating these facts, it must awaken our special wonder to observe what a miserable minority of advocates the Liberal faith has won, and what an immense majority of adherents the Augustinian scheme retains. How is it that the Popular Religion holds its great place in the world with such rooted tenacity, with such tyrannical vigor, against the apparently irresistible objections to it? Why is it that Liberal Christianity advances with such a creeping, faltering pace, notwithstanding its apparently irresistible attractiveness and recommendations? This is the interesting and very important problem, the elements of whose solution we now undertake to point out. We would emphatically premise, with deprecating mien, that we are to treat of *symbolic doctrines*, consistently considered in their legitimate influences; not of *Christian persons*, professing

those doctrines, but in whom they are modified by a thousand fortunate causes.

The first element of strength in the Popular Religion is its *systematic array of doctrines*. It is not a vague proclamation of disconnected principles, but a closely-linked, perspicuous scheme of dogmas, mutually agreeing, and completing each other. People generally do not like to think, but they must have some substitute for thinking. The prevalent theology is just what such an exigency requires. It presents a definite logical system of doctrines, meeting the great problems of existence point by point, offering a plausible and self-consistent solution of them. To those who accept it, the necessity for painful investigation into the grounds of human destiny, laborious grappling with the facts of nature, the rudiments of experience, and the materials of philosophy, to wring from them the truth, is superseded. This work has all been done; and in the Westminster Catechism the conclusions are condensed, arranged, and set forth in the most lucid and palpable form. Thus man's natural shrinking from the vast questions which burden and baffle his understanding, his natural love for a compact system made up of clearly-related parts, is met. See how intersectingly the outline covers the subject. Adam sinned. Discord was thus introduced into the whole moral sphere, and into the order of nature. Total depravity was transmitted through the organic fibre of humanity. Eternal perdition was the penalty due to all souls. Christ became incarnate, submitted to crucifixion, and returned to heaven, by his sufferings making it possible for those to be saved who meet the appointed conditions. The separation of soul and body in death is a portion of the punishment for sin; but, finally, the body shall be restored from the grave, and the soul reunited to it. Then the great judgment shall take place; after which the elect will rejoice for ever in heaven, while the condemned are shut up for eternity in hell. Here is a positive, tangible, consistent, and complete hypothesis, to answer the natural questions as to our human fate and its causes. Accept it, and all anxious tasks of intellectual exploration and anchorage are at an end. The tired and homeless mind finds a shelter and rest.

It is true this scheme is not an honest account of the facts, but an arbitrary attempt to *account for* the facts, and to forecast their issues. Still the logical work coheres so well, the tenon of one dogma is mortised so nicely into the socket of another, and the whole structure stands self-supported so firmly, that the ordinary contemplator is fascinated by its look, and goes in; and though the whole fabric creaks when grasped by critical reason, showing that it is the mechanical work of artifice, not a living growth of nature, yet he stays in it rather than abide out in the infinite open of inquiry, exposed to all the winds of doubt beneath the awful expanse of mystery. The Popular Religion offers a systematic answer to the central problems of life; and however inadequate, however false it is, the average mind will rather take it for granted at the dictation of others, than remain without any, or undertake to achieve one of its own.

The propositions of Liberal Christianity harmonize much better with the observed facts of the case, than those of the Popular Religion. For instance, to a real thinker it is a far more satisfactory account of the sins of men to say that they result from our free-will in a probationary world where the occasions for evil are numerous and the temptations to it strong, than to say they are the inevitable fruit of an inherited depravity. For the former is really, to an adequate thinker, a philosophical reply to the question of sin, while the latter is only a *seeming* answer, simply removing the question one stage farther back, where it reappears in the guise, "Why was a depraved nature transmitted upon irresponsible descendants?" But "transmitted depravity" is a more definite and tangible statement than "tempted free-will," and therefore is more likely to be accepted by those who, like the great majority of men, instead of earnestly seeking the truth, indolently wish any answer that will do. Liberal Christianity in its freedom from dogmatic limitation, shading off into the mysterious and blending with the infinite, corresponds with truth and nature, experience and the facts, — with the actual problems themselves. But the current theology, expressed in sharply-defined and logically connected dogmas, composing a succinct and symmetrical *system*, quickly understood and easily remem-

bered, has an incalculable advantage in recommending itself to common minds.

A second element of strength in the Popular Religion is its *dramatic character*. It is most happily calculated to take the fancy. It addresses the imagination with consummate skill and power. It is theatrical throughout, full of rising and falling curtains, shifting scenes, entrances and exits, opening and closing acts. The drama begins with a dim scene in aboriginal eternity, God *solus*, meditating the future universe, which straightway bursts into being and fills the void of boundless space with life and beauty. The scene changes, and we see jealous Lucifer rise in rebellion, seducing a third part of the sons of God to his side. A battle of inconceivable terror and grandeur takes place, and the disloyal angels are expelled and stormed down into the penal abyss. The curtain rises next upon Eden, where Adam and Eve in guileless innocence walk hand in hand. The malicious Lucifer steals in, in the disguise of a serpent, and compasses their ruin, and the act closes with their expulsion from Paradise, a flaming sword waving every way behind them. The clouds part, and reveal the Triune Council in session in heaven, devising means to rescue at least some portion of our forfeit race. The Son steps forward and offers to die as an equivalent sacrifice for them. The proposal is accepted, and the arches of the universe ring with wondering applause. He clothes his bright Godhead in degrading rags of earth, appears incarnate on the stage, and runs his redeeming career. As the tragedy deepens to its end on Calvary, the globe rocks, the sun hides in horror, hell is convulsed to its centre. He dies, but rises soon from the grave, and returns to his throne and dominion over the universe. Finally, all the dead, — from the first to the last man, — in one stupendous multitude, shall stand together before his judgment-seat, and be sentenced according to his good pleasure. Under so infinite a contrast of circumstances, those who pierced him shall look on him! Then the world shall burn down into its smouldering socket, and the blue curtain shall drop everlastingly on all. In comparison with this vivid succession of picturesque groups, so thrillingly disposed, so highly colored, so sublime, how tame, cold, and unmoving is

the presentation of Liberal Christianity! For example, to say that each soul at death passes immediately on into another sphere of being, under the completer sway of the same spiritual laws the commencement of whose action is traceable here, is a simple and reasonable statement; but it is calm and unimaginative. To say that the dead all sleep in their graves until the last trumpet, at whose blast they shall simultaneously swarm up in form and feature exactly as they were, is a concrete picture filled with the most startling melodramatic power. And here — so long as men ask and love, not what is true, but what is effective — is a source of influence not easily measured.

The strength of the Popular Religion consists, in the third place, in its peculiar *adaptedness to arouse and enlist the feelings*. The doctrine of the vicarious atonement, whenever it is implicitly received, appeals with strong persuasion to every grateful sentiment in the human breast. Did the Infinite Love wrap himself in flesh, and sit disguised at the rude feast of our humanity? Who can credit the amazing thought, and not be melted with wonder, love, and praise? The more the fond fancy lingers over the idea, analyzing it into its details, the more pathetic and irresistible the tragedy of infinite love becomes. The dread Sovereign of immensity lays his Godhead by, and comes down to earth in the vile mask of a servant, to be bruised and spit upon by mocking sinners. In a lowly form, moulded from clay tempered with tears, he hides his dazzling divinity. With pale brow and dusty feet, weary and hungry, despised and rejected of men, the guilt and sorrow of a world upon his soul, he staggers along the highways of Judea. He sweats drops of blood in Gethsemane. He totters under the burden of his cross up the fatal summit. He bleeds, — he groans! Portentous and incredible spectacle, — the Almighty God dies for me! Tears rain from the believer's eyes. An agony of gratitude and love swells his heart. A flood of irrepressible *feeling* rushes over his soul, and he struggles no more. Reason sinks into abeyance. He no longer searches critically for the truth, but yields himself captive to the spell of emotion.

It were also no brief task to unfold adequately the power

of the latent appeal to the peculiar sensibilities of men and women in the language of sensual love, so copiously employed by the Church, and addressed particularly to the Virgin Mary and to Jesus. This is a specimen of it, quoted as "a sweet saying of Bernard," by Mr. Spurgeon: "O saint, knowest thou not that thy husband, Christ, is bashful, and will not be familiar in company? Retire thyself by meditation into thy closet, or into the fields, and there thou shalt have Christ's embraces."

The doctrine of hell is equally potent over the fascinating passion of terror. Before the eyes of every earnest believer of the commonly received creeds, the pit of perdition is uncovered, and he sees the faces of the damned packed in the fiery flood, as thick as leaves in a lake when an autumnal wind has blown over the surrounding forest. As he walks the fields, he may think he feels the heaving of the sulphureous gulf which flames and tosses its tortured freight underneath. When he reads one of his favorite religious authors, his hair rises, and his blood curdles at the horrible descriptions of the numbers of the lost, and the endless anguish of their lot. Lying in bed by night, "he is afraid," as Mr. Spurgeon says, "to close his eyes, lest he should awaken in hell." At church, he listens to sermons abounding in tremendous denunciations of all who do not come up to the technical requirements, and implying that not one in a thousand will be saved, — ghastly pictures of death, lurid glimpses of hell, calculated to electrify his fancy, harrow his soul, and freeze his marrow. And, strange as it may seem, he likes this. The more masterly the strokes of frightfulness, the more hugely he enjoys them. This makes him conscious; it shoots rays of sensibility through his numbness.

Some readers may question the justice of ascribing such representations as the foregoing to the popular pulpit and teaching of the present day. But let them observe, first, that the whole basis of terror is implied in the creeds at this hour, just as much as it was two centuries ago. Secondly, let them be assured that the unmitigated essence of the old doctrine of literal hell-fire and damnation is actually preached and printed within the Orthodox communions to-day as fer-



vently and unflinchingly as ever, though not made so prominent. It would be found impossible to get a public confession of unbelief in the fearful doctrine, over his own signature, from a single prominent theologian or preacher in one of the "Evangelical" sects. We challenge the production of one such, — say a man like President Woolsey, Prof. Park, Dr. Hodge, Dr. Adams, Dr. Kirk, Dr. Tyng, President Lord, Dr. Bethune, Dr. Cheever, Dr. Wayland, or President Stearns.

It is a well-known fact, that people — especially the great masses of the ignorant and uncultivated — like nothing so much as to have their feelings powerfully played upon through their minds and imaginations. Address the noblest truths of theology, the most charming facts of science, the most interesting events of history, to their reason, didactically, and they will yawn and go to sleep. Paint graphic pictures of the infernal world, its dusky dome, its adamantine walls, its sea of fire stuffed with writhing shapes, — where there is life that never lives, and death that never dies, — reflect its gleam, echo its agony, and they will lean out of their seats with eagerness. By their suppressed breath, open mouths, tingling ears, you have them now. And the wise John Foster shall deliver his masterpieces to a score of auditors, while roaring Spurgeon has his tens of thousands! Since people like to be thrilled with feeling, but dislike to be instructed with truth, — enjoy a good shock of wonder or fright, but shrink from sober enlightenment, — Liberal Christianity, which is cut off from the most effective appeals to the emotions, is deprived of one of the most powerful instruments ever employed to secure the attention and the discipleship of men.

The Popular Religion finds another important element of strength in the *easy terms it offers*. It is a most winsome invitation to the natural indolence of man. It shoves off all first-hand personal responsibility upon others: its guilt upon Adam, its salvation upon Christ, or the priest, or a dogma. It kindly does away with the need of devoted study, persevering culture, and scrupulous obedience. It reveals the secret of a more facile salvation. It shows you how you may be saved without the patient, anxious, life-long toil of energetic determination, and vigilant care to purify your heart,

rectify your conduct, and consecrate your character,—be saved by one swift stroke. It gives us a neat little box of patent-safe doctrines. Press this spring of “I believe in the total depravity of my nature, and my utter dependence on miraculous grace,”—down sinks the Devil out of sight. Press this spring of “I believe that the death of Christ is a sufficient atonement for all sin, and put my sole trust in his sacrificial blood,”—up starts the Redeemer, takes us by the hand, and leads us among the ransomed. It is mighty quick and easy, admirably suited to indolent minds that would evade the personal responsibilities of their destiny, and follow prescription anywhere, and do anything to avoid the awful task of fresh inquiry and individual judgment.

Let no one think this a misrepresentation. Does not the prevailing theology say that there is no other way of obtaining salvation but by unreserved trust in the divine sacrifice? Does it not affirm that no one who comes to the mercy-seat, and earnestly beseeches the application of the atonement to his case, shall in anywise be cast out? No one can deny that it says precisely that. Whatever your past life, at the last moment let your heart be convulsed with one brief agony of remorse, fall before the cross in spasmodic submission, force your mind into resolute acceptance of the creed, with the finger of faith lay upon your soul one drop of Christ's freely offered blood,—and you are saved. This is an easy condition, most attractive to the bewildered and clutching mind of the sinner who looks back over a misspent life, a corrupt and wicked career, while conscience and retribution are already thundering at the half-demolished gates. Ostensibly Calvinism is severe in the extreme, requiring man to deny his reason, crush his pride, trample on his natural instincts and convictions, lay his nature a voluntary offering on the Moloch altar of its creed. But, in fact, it is fearfully lenient and cheap in its terms, only asking repentance and belief in a few assertions. Dr. Breckinridge affirms, “No penitent and believing soul ever called upon the name of the Lord, that was not saved.” And the following is Spurgeon's statement: “Renounce all hope of salvation by any save Jesus, and prostrate thyself before his cross, content to rely wholly on him. Do

this, and thou art saved; refuse, and thou art damned!" Liberal Christianity, on the other hand, under the appearance of being easy in its requirements, is, in reality, terribly stern and exacting. It does not talk of universal depravity and helplessness, of indiscriminate wrath and everlasting reprobation; but it comes right home to every individual, and asks him to learn the principles of truth, keep the commandments of duty, love and revere all the manifestations of the Creator,—to harmonize himself with the divinely appointed laws of things, educate and train up his soul into the image of the Son of God. The former *appears* hard, but *is* easy; it gratifies at once the ascetic element, so strong in morbid human nature, and lets man off from a stupendous task by a facile dodge; while the latter *seems* easy, only asking man to do his feasible duty, but *is* severe, holding him to the laborious fulfilment of his destiny through virtuous effort, appealing exclusively to reason and conscience. It is obvious under what a disadvantage the latter system labors, in the present average state of minds.

A fifth element of strength in the Popular Religion lies in its stimulating *appeal to selfishness and pride*. These principles are among the commonest and strongest in men, and it caters to them with unparalleled directness and success. The whole system is a gigantic piece of favoritism, addressing the selfish fears of the public, the vanity of its professors, and nourishing an enormous egotism in those whom it chooses for its own. Its call is, "Come out from among the unregenerate multitude; join the saints; be a peculiar object of interest to God; be distinguished by a badge marking your immense superiority to the average mass of men, and securing you an entrance to heaven, where you shall wear a crown of bliss, while your unbelieving neighbors go with the plebeian crowds to the endless woe which they deserve." It is almost impossible for a person to suppose himself thus arbitrarily chosen out from the human race to be the object of supernatural grace, the favorite of Deity, the certain inheritor of immortal glory, without the fostering of an unnatural spiritual pride. In joining the church, he enters, as the phrase is, into a special "covenant with God and his people," whereby he becomes one of a select company, and secures infinite benefits.

He is a saint, and has a partial monopoly of the Divine favor. He speaks of "*My Jesus*," as if the Saviour were a piece of property in his possession! He rises in public assemblies and talks of "what God has done for *me*." The above-quoted phrases, and similar ones, may unquestionably be employed by a most humble and loving heart to express its exceeding wonder and gratitude in view of the amazing contrast between its own unworthiness and the Divine condescension. But, as there can hardly be a question, they are used frequently in that spirit of phylacteried pride with which the Pharisees distinguished themselves from the Sadducean infidels and Gentile dogs. The word "infidel" has not yet lost, in an orthodox mouth, any of its vindictive relish. Thus, Dr. Breckinridge speaks of "the utter insignificance and hollowness, the pitiable ignorance and baseness, of the common pretexts of unbelievers." And he exclaims: "Is not Christ the Husband and Lord of the Church? Is it not against him that the heathen rage? Is it not his saints with whose blood every Antichrist is drunk? Is it not his saints who are to take the kingdom?" Spurgeon, too, says: "Let the cold worshipper of intellect reserve his sneers for himself. That which these boasters contemn is not half so contemptible as themselves;—yea, the feelings at which they jeer are as much beyond their highest thoughts as the sonnets of angels excel the gruntings of swine." We remember once attending a morning prayer-and-conference meeting, held for a single hour, by an annual convention of about a thousand persons, gathered from all parts of the United States. An individual, an entire stranger to all present, rose, and for twenty minutes, one third of the whole time allowed for the meeting, asked the attention of the assembly to the trivial details of his private and strictly personal experience. It was characteristic of a doctrine which develops in a selfish experience, a gossiping curiosity, and a garrulous vanity; which desecrates the solemn secrets of the shaded heart by unrolling them in the profane glare of publicity for the greasy handling of the market, where unclean purchasers would cheapen them. In the light of their exclusive creed, the elect, standing safe on the high rock of foreordination, hug themselves as they see the

reprobate world plunging in the storm. "We are safe," they cry, and clasp their hands with pious ecstasy. "Marvellous is the grace that has redeemed us. God is our God. Great is the efficacy of the atoning blood which has washed us. Exalted to heaven, we shall shout Hallelujah! but the wicked shall be cast down for ever and ever." Objectionable as this may be, yet who can fail to see that, so long as men are selfish and egotistic, fond of appropriating to themselves flattering superiorities over their neighbors, such a pampering favoritism held out to all who will respond is a mighty agent to attract and to hold disciples?

The sixth great contribution to the strength of the Popular Religion is the *intense party-spirit it awakens*. Within its pale alone, it declares, the means of salvation are to be found. Those who embrace its creed and ritual will attain to heaven, all others will be damned. The believers in this are spontaneously drawn compactly around their standard. They have something definite, all-important, broadly dividing them from the rest of the world, to rouse their loyalty. They will not give up or cease to pronounce the shibboleth by which alone they can safely pass the ford of death. If they think they have possession of the symbol, without whose touch there is no redemption from eternal woe, how proud they will be of it! With what fidelity they will defend it! With what zeal they will strive to diffuse the knowledge of it! Liberal Christians, on the contrary, having no decisive doctrine by which exclusively they hold salvation to be attainable, but thinking each man may be saved in his own faith and way, if he is loyal and devout, and does the best he can, have nothing to concentrate them in one consentaneous host, moving to one end. They are isolated individuals, straggling in various paths and toiling at separate enterprises. But the priests who administer a hierarchical system, or the professors who maintain a dogmatic system, as essential to salvation, have an absorbing and common interest in their teaching and work, which organizes them into a phalanx animated by one intense motive, toiling for one simple end. The system of doctrines which they proclaim is their own scheme. It contains their power and livelihood, if they are cunning managers seeking to rule the

world ; it contains the power of salvation, if they are earnest believers, striving to redeem the world. Accordingly, they heartily identify themselves with it.

The common people are careless about theological truth. They are not eagerly engaged in the study of theological questions, but are quite indifferent to them, and distracted with a hundred other affairs. Meanwhile the fanatic priests and professors stand by their own scheme of doctrines with all the pride of consistency, force of wilfulness, and inspiration of self-interest. Under these circumstances of course the determined propagandists succeed in preserving the prevalence of their peculiar tenets. The doctrines of the Liberal Christian are so natural, so in unison with the dictates of reason and experience, he believes them so spontaneously, that they do not draw out his solicitude and energies in their behalf. He looks on them, not as anything of his, but as God's and nature's ; and so he leaves them to Providence, to take care of themselves, to spread and win subjects by their own sweet light, or to be obscured and fall into neglect. The dogmas of the Calvinist's or Papist's creed are so artificial and arbitrary, — in order to accept them he has to suppress so much of the natural propensities and assurances of his heart and mind, — that his faith in them seems a vast merit, and they appear a supernatural deposit specially intrusted to him. He comes to consider them *his*, and to be willing to do everything for their diffusion.

Again, the Popular Religion derives no small degree of strength from its *ostentation*. Its adherents make an open profession of their faith before the eyes of society, have distinctive epochs in their experience, observed with public ceremonial. Their devotion is a solitary speciality, their practical theology something quite foreign and apart from their ordinary character, temper, motive, and conduct. They mark off certain provinces of experience, certain departments of action, certain periods of time, enclose them, and label them "Religion"! With them religion is a definite, and, as it were, visible thing, to be got and exhibited, a positive belief to be formed and proclaimed, a convulsion and a calm, a prescribed performance to be gone through. Thus there is a dis-

play about it, a noise, which attracts attention. There is something tangible which its subjects have to show. After one of the great missionary meetings annually held by the "Evangelical" sects, which was attended by crowds, full of demonstrative zeal, and which raised many thousands of dollars for its objects, we heard a nominal Unitarian say, after contemplating the scene with a sort of despondent envy: "How I should like to belong to such a denomination! They have something to show for themselves!" Ah yes! that is the spirit. Not what is genuine religion, and what is the truth,—let us learn them, and consecrate ourselves humbly to them. No, but what is noisy and demonstrative, filling the eye and ear of the superficial world,—let us go and give ourselves to that!

Liberal Christianity teaches that religion, instead of being a separate business, remote from and additional to the legitimate experience of an aspiring soul, is but the instauration of a righteous and pious spirit over all our ways and being. It is not the enactment of a ritual, but the culture of a spirit. It is not to tithe mint, anise, and cumin, but to keep the commandments; namely, to fear God, do justly, and love the neighbor. It is the conscientious growth of a holy character; not something put upon the outside of life, but *the right ordering of life itself*, in purity, wisdom, usefulness, and piety. But how apt are hasty and shallow observers—such as the great multitudes are in such matters—to conclude that, where all is calm and unobtrusive, there is no devotedness or fervor; but where heart-rending groans of despair are heard, and frantic shouts of "glory" resound, and officious manifestations are abundant, there truth and zeal abide! The common throng, as the world is, will rush to the embrace of that party whose cymbals clang the loudest, whose banners and mottoes are the most taking, whose march is the most conspicuous on the social heights, whose achievements are the most definite and telling. And in this respect, as between the Liberal and the Received theology, surely the choice need not waver long. With the latter, as has been finely said, "religion is a chapel by the way"; with the former, "it is the way itself." Now it is far easier, and more ostenta-

tious and picturesque, to kneel and burn incense in the romantic chapel, than it is to walk uprightly along the laborious way. But, in truth, religion is not a form nor an end, but an inspiration and a rule.

The next and the greatest element of strength in the Popular Religion, considered externally, is its *intrenched possession*, a possession which it obtained by the operation of historical causes, as Paganism did before it. Possession is nine points of the law; and the self-styled "Evangelical" system of doctrines has long established an overwhelming occupation. Its mightiest ally, so fatal to the hopes of the poor minority, and so sure to sweep in the cowering timeservers, who are a great host, is this overawing force of numbers and victorious prestige of establishment. Millions on millions of persons there are who never dream of making a philosophical search for the truth, determined to adopt and stand by it at all hazards. They flippantly ask what is genteel, and then with supple knee conform to that. They do not give their example to that which is intrinsically right before God, and good for humanity, but they adapt their doings to what in the sight of the majority is proper and expedient. Lord Thurlow said to a delegation of Presbyterian Dissenters who approached him with a plea in behalf of their disqualified sect, "Gentlemen, I go for the Established Church, because it is established; and whenever you get *your* damned religion established, then I will be for that too!" And these are the men — men who care not one fig for doctrinal truth, but only for ceremonial propriety, men of bloated wealth, purple pride, and commanding position — who every Sunday occupy the best pews in the broad aisles of the most fashionable churches all over Christendom. And their example has more power to keep the masses in their allegiance to the old theology than the most irrefragable arguments of the profoundest scholars and thinkers of the age have to win a few honest converts to the unfashionable truth.

It is the respectable thing to fall in with that religious theory and with those formal observances which the rich and influential take under their patronage. To do differently is to be exiled from "the best society." Were the scheme



technically entitled "Evangelical," not a rooted and ramifying tradition, everywhere associated with hallowed and venerable memories, it could not live a year in the light and life of the nineteenth century; but the great majority by inheritance hold it, and the spirit of conformity is still rife and powerful, and so it flourishes. It is the fashion; and fashion is semi-omnipotence. An illustrative anecdote will be in place here. One of our best men a few years ago undertook to build up a Liberal Society in a large city of the West. A Unitarian lady who had gone there with her family to reside chanced, while visiting at another place, to meet him and hear him preach. She was charmed. On returning, she immediately went to the hall where he was holding services, to hear him again. She was more pleased than before. But as she looked around, she saw that the congregation consisted entirely of the humbler class of the community. She said she could not bring her children up to mingle socially with these people; and she went and joined the Presbyterian Church, which was composed of most of the wealthy and fashionable families in the place. In this way, unquestionably, the force of fashion operates with unrivalled influence in favor of the old theology, and with the deadliest effect against the spread of a more just and rational faith. It engenders a miserable cowardice, recommends fatal concessions, awakens a pusillanimous fear of the criticisms of the "Orthodox," produces a contemptible truckling to bigoted arrogance, and sometimes, it is to be feared, leads to downright treachery, inducing men to betray calm and unpopular truth for effective and popular superstition and pretence.

Here is the most subtle, persuasive, and overshadowing foe which the free and generous truth has to contend with. Few men are willing, for a private conviction, to take up the cross, and stand with a despised and insulted minority, to be assailed with obloquy, stigmatized as infidels, and given over to Satan. A Boston paper, a "religious" paper, the *Puritan Recorder*, has recently complained that this process of persecution and excommunication is not carried out stringently enough, but that some are permitted — we borrow its classical language — "to remain in Orthodox churches and do the

Unitarian thing without the *inconvenience of the name*"! In such a state of society most men will have the weakness to chime in with the triumphant chorus, however much they disbelieve and reluct. Yet the example of the Apostles, the martyrs, the heroic achievers of the noblest passages of history, adjures men to despise tradition when it is false, assail fashion when it is pernicious, withstand majorities when they are wrong. "Tradition!" cries old Tertullian,—"tradition nailed God himself upon the cross." And Jesus did not say, "I am the Fashion," but he said, "I am the Truth." When he taught, respectability neglected him, scornfully asking, "Have any of the rulers or the chief priests believed on him?" and went by to the synagogue. Were he on earth now, would the wealth, fashion, and pride of the world follow him? Would *he* follow *them*? Which would he be most likely to approve and accompany,— "the triple-crowned pontiff, crippled by weight of frippery, borne through St. Peter's on subject shoulders, amid a retinue of bedizened prelates, with peacock's tails waved about his head, uttering his presumptuous blessing on 'Rome and the world,' while kneeling troops clash their weapons as they go down, and trumpets laugh and cannons thunder from the fortress of the Holy Angel,"— or a minister-at-large going his humble round among the sick and poor?

There is one more source and substance of strength in the Popular Religion, by far the most interior, vital, permeating, and influential of all, and without some notice of which this exposition might well be called shallow and unjust; namely, the *experimental piety and virtue* cultivated in connection with it. Its disciples are taught, that, except as springing out of these peculiar doctrines, there is no acceptable righteousness, no deep godliness, no renewal of heart, no taste of eternal life. And surely without *these* experiences nothing is of any worth. Time is hollow and transient, eternity is full and abiding, and man is struggling between. Made in the divine image, made for divine things, the soul finds in earthly pleasures, when it subsides upon them, but bitterness and ashes. Tempted and tossed amidst evil inclinations and fatal exposures, at its best estate it is stained with guilt, bewildered with errors, burdened

with fears, benighted, restless, and wretched. It needs a pardoning grace, a delivering light, a strengthening help, a satisfying love, from God. It needs to repent of its sins, cleanse itself with holy vows, consecrate its will to disinterested and eternal ends, elevate its affections to heavenly objects, be born anew out of the life of sense and nature into an ideal life in supreme truths, a spiritual life in the redeeming fellowship of Christ, in the unfailing peace and love of God. A profound sense of unworthiness and helplessness, and of absolute dependence on the grace of God, agonizing regrets for folly and sin, a yearning and following close after God through hardships and tears, blessed assurances of forgiveness and reconciliation, a recognition of the emptiness of worldly pride and pomp, the reception of a new spirit from above, the walking in a mystic companionship towards a heavenly vision which has dawned with a surprising light, — these rudiments of religious experience, dearest, sacredest, inmost constituents of the soul's true life, — whether traced in the histories of departed saints, or observed in the lives of neighbors, or felt in the secret recesses of the breast, — these are the hiding of the best strength of every religion. The great majority of Christians having been educated to believe that all regeneration and piety, all vital holiness, depend on certain doctrinal theories and interpretations composing their theology, of course all the value and power of their *religious experience* are attributed to and identified with this theology. A dogma dry and repulsive in itself, absurd and shocking in itself, commands a tenacious allegiance when artificially overlaid and entwined with hallowed associations and tender feelings and deathless hopes.

By a discriminating analysis, separate the theological fabric of the Romanist and Calvinist churches from its factitious connection with the practical piety and virtue sheltered beneath it, and it would fall in ruins before the shocks of investigation and hatred which it would meet from all sides. The religious experience of Christians is only artificially stimulated into morbid forms by the sectarian doctrines of the current theology. It is really founded on facts and truths *common* to the faith of both Liberal Christians and their antagonists, and is nourished by common sentiments, processes, and incentives.

It is essentially the effluence of the Spirit, the working presence of God in the hearts of Christ's disciples, and not the fruit of any abstract dogmas or technical "Body of Divinity" at all! The dogmatic theological structure of Christendom is a dilapidated palace, whose foundations are half crumbled away, whose roof is rent, whose windows and doors are demolished, whose chambers are deserted, and from whose moonlit tower owls hoot solitary complaint. The experimental religious life of Christendom is a fragrant and blooming vine, which has sprung up through the decayed floor, and has twined its tendrils around the marble columns, spread its foliage athwart the rooms, and hung its clustering fruitage all over the walls. That vine does not draw its fertilizing vitality from the cold architectural fabric about it, but from the rich soil beneath, the warm sun above, the pervading air around.

That Unitarians, Universalists, and other such heretics, cannot have any earnest grapple with sin, any deep hunger and thirst after God, any knowledge of regeneration, in a word, any real religious experience, — that faith in God as an Omnipotent Father of infinite goodness cannot produce any piety, faith in the Trinity being necessary for that, — that an intelligent perception of the touching and solemn verities of the soul's life and destiny within the relentless and benignant embrace of spiritual laws expressive of God's will, cannot lead a man to repentance and self-consecration, faith in vicarious blood and in endless hell-fire being necessary for that, — is an assumption on the part of the "Orthodox," whose coolness and frequency alone prevent the appreciation of its unrivalled impudence!

But as society is, and as men are, we have now seen reasons enough to explain the persistent prevalence of the Popular Religion, and the slow advance of its modest rival, leaving us no occasion any longer to wonder that *that* flaunts on the top of the world, while *this* walks in obscurity. And turning from the exposition of the contrasted strength of the established theology and weakness of the Liberal faith, let us next reverse the process, examine the opposite side of the subject, and see what elements of weakness *there* underlie the obtrusive strength, and what promising forces *here* co-exist with the

apparent weakness. We shall discern, if we mistake not, ample grounds for encouragement, and even for enthusiasm. We shall find that the peculiar strength of the Popular Religion consists in its weakness, that is, its adaptations to the errors and weak points of human nature; that the peculiar weakness of Liberal Christianity consists in its strength, that is, its demand for a free, firm, and cultivated intellect, a commanding conscience, and a healthy heart. The defects and fallacies of *that* fit it for defective and fallacious reasoners; the sustained rationality and purity of *this* appeal to a higher standard than is ordinarily furnished. The artificialities, of which the former is all compact, and which make it so taking to the common mind, fond of startling marvels, will prove its undoing, in a higher state of culture. The simple naturalnesses of the latter, on which it is based and built throughout, and which make it so tame and unsatisfying to a perverted and morbid generation, will effect its sure enthronement in a more advanced state of culture. Charges of "infidel assumption," "pride of reason," and kindred aspersions, are easily made in reply to the foregoing statements. Experience teaches us to expect that, in the absence of better arguments, they will be freely advanced. No fear of such charges, however, shall induce us to keep back the utterance of profound convictions of truth. And the justice of those convictions we shall, in our next number, attempt to show.

## ART. VI.—THE REVOLT AND THE ENGLISH.

1. *London Daily News*, for August, September, and October, 1857.
2. *History of the War in Afghanistan*. By J. W. KAYE. New Edition, revised and corrected. London. 1857.
3. *India, Ancient and Modern*. By D. O. ALLEN, D.D. Boston : Jewett & Co. 1856.
4. *Revue des Deux Mondes*.—*Les Anglais et l'Inde*. 1856, 1857. Paris.
5. *History of British India*. By CHARLES MACFARLANE. Second Edition. London. 1854.
6. *Three Presidencies of India*. By JOHN CAPPER. London. 1853.

THE government of India, so long an enigma to the world, seems to have become an enigma to itself. Governor-General, Directors, Board of Control, are all at fault, their policy of a century's slow growth suddenly brought to naught. Lord Dalhousie, a viceroy of acknowledged ability, in his last minute, only a year before the outbreak, used these words : " The condition of the native army of India has long been such as to have hardly any circumstance of its condition in need of improvement." Even Sir Charles Napier, so often and so confidently referred to now—with little reason—as having predicted recent events, objects to the timidity of Lord Hardinge about " assembling the Indian troops for fear they should conspire"; and then adds : " I have constantly commanded and studied Bengal and Bombay Sepoys for nearly eight years, and could find nothing to fear from them, except when ill used; and even then they are less dangerous than British troops would be in similar circumstances." Behold now the wisdom of the wise confounded,—a hundred thousand Sepoys, the pride of the army, lost for ever to the Company, and English authority swept from a territory as large as France, the valley of the Ganges, the garden of India! This territory has forty millions of inhabitants, and has hitherto yielded a revenue of thirty millions of dollars. We are further told of the plunder of five millions of dollars in the different local treasuries, of records burnt, jails broken open, telegraphs cut, commerce destroyed, society disorganized;—a great empire

changed into a great anarchy. Worst of all, massacres of officers, magistrates, merchants, missionaries, women, and children, accompanied by outrages seldom known in the history of man.

The mutterings of the coming tempest were heard in January, but no serious alarm was felt till the massacres of Meerut and Delhi, the 10th and 12th of May. Even after these and other cases of mutiny, the confiding government assured the public there was little to fear. But in a month and a half, nearly the whole native army of the great Presidency of Bengal, comprising three fifths of India, was disbanded, or in arms against the government. It now appears that the Sepoys were too much trusted; but if they had been less trusted, the splendid empire of the East India Company could never have grown to such greatness. "Our strength grows out of our weakness," and, it may be added, our weakness out of our strength. It is the old lesson of human limitation and fallibility, which men are always learning and always forgetting. Mr. Gladstone says:—

"I do not believe that up to a few months ago anything could have apparently surpassed the manner in which our Indian government and our Indian army were organized. In a moment the whole staff of our strength not only crumbles in our hands, but pierces our hearts at the same time, and a great part of that immense country is to be reconquered by our arms. If capable of being taught a lesson, here are certainly facts teaching us that lesson. We find that, after all, we are not wiser or stronger than other people." — *Daily News*, Oct. 14.

Through all this reign of terror the English have shown themselves admirable in their courage and constancy. We are reminded of the Romans who went on buying and selling the land before their gates even after Hannibal's army had encamped upon it. Englishmen and Englishwomen, when fleeing before their infuriated enemies for their lives, hiding in stables, in swamps, in jungles, have had never a doubt that England would re-establish her power, and have conducted themselves in a manner worthy of their ancient renown. Young Willoughby, to save the magazine of Delhi from the mutineers, blows it up, and himself with it, escaping at first with life to die soon after. It makes us proud to claim kindred with such a race.

This insurrection has many sides and aspects. Many questions—religious, political, military, financial—are connected with it or grow out of it. Not the half nor the tithe of these questions can we now discuss, and only very imperfectly the few we attempt. England, rightly understanding and accepting this great disaster and rebuke, may find in it a blessing. Russia can hardly help looking on with some satisfaction. France cannot sympathize strongly with England, though the Emperor has subscribed liberally to the India Relief Fund. America alone, of all the four great nations of the world, is in a position to watch the progress and termination of this extraordinary insurrection, without passion, almost without feeling. This is both advantage and disadvantage. It secures to us greater candor, but it may be the candor of indifference and ignorance. We Americans content ourselves with too little knowledge of India. It is now a favorable time for studying the subject, not alone in American newspapers and British magazines,—well enough so far as they go,—but also in books slumbering in our libraries.

Of the cause or causes of the revolt, we shall say but little; for though we have been familiar with Indian affairs for more than twenty years, and for nearly half the time were in close contact with Mohammedans and Hindoos, and though we have read eagerly everything that has fallen in our way, we cannot penetrate the mystery. It is interesting to listen to the jargon of opinions and remedies now pouring forth in England through all the channels of speech and publication,—from Parliament, press, pulpit, platform. How wise everybody has grown all at once about the faults of the Company, the incompetency of Lord Canning, the treachery of the natives, the best method of establishing a polity and governing an empire! Why did not everybody favor the world with such wisdom and foresight a little earlier? But let the discussion go on,—it will do good. During the last few months there has been more writing and thinking in England about India than in half a century before. It is all wanted.

If any *leader* of the revolt had shown himself, we might believe in the theory of a Mohammedan conspiracy. But a conspiracy implies a plan, and a plan implies leaders. Neither



does it look like a mob. Could a mob choose so well the season of the year, and the city of rendezvous, and use so adroitly the name and *prestige* of the Mogul? Or have these hundred thousand soldiers been directed by a secret conclave like the Triad Society of China, or the Vehmic courts of the Middle Ages, or the Vigilance Committee of California? The future must answer these questions.

To a considerable number in England and America, this is, first of all, a religious, a missionary question; more especially so, since a few have attributed the mutiny to the previous labors and provocations of missionaries. We are glad to find that the English press does not sustain this charge. So far as we can learn, the missionaries, though, like other men, sometimes injudicious, have seldom given occasion for offence. The following honorable testimony in their behalf we take from the London Daily News of October 9th:—

“In the report of the meeting of the British Indian Association, held in Calcutta on the 25th of July last, Baboo Duckinarunjun Mookerjee made the following statement in reference to the efforts of missionaries in India: ‘If, owing to nine hundred years of Mohammedan tyranny and misrule, this great nation has sunk into sloth and lethargy, it has, thank God! not lost its reason, and is able to make a difference between the followers of a religion which inculcates that it should be propagated at the point of the sword, and that which offers compulsion to none, but simply invites inquiry. However we may differ from the Christian missionaries in religion, as regards their learning, purity of morals, and disinterestedness of intention to promote our weal, no doubt is entertained throughout the land; nay, they are held by us in the highest esteem. Though the native community differs with them in the opinion that Hindostan will one day be included in Christendom, — for the worship of Almighty God in his unity, as laid down in the Holy Veds, is and has been our religion for thousands of years, and is enough to satisfy all our spiritual wants, — yet we cannot forbear doing justice to these venerable ministers of religion.’”

It would be well if this remarkable example of Hindoo impartiality, insight, and comprehensiveness could be taken to heart by all. We call two other witnesses, one against and one for the missionaries. A writer from the northwestern provinces, under date of May 29th, in the Daily News of September 1st, says:—

"One more cause is the ill-regulated zeal of the missionaries. Fancy a number of Mussulman Imams preaching the rottenness of Christianity, its untruthfulness and unworthiness, in the midst of one of your great fairs, or any large assembly of English, and that too perhaps on an Easter Sunday or some great holiday. What do you suppose the feeling of the people would be? God forbid I should say one word against the spread of Christianity; but I do say, an ill-regulated zeal in the cause is calculated, not to advance, but to obstruct it, to create the most bitter of evil passions, religious hatred; and this, I am afraid, it has done in this instance."

In the Daily News of September 4th is republished, from "News of the Churches and Journal of Missions," a carefully prepared letter from Calcutta, dated July 3d, from which the following is extracted:—

"Of course we may expect the old enemies of missions [the enemies of missions are fewer than this writer seems to suppose] to seize this occasion to proclaim the dangers of interference with native prejudices; but the fact remains, that in no place has there been expressed or exhibited any special enmity to missions or missionaries. . . . I hope now the real *animus* of Mohammedanism, and the real workings of caste, and the folly of pursuing a policy of compromises, will be manifest to all. I hope, too, that the painful truth that our missions have scarcely touched the mass of the people, and that India is still very much what it was, in moral and social debasement, a hundred years ago, will be acknowledged, and that these truths will bring forth fruit."

When American missionaries first went to India, forty-five years ago, the Company, having repeatedly, in treaties and proclamations, assured princes and people that their religions should not be interfered with, held it to be duty, as well as policy, to exclude missionaries from their territory. At the renewal of their charter in 1813, the Christian public of England secured freedom for missionary efforts. For a long time, however, and till within a few years, the government, partly from timidity and partly from slowness to break away from established custom, with some confusion of ideas as to toleration and neutrality, has, in some things, favored, and even supported, Hindoo superstitions. The truth is, Englishmen are so much accustomed to the union of religion and government, church and state, that, even when sincerely aiming at

neutrality in religion, they know not how to take up a neutral position and maintain it. Our American let-alone policy, which is working so admirably, they have yet to learn. The reproach of favoring idolatry is, however, at last removed. But there is now danger of a leaning in the opposite direction. Churchmen of various shades, high and low, are calling upon the rulers of India to abandon their "godless policy," as it is called, to aid in the work of Christian conversion, and to introduce the Bible as a class-book into government schools, — schools supported by taxes paid by Hindoos and Mohammedans. Some go so far as to pronounce the present revolt a judgment upon the governments of India and England for having so long neglected to convert their subjects to Christianity. The Church Missionary Society, in an address to the public, calls upon the government "to avow itself a Christian government, not neutral or indifferent to the religion of its subjects," and would have the public schools "comprise the teaching of the Word of God," — the Bible. The Church of England Quarterly Review claims that, if missionaries had all along been permitted to preach to Sepoys "within the lines," (where alone restraint has been imposed,) there would have been no mutiny; that because of this exclusion of missionaries from the cantonments of the native army, (very necessary and proper, surely,) a judgment has fallen upon all Englishmen, even upon women and children!

To Americans, accustomed to entire separation of all churches and religions from the state, and to public schools in which all creeds stand on the same footing, this is an intolerant view of the subject. But a majority of the English cannot so see it. The demand for Catechism and Bible in the public schools has hitherto prevented the possibility of any efficient system of national education in England. The cry, raised a few years ago in some parts of America, that "the children of New England were being common-schooled out of heaven," was an offshoot of this English illiberality. We are pleased to see that Dr. Allen, a judicious and well-informed American missionary, who has resided twenty-five years in India, approves of the neutral position of the Company. He says: —

"This neutral or common ground generally occupied by the government has given occasion for dissatisfaction on the part of a portion of the Christian community ; saying that the government, being Christian, ought not to ignore its own faith, when it can exhibit and inculcate the truth upon its own subjects. But it is not easy to see how the government could pursue any other course consistently with its professed principle of non-interference. And further, it has been the wish of the government to pursue a course which would excite an interest among the native population, and secure their co-operation in carrying forward the cause of general education, and also to prepare and publish elementary, literary, and scientific works, which would be acceptable and useful. And these objects the government could only hope to accomplish by occupying this neutral ground." — p. 319.

Lord Shaftesbury speaks well when he says : —

"All that we require in India is a complete religious equality ; and if the Hindoos and Mohammedans, singly or conjointly, choose to form associations for the propagation of their creeds, and imitate our proceedings, let them do so as freely as ourselves, — provided they keep within the limits of law and order."

The Bishop of Oxford to the same effect : —

"By a Christian basis God forbid I should teach you to understand that we should use one iota of force or fraud or earthly favor to draw one man into the profession of the faith of Christ."

Mr. Gladstone still more to the purpose : —

"Therefore, that perfect freedom and that perfect toleration, — not nominal only, — but an established equality as to every political right and principle of religion, is I believe the first principle of which Christianity commands the adoption with regard to our policy in that country, because it would be contrary to that justice which is the foundation of Christianity itself, if, having obtained power over the people of that country, which we certainly have not obtained by public right or law, we were to use it for the purpose of doing violence to the conscience of that people. But we have a duty beyond the establishment of toleration in India, and that is a strict adherence to propriety of conduct, the avoidance of unjust and unnecessary wars, the avoidance of connection with all demoralizing practices. I must confess that I have great faith in that silent preaching of Christianity which is connected with the general exhibition of Christian conduct both in the lives of private individuals and likewise in the direction of public policy." — *Daily News*, October 14th.

We are glad to have Mr. Gladstone's high authority in favor of "*silent preaching*," which is doing more in India for and against—mostly for—truth and righteousness, than all other preaching. Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Arnold, and others, have laid down the principle, that the state should have a conscience. True; if they only mean by it a principle which requires *public morality*. But they do not thus limit it, but understand by it a religious and theological conscience; and this, in the present state of the world, requires the state to have and to propagate a creed; and what is this but sanctioning the Ultramontaniam of Rome, the Mohammedanism of Turkey, and even the Inquisition itself? If the state is to have a religious conscience, and to hold itself responsible for the *entire* well-being of the citizen, — here and hereafter, — it follows that its own religion must be enforced by the strongest, most effectual means; and if it believes pains and penalties constitute the most effectual means, it must resort to them. We suspect Mr. Gladstone has receded from his former position, for, in his recent missionary speech, a part of which we have just quoted, we not only find nothing of it, but much to the contrary. Lord Shaftesbury, and many of the Bishops, sometimes see and admit the true principle, and at other times quite lose sight of it. Inconsistency is to be expected in a state which establishes Episcopacy in England, Presbyterianism in Scotland, Episcopacy over one part of the Irish, Romanism over another, and neutrality in India. No wonder that a state so prone to mix itself up with the religion of the people should, for a long time, have thought itself doing God's service in supporting Juggernaut!

While, on the one hand, we hope the present freedom of missionary exertion will be continued, and no support ever again extended to Hindoo superstitions, we also hope the government will be steadfast in favor of neutrality and against the present popular clamor. Neutrality is the American idea, adopted by the Company so far as their *Asiatic* subjects are concerned. It would have been better still if their English subjects had been treated equally well, and their church establishment left at home, to live on with its grand cathedrals through a respectable old age, then to be superseded by truer

religious freedom. Before dismissing the religious question, it is in place to inquire how far Christianity has been already introduced into India, and how far Protestant missions have been successful. The *Edinburgh Review* thus speaks on this subject, in July, 1853:—

“After a century’s British dominion in India, Christianity cannot be said to have made any material progress. Many educated Hindoos, indeed, and, what is singular, the majority of them Brahmins, have abjured their own gods, but in doing so have not become proselytes to Christianity. Bishop Heber, with far less charity than usually characterized that able and amiable prelate, called these men ‘atheistic Brahmins’; but this is an untrue description of them, for they are sincere believers in the unity of the Deity, without being either Christians or Moham-medans. The British government is at present, what it ought always to have been, strictly neutral on the subject of converting the natives. This was by no means the case in former times. The first Protestant missionaries may be said to have been even persecuted.”

The *North British Review* for February, 1853, quotes, with a protest, the following, from Campbell’s *Modern India*, a work of high authority:—

“The progress of Christianity in India by the influence of private missionaries cannot, in truth, be said to be great. I believe that they have some success in the South, where the Jesuits had preceded them, and where they found a large body of Christians; but even there the Protestants are few; and in all parts of the Bengal Presidency, it must be admitted that the attempt to Christianize the natives has entirely failed. We have made some infidels, but very few Christians, and are not likely on the present system to make many more.”

We agree with the *North British* in thinking the language respecting the Bengal Presidency too sweeping. The *Reviewer*, in reply, states, that

“At the end of 1850 there were in India and Ceylon 403 missionaries (22 of whom are ordained natives), 309 native churches, 103,000 native Christians, and 17,309 communicants. It may be said that many of the professing native Christians are Christians only in name. We know it and we deplore it, but there is room in the statements given for very large allowances and depreciations.”

Dr. Allen gives statistics up to 1852, when the numbers had increased a little. A careful writer in the *Revue des*

*Deux Mondes*, understood to be M. Valbezen, late French Consul at Calcutta, speaks as follows : —

“It is with regret we express the opinion, universal with men well acquainted with Hindoo character, that the preaching of the missionaries has made no durable impression upon the idolaters.” — VI. 1856, p. 789.

Dr. Allen's views are thus expressed : —

“Whether the progress of Christianity is to be steadily onward till it becomes the religion of the country ; or Romanism is yet to revive, renew its policy, and increase its votaries throughout the land ; or the Mohammedans are to become animated with the spirit of proselytism, and attempt to accomplish by persuasion what they failed to effect by force ; or some reformed and philosophical system of Hinduism is to take the place of the present popular but absurd superstition ; or general scepticism in regard to all religion is to spread through the country ; or some new form of error is to appear and for a while prevail, — these things are now beyond human knowledge.” — p. 587.

Yet, on the whole, he is hopeful, and believes India will one day become a Christian country. We incline to the same opinion, but we suspect this will be brought about by such great political, economical, commercial, literary, scientific, and other changes, aided by missionary labors, as will make the people and races of India, and of all Asia, as different from the present races, as modern Egyptians, Greeks, Italians, French, Spaniards, are from the races that surrounded the Mediterranean in the days of St. Paul. It will be seen that most of the writers quoted above differ more or less from the opinion held by many in regard to missionary success. We are not aware that any of these writers are hostile to Christianity. On the contrary, most of them show, in the articles, letters, and books quoted, that they desire the spread of Christianity. They ought not, therefore, to be called “enemies,” “infidels,” “atheists,” — epithets too freely bestowed by some. We have ourselves, first and last, had pretty wide experience on this subject. We have visited many missionary stations ; we have known many missionaries, Catholic as well as Protestant ; we have had opportunities to know what native Christians are ; and this is our opinion, — formed after an

induction from facts collected in four or five years of careful inquiry, and confirmed by much subsequent observation, — that nearly all the missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, are worthy men, laboring in a good cause, and accomplishing good, though generally not so much good as they think, nor always the kind of good they seek. We believe that extravagant hopes have been and still are entertained by many missionaries and others, but that results and time — and nothing else — will in the end bring these hopes down to proper dimensions.

We come now to questions of a different class. For a long course of years John Company (the name by which the English power in Asia is familiarly known there) has been annexing province after province, and kingdom after kingdom, till his empire has become enormous, — the wonder of the world. Yet honest John never meant to grow so great. Greatness, he says, has been thrust upon him. Yes and No, as we shall see further on. Even his religious friends, speaking through Dr. Chalmers's North British, declare: "There never was a government less greedy of conquest. It is not that the Company is grasping. It is that their designs have been overruled by Providence." This reminds us of Virginia and Carolina talk in reference to Texan annexation and the Mexican war. We grant that the ultimate object in the former case, — the extension of empire, — was more respectable than in the latter case, — the extension of slavery; but the means used in both cases have been of similar character. "For more than half a century the tenor of the Company's instructions to their servants in India has been of the most pacific character." Quite true; we concede even more, that the Company has often selected its governors on account of their pacific character, and never, so far as we know, for their supposed annexation tendencies. Whence, then, all this annexation? Is the Englishman a hypocrite when he protests he did not design it? Not at all, but as sincere as the rest of us. Here lies the explanation of a contradiction only apparent. All who have met John Bull in his wide wanderings about the world (it is much the same with his son, John Company) have felt, if not seen, that he overflows with *unconscious* ambition, — *undevel-*



oped annexation, — annexation not yet in the flaunting *flower* of Fillibusterism, but in the seed which occasion may develop into flower and fruit. He has succeeded so well in his own little island, and is so thoroughly convinced (with good reason) that he can govern Hindoos better than they can govern themselves, that he begins to interfere, then makes treaties, and at last annexes. Sometimes he commits great blunders and great crimes, as in the Afghan affair; but he gets soundly thrashed as he deserves, makes confession before the world, and then — good Christian that he is — goes to work again, and in a more respectable way annexes Scinde, the Punjab, Pegu, and Oude. We sometimes get provoked when the English undertake to lecture us for our annexations; more frequently we smile at the unconscious ambition with which they march forward to subdue and bless the world. Another quotation from the French Consul, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is at hand to confirm us in the favorable opinion we have been compelled to form of the Company's government. We are always glad to make the most of good words spoken by the French concerning the English, or by the English concerning the French. Precious as diamonds they are, and as scarce. M. Valbezen says: —

“Never have magistrates of greater integrity, collectors more disinterested, judges more independent, presided over the destiny of native populations; in a word, the great majority of the members of the civil service represent worthily in India one of the nations which march at the head of European civilization.” — VI. 1856, p. 326.

A German traveller in India in 1843, Captain Von Orlich, gives similar testimony: —

“To his [the Englishman's] practical good sense, his desire to acquire solid knowledge, and his elevated moral standard, England is indebted for her greatness and her power. I have never seen these virtues so predominant as in this country. The more I learn of England's mode of government here, the more I am compelled to admire the talent of the English for colonization. It is an error to suppose that the British power in India has attained its meridian height. It is not in the power of the English to say, So far will we go and no farther; the necessity of securing their own existence in India will compel them to make the Indus, or rather the Soliman and Himalaya Moun-

tains, their boundary, and entirely to subdue the kingdoms in the interior." — *Travels in India*, Vol. II. p. 37.

This was written before the annexation of Scinde, before the Gwalior war, and *years* before the annexations of the Punjab, Pegu, and Oude, — *prophecies*, if we please, of those important events. The last annexation, that of Oude, has been called the cause of the present revolt. On this point it is too early to pronounce positively. Perhaps it will be found that the deep-seated Mohammedan disaffection, which took advantage of the "greased cartridge" affair, may be traced back to the unrighteous Afghan war, when one of the least objectionable Mohammedan powers in the world — a power wishing to be friendly to England, and which truth and justice might have made so — was overthrown, and the country desolated, not only without justice, but without even a decent pretext. Europeans and Americans, in dealing with Asiatics, often quite overshoot the mark. Having seen something, and heard more, of Asiatic duplicity, they undertake to be still greater liars. Sometimes they infamously succeed, as Clive did with Omichund, and Hastings with Nuncomar; sometimes they ignobly fail, as Lord Auckland did with Dost Mahommed. No doubt Asiatics are great liars, but Europeans and Americans, especially English, Russians, French, and Yankees, when they set themselves about it, are greater. A page devoted to this Afghan iniquity may be of use even to those whose recollection of Indian events goes back nineteen years.

In the year 1838 four of the ablest and most aspiring young men in India, Colvin, Torrens, MacNaughten, and Burnes, gained the ear of Lord Auckland, a Governor-General of amiable and honorable character, and of respectable but not superior mind. The first three went from Calcutta with the Governor, in the spring, to the stimulating air of Simla, on the Himalayas. Burnes came down from Cabul and joined the conclave. The question was how to defend the northwestern frontier against Russian intrigues, always suspected by the English, sometimes with reason, as often without. Just then the English ministry was in one of its paroxysms of suspicion, groundless or nearly so. The result was that Lord Auckland, urged by the ministry and by his young advisers, (Mr. Kaye

in his able history thinks the result would have been entirely different had he remained in Calcutta with the Council,) issued the famous Simla Manifesto of October 1, 1838, which we read at the time as a puzzle, and now read again remembering the saying that language was invented to conceal thought. The meaning of its six close pages, translated into plain English, is this:—‘Since Russia is suspected of using Persia as a tool, and of instigating Persia to use Dost Mahommed, the ruler of Cabul, as a tool to trouble England, therefore we decide to use Runjeet Sing as a tool, and to instigate him to use Shah Soojah as a tool, to dethrone Dost Mahommed, and so keep back Russia.’ In 1839 the war and the dethronement were bravely and successfully carried out. The leading general, Sir John Keane, was rewarded with a peerage, while the great “politicals,” MacNaughten and Burnes, were knighted, — sweet visions of the Governor-Generalship in the dim distance luring them on. All England was now in as good spirits as we were when we entered the “halls of the Montezumas.” In 1841 the wronged party of Dost Mahommed, with all the energetic hate of Islam, determined on vengeance, and Burnes and MacNaughten were the first victims. They were assassinated, poor fellows! — slight foretaste of the sublimer vengeance at the door. In January, 1842, the whole English army which had been left to prop up the English puppet Shah Soojah — an army of 4,500 fighting men and 12,000 camp-followers — was compelled to undertake that never-to-be-forgotten retreat from Cabul through the dreadful Khyber Pass, in which all were cut off save Dr. Brydon, who escaped as by miracle to tell the tale. The heroic Lady Sale and 121 others were saved as prisoners, and afterwards rescued. More than 16,000, including women and children, miserably perished by the sword or the cold. Mr. Kaye closes his narration of the event with these words: “There is nothing more remarkable in the history of the world than the awful completeness — the sublime unity — of this Cabul tragedy.”\*

During the next two years, Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, with pomp and circumstance, did his best

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\* War in Afghanistan, Vol. II. p. 390.

to restore the fallen prestige of English invincibility. He caused another grand army to march to Cabul, which overcame all opposition, demolished fortifications, burnt the great bazaar, buried the bleaching bones of their slaughtered countrymen, and then marched back again, — leaving behind the injured Dost Mohammed to rule as he could over the ruins, — leaving behind, too, in all Mohammedan memories, a story of ambition, injustice, and disaster on “the river of Cabul,” which has been too well remembered, this summer, on the banks of the Ganges. An old Indian of the civil service, in the Dublin University Magazine of October, states that, being present soon after the Afghan disaster at a great religious meeting at Calcutta of two thousand Mohammedans, himself in Mohgul dress, and so unnoticed, he “heard on all sides the eager and oft-repeated hope that the star of the Feringhees had set. In the meeting were many of the native officers, but not one of them remembered whose salt he had eaten.” Too well remembered, too, by the Mohammedans has been the older story of the shameful Rohilla war; and by the Hindoos, the story of the judicial murder of their great Brahmin, Nuncomar, and of the worse than Hindoo treachery against their great merchant, Omichund. Taking into account these bitter recollections, and the long pent up detestation against these few proud foreigners and Christians, undertaking to lord it over so many millions, and then all this Mohammedan wrath, and Rajpoot fury, and Brahminic relentlessness, condensed into wormwood and gall by the tempestuous passions of a mob, and a *military* mob, can we not see how it is that atrocities have been committed which make us for the time forget St. Domingo, September massacres in Paris, St. Bartholomew’s day, and Cromwell’s terrible doings at Drogheda and Wexford?

A word we must say respecting the outcry now raised in England against Lord Canning and the Company. As to Lord Canning, he seems to be guilty of the very common failing of not being a great man. He is only the son of a great man. Clive, or Hastings, or Wellesley, or Napier, is now wanted. Perhaps Elgin or Ellenborough might do. Lord Canning is neither. He can only do his duty after his

fashion, and he seems to be doing his best. He is supposed to owe his appointment to Lord Palmerston's gratitude to his father, George Canning, who first found out the young Palmerston. It is then for England to call bravely upon Palmerston to forget gratitude for the time, and hunt up and send out a great man,—if one can be found; though, in the scarcity, he is most likely waiting to see if Lord Canning himself may not grow into greatness in this great crisis,—possibly the best way.

And why condemn the Company, so often the idol of Englishmen? Why demand a transfer of its powers—moderate enough now—to the Crown? In short, what is the Company against which all this talk is directed? Under the name East India Company is hidden a fallacy. It is partly a fiction, like so many other fictions of English law and government. It is used in different senses. In its popular sense,—the sense in which from necessity we have several times in this article used it,—it means the government of India. But in its strict and proper sense it means only a part, and much the least powerful part, of that government. It means the Court of Directors, reduced by the new charter of 1853 from thirty to eighteen members, a third of whom are nominated by the crown. The details only of administration are in the hands of the Company, and that only when not overruled by the Board of Control and the Ministry. In the Afghan war the Company had no hand, except as the government of Massachusetts may be said to have had a hand in the Mexican war, that is, as an unwilling accessory after the fact. Of most of England's unjust Asiatic wars the Company has been guiltless. The Company is good in the management of red tape,—the present bugbear of all England; but red tape, in its place and time, with its system and precedents, its respect for order and law, is good,—good in times of peace, good to fill up the many intervals between great men.

The government of India has great merits. It has subdued, and held, and governed with constantly increasing energy and justice, the grandest foreign dependency the world has ever seen. No doubt it has defects and abuses, and it is to be hoped the present crisis will lead to the correction of some of

them. But it would be easier to find three defects and abuses in the government of England than one in that of India. The government of India is, in truth, the Governor-General, held in check by the Calcutta Council, by the Supreme Court of India, by the Directors, by the Board of Control, by the Ministry, by Parliament, by the people of England,—as many checks as an Asiatic ruler, in ordinary times, ought to have. In extraordinary times the system is so adjusted that he can, if a great man, equal to the occasion, step at once, without any revolutionary act, into the vast responsibility and efficiency of dictatorship. If not a great man, some member of the Council, if great enough, may for the time come to be virtually the ruler. If Governor and Council are all weak, the commander-in-chief may, with some delay and some help from the ministry and the people of England, grow into the dictator needed. If all these fail, it remains for England, through all her organs of selection, to find and send the man. This interesting process is now going on. Meanwhile the greatness of English character on the spot—fifty thousand to a hundred and fifty millions—is holding on, and holding out as at Waterloo, and will, no doubt, go triumphantly through.

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## ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

### THEOLOGY.

A parallel might be drawn between the new volume of Mr. Brownson\* and Francis Newman's "Phases of Faith,"—two volumes of religious autobiography written each with apparently utter frankness and equal sincerity, by men of marked ability and religiousness of spirit, though widely differing in range of culture and native tenderness of mind. Two more instructive biographies have scarcely been written. Two more marked illustrations could hardly be pointed out, of that disturbed equilibrium in the spiritual forces of our time, which sets the magnetic current so strongly in the opposite directions to liberty at one pole and authority at the other. We see no reason for doubting the entire good faith and honesty of purpose of either. And

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\* *The Convert: or, Leaves from my Experience.* By O. A. BROWNSON. New York: Edward Dunigan and Brother.

we honor in both alike the courage which could scorn the small praise of consistency, in that absolute self-surrender to the leading of what seemed Truth, which has landed each as far as possible from the associations of his earliest years.

We are bound to say that Mr. Brownson has quite solved in this volume the difficulty which some of his own friends have felt at his "plunge" into ultra-Romanism. To trust his present recollection of himself, he was "never a genuine hearty Protestant, or a thorough-going radical," even in his most vehement days. (p. 12.) Nor was it ever his misfortune, he says again (p. 83), "to be of a sceptical turn of mind." On the contrary, the meditations of his unpropitious and lonely childhood were "of Jesus and Mary and the holy angels" (p. 6); and the first strong religious impression he received was from a pious and excellent woman, who warned him against "sects and new lights," and set him steadfastly, though unconsciously, with his face towards Rome. Through the unreason and espionage of Presbyterian church-membership, through the shallow insincerity of a half-way Universalism, through the void of empty Atheism, the wilderness of social radicalism, and the gradually mellowing and brightening light of a theo-philanthropic faith, he follows steadily the same road; has no profound or sincere conviction of any of the heresies he helps promulgate; is providentially led, the while, to adopt one after another the major and minor premises, and finally to the verge of the conclusion; till at length a shudder seizes him at the thought that, "if I die as I am, I shall assuredly go to hell" (p. 391), and he hastens to make his peace with the Church which he has believed in all along, at least as much as he has believed in anything.

In one aspect this book is very sad,—the spectacle it gives of a vigorous mind putting itself to feed on metaphysic husks,—setting itself to grind in the metaphysic mill, with nothing but chaff between the stones,—till from mere famine of soul it grasps at the bare sublimity of the assertion, that here, and here alone, is plenty. No atmosphere of religious tenderness invests the brooding, solitary child. The earliest impulse of devoutness, the free surrender to the dominion of religion in the soul, is mocked rather than met by the austere and chilling discipline that takes the place of Gospel love. When the vigor of manly thought comes, there is no basis of mental culture, no rich field of intellectual resources, for it to act on; and so it is at the mercy of the thin sophisms of a materializing Universalism, the implacable logic of Godwin, the shallow socialism of Owen and Wright, the passionate vagaries of a Workingmen's Party which it is "soon tired of," the dreams of "union and progress," in which it is only "too honest, too consistent, and too distrustful of itself to succeed." (p. 181.) We trust that Mr. Brownson's recollection is deeply colored by an egotistic temper, or else by the polemic aim of throwing odium on Protestant blasphemies, when he hints that, while engaged in the work of "reconstruction, reconciliation, and love," for which by his past training he was so singularly qualified, he began to be looked to by many (Unitarians apparently) as "a second Messiah"! (p. 176.) We well re-

member the day when he addressed Channing as his "spiritual father," who, under God, had rescued him from the abyss of unbelief; and when he said, in effect, "Hitherto I have believed that what I said was true, now I *know* that what I say is true." With these recollections still fresh, we are pained to find him speaking (p. 169) of Channing's "adroitness" in winning a reputation for wisdom which he did not deserve; and we cannot bring ourselves to listen with much respect to his assertion that he knows the same truth to be damnable error now.

A curious simplicity and audacity of confidence in himself appear now and then as a trait in this memoir. To restore union and harmony among the sundered fragments of the Christian Church — Roman, Protestant, and Greek — is the problem he courageously undertakes. "All that was wanting," he thinks, "was to collect the ideas which these three hundred years of criticism and investigation had developed, and mould them into one harmonious, complete, and living system, and then to take that system as the principle and law of the new moral and religious organization." (p. 166.) Only that! But finding that his unaided efforts are scarce likely to bring about the result, at least in his lifetime, he does the next best thing, which is to attach himself to that fragment which makes the loudest claim of prestige and authority. Mr. Brownson seems never once to have suspected that there may have been elements of modern thought, knowledge, and life which he has not mastered; nay, that there are vast domains of culture, a whole world of modern science, of which, by misfortune or wilfulness, he hardly knows the existence. While still a Universalist, and in the face of the stupendous revolution which science has wrought in a thoughtful man's conception of the universe, he can say that "in nature the evil seems to surpass the good," — a mythological falsity which seems never to have been schooled out of him by any subsequent apprehension of the sublime philosophy of the material world. This latent Manichæism is cured at length by no larger and calmer understanding of the Creator in his works, but by learning that everlasting damnation, and the eternity of the Ahriman reign of Darkness, are truths of "the supernatural order" (p. 55), and therefore cannot be objected to by the natural reason and conscience of man!

We are sorry to find in this volume, which should at least have something of the tenderness and humility of a personal confession, traces of a levity and unconscious hardness of temper, of which in his better moments Mr. Brownson has seemed to us quite free. Of his last conversion, for example, he can speak in this way: "It was, no doubt, unpleasant to take such a step; but to be eternally damned would, after all, be a great deal unpleasant" (p. 372), — a style of speech only paralleled in Mohammed's exhortation to his flagging troops, — the desert is hot, but hell is hotter! We find also repeated, we think for the ninety-ninth time, the stale similitude (applied to natural religion) of a man's "lifting himself by his own waistband," — an illustration, by the way, which might just as well prove the impossibility of an oak lifting its tons of timber in the air, since in neither case



we deal with mechanical, but in one with organic, as in the other with spiritual forces. We should not have expected, either, so slender a sophism as that, even on rationalistic grounds, touching the value of the Bible, — "I can know without it all I can know with it." (p. 71.)

We find, also, that this volume, while apparently the confession of a lifetime of intellectual error, is in reality a personal vindication throughout. Any hearty or profound conviction of those very errors is, as we have seen, studiously disclaimed. A saving element of scepticism is held in reserve through them all. Only the grain of truth disguised under them is really seized by the same loyalty of soul which at length eschews the husk of falsehood; while, in comparison with his associates, he is always more honest, more earnest, and more consistent than they. That this should be the interpretation of such a course most natural to a mind which we believe to have been manful, honest, and courageous in the main through all, we readily grant; but we fancy we "spy the creat peard" of the natural man under all the mufflers of a new-found creed.

And for the sake of what might be the really religious value of the book, we regret that the personal notices in it of remarkable men of the last forty years are both meagre in apprehension, and warped by the medium of estrangement through which these men are seen. The sketch of Fanny Wright is the only one which seems softened by a touch of real human sympathy.

Of one quality in this book we gladly make honorable acknowledgment, — the manly and American protest it utters against the despotism of Roman Catholic governments abroad. "Modern Cæsarism," as he calls it, — that style of absolutism and universal empire attempted by Philip the Second and Louis the Fourteenth, which would have been the greatest possible curse to Europe, — he thinks had nothing to do with Papal principles: though how it could have been overthrown but for the lamentable "Protestant revolt" against it, he does not make very clear. The government of the Papal States he does not much admire; neither, we are glad to say, the statecraft of Austria and Naples. Still, religion is infinitely more important than good government; and the people of Papal countries are really far more virtuous and blessed than those of any Protestant realm. Such assertions would be worth more if backed by personal testimony. As it is, we see in them the simple and mere assertion of a republican birthright, and the effort to make it consist with the profession of ecclesiastical fidelity. From the Romanist point of view, we do not see that any counsel could be more wise and timely, than that in which it is urged that the Church must win back the confidence and willing allegiance of men, and its lost position as leader in free thought, science, and social progress. With a church truly catholic, in the sense which these words imply, it is clear that no spiritual force now ranged on the side of dissent could for one instant contend. That such a church can be constituted by the infallibility of any hierarchy made up of fallible men, is a dream which has seduced some of the best of men into some of the worst of acts. In the face of history and philosophy, Mr. Brownson renews the pro-

fession of belief in it; and in his future course, as a subject of Papal Rome, he will be held responsible for its reconciliation with his equally earnest profession of devotion to human progress and social right.

SINCE John of Vicenza, some time in the thirteenth century, harangued his audience of four hundred thousand from a pulpit sixty feet high, or since those astonishing missionary exploits in which Xavier baptized on an average three hundred and twenty-nine converts a day for ten years together, perhaps the most striking scene in the annals of religious eloquence was on the late Fast in England on account of the Indian troubles,—when a congregation of four and twenty thousand gathered in the Crystal Palace to listen to Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, and the remotest listener heard every word. Whether that word was intrinsically the best that might have been spoken, we shall not undertake to say. But the three titles before us \* remind us of a name still new, to be recognized among the marked names in the literature of the pulpit. Eminent in any intellectual sense it certainly is not. But conspicuous it certainly is for this year or two past, as standing for qualities which have always weighed more with the multitude (and justly, perhaps) than with philosophers and critics, who tell us rather what men's reputations ought to be than what they are.

There is nothing which more puts at defiance all canons of mere literary criticism, than to state the conditions of success in popular eloquence,—especially that of the pulpit. We have to accept it as a fact where we find it, and not quarrel with it because we do not understand the reason why. A reputation like that of Spurgeon is one of the surprises of the time. Coming like Jonah's gourd to sudden greatness, we might fancy it ought to perish as suddenly; but it continues to grow, till the question gets to be asked more soberly, which was asked at first in satirical pamphlets, "Who is this Spurgeon?"—and the answer may be as interesting to scholars and philosophers as it is to the crowd that hoots or the crowd that follows. Whatever we think of the baldness of this young man's culture, or the bigotry of his creed, it is wiser and better not to cavil, but see if we can what his real elements of power are.

Along with rather a painful and overstrained consciousness of his own importance to both hemispheres, Mr. Spurgeon gives us a very decided impression that he is a man in earnest, and believes his own words. We should be disappointed as well as grieved, if the utterer of so much manly and plain truth should prove a backslider, a prey to the fiery temptations that beset a path of such formidable popularity, and a temperament such as we gather to be his. These "Sermons," he tells us, are the "extemporaneous utterances of a very busy man." We can well

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\* Sermons by the REV. C. H. SPURGEON, of London. Third Series.  
The Saint and his Saviour: a volume of Sermons, by the same.

A Fast Day Sermon preached in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

believe it. The view they incidentally give of a life intensely occupied with one sole thing is very striking. Their egotism is very plain and undisguised. "A year ago I was abused by everybody; to mention my name was to mention the name of the most abominable buffoon that ever lived. The mere utterance of it brought forth oaths and cursings; with many men it was a name of contempt, kicked about the street as a football. . . . My name is somewhat esteemed now, and the great ones of the earth think it no dishonor to sit at my feet; but this makes me fear lest my God should forsake me now that the world esteems me. I would rather be despised and slandered than aught else." (p. 203.) "Many a woman has grasped me by the hand, shed her tears upon me, and said, I bless God, I am a happy woman now; my husband is reclaimed, my house is blessed, our children are brought up in the fear of the Lord. Not one or two, but scores of such are here." (p. 381.)

It is interesting to see how his theory of preaching (like any theory that is good for anything) grows out of his practice. "The reason why the old Puritan preachers could get congregations was this, — they did not give their hearers dry theology. They illustrated it; they had an anecdote from this, and a quaint passage from that classic author; here a verse of poetry; here and there even a quip or pun, — a thing which now-a-days is a sin above all sins, but which was constantly committed by these preachers, whom I have ever esteemed as the patterns of pulpit eloquence. Christ Jesus was an attractive preacher. He sought above all means to set the pearl in a frame of gold, that it might attract the attention of the people. He was not willing to place himself in a parish church, and preach to a large congregation of thirteen and a half, like our good brethren in the city, but would preach in such a style that people felt they must go and hear him. . . . But if we adopt such a style, they will call us clownish, vulgar, and so on. Blessed be God, we have long learned that vulgarity is a very different thing from what some men suppose. We have been so taught, that we are willing to become clowns for Christ's sake, and so long as we are seeing souls saved, we are not likely to alter our course. . . . Some pulpits die of dignity. I take it, the greatest dignity in the world is the dignity of converts, — that the glory of the pulpit is, if I may use such a metaphor, to have captives at its chariot-wheels, to see converts following it; and where there are such, and those from the very worst of men, there is a dignity in the pulpit beyond any dignity which a fine mouth-ing of words and a grand selection of fantastic language could ever give to it."

As to the intellectual conditions of Mr. Spurgeon's success, they consist in the sharpest and rudest forms of a harsh theology. "I am a sectarian," he says, truly enough, "and hope to be so until I die, and to glory in it." His creed is very explicit, and constantly urged with the emphasis, "He that believeth not shall be damned." "If any man here should be in doubt on account of ignorance," he says (p. 99), "let me, as plainly as I can, state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapped up in one word, — *Substitution*. I have always considered, with Luther and Calvin, that the sum and substance of the Gospel lies in that word Substi-

tution, *Christ standing in the stead of man*. If I understand the Gospel, it is this: I deserve to be lost and ruined; the only reason why I should not be damned is this, that Christ was punished in my stead, and *there is no need to execute a sentence twice for sin.*" He delights in the most coarse and violent expressions; says of Christ, that "he took the cup in both his hands, and

"At one tremendous draught of love  
He drank damnation dry";

and wishes, more than once, that he could be like Dante, who so carried the dreadful scenes of torment in the very aspect of his face, that people shuddered as he passed, and said, There goes the man who was in hell. Next to the Atonement, Baptism seems uppermost with him, with ineffable scorn of baptismal regeneration and infant baptism. "I think I can have none here so profoundly stupid as to be a Puseyite," he says, in discoursing on regeneration; dreads lest Arminianism may be on the increase; and insists, twice, that we must let our good works go, like the young midshipman whom his father ordered to leap from the main-truck into the sea as the only thing to save his life. That this sharp, coarse, strong presenting of the point of doctrine should have its effect with the gross crowd who throng to hear, is not surprising; its effect on intelligent sceptics seems more problematical, — though he claims (as on p. 255) instances of conversion as astonishing as that of the magicians who burned their books at Ephesus.

The lesser arts of popular speech — whether spontaneous or studied — are a very prominent thing in these discourses. They are, indeed, a sort of instinct or necessity to a platform speaker matched against ten thousand idle or eager listeners. One sermon he begins abruptly, "I will show you three fools," — the wounded soldier, the ship's captain in a storm, and the convicted sinner, who go about hunting up the origin of their danger, instead of the way of rescue. One, "with seven texts," takes these words, *I have sinned*, successively from the lips of Pharaoh, Balaam, Saul, Achan, Judas, Job, and the Prodigal. In one case, described in a London newspaper, he kept his audience entertained through a considerable part of his discourse with a very diverting parody of his text, "Wait thou only on the Lord, all my expectation is from him," — applying it to the fortune-hunter, waiting for long years, with affectionate zeal, on an aged aunt or grandmother, who has well invested in the funds, and clings to life as tightly as to her securities. Now and then a plain moral is put in a quaint, shrewd way; as, "A little sin, like a little pebble in the shoe, will make a traveller to heaven walk very wearily." Or he points a sarcastic meaning with a sudden odd turn: "There sits Mr. Somebody in that pew; O what a support he is to the Church! Yes, in money matters, perhaps. But do you know, there is poor old Mrs. Nobody in the aisle that is most likely a greater pillar to the Church than he, for she is a holier Christian, one who lives nearer to her God and serves him better, and she is 'the substance thereof'?" (p. 53.) For a very dramatic exhibition of an Oriental custom, and one which must have been quite effective, see (p. 111) the

scene of the accidental homicide flying to the City of Refuge, or (p. 239) the comparison of the raising of the young man at Nain and Lazarus.

These illustrations are sufficient to show that positive qualities of no mean order, and a union of religious earnestness with rare popular gifts, go to the production of this very surprising phenomenon, — the sudden fame and power of an ungainly, uncultured, and unheralded young man. So striking an incident of the moral life of the time we are unwilling to regard as merely fortuitous, or to turn aside with a slur at the narrowness of creed or coarseness of taste which no doubt are one ingredient in it. The volume before us is of a sort to do good in the main; and at any rate is a very interesting and curious study to those who would know how it is that the masses of mankind may be religiously and powerfully moved.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

MANY of our readers will remember the masterly and searching analysis of the character and motives of Charles James London (*alias* Blomfield), in the Westminster Review of 1844. Making all allowance for the partisan rancor and bitterness of sarcasm which were redundant in that brilliant essay, enough of fact and theory was given to fix the reputation of Bishop Blomfield as the embodiment of restless intrigue, shameless duplicity, and indomitable arrogance. He was shown to be greedy of place, power, and emoluments, slippery in policy, unscrupulous in methods, active indeed, but rather for mischief than for good. Such was the impression left by the radical writer. And subsequent circumstances, the conduct of the Bishop in the latter crises of the Church, his recent resignation, and the reports of his immense fortune acquired in office, have confirmed this impression.

Happily, before the eyes of the Bishop were finally closed, he was able to read his vindication from this base calumny.\* The adulation of a "perpetual curate" could soothe his wounded vanity, and assure him that the verdict of malice was set aside in the higher court of the Church. He could die in peace, now that this work was safely through the press, and distributed among the faithful. After the voluntary sacrifice of official position, — after laying down, like Charles the Fifth, the weighty charge of a triple sovereignty, of London, of England, and of the Body of Christ (for over all these this Vicar of the Lord seemed to himself to hold sway), — in that retirement upon the poor pension of a few thousand pounds, it must have been comforting to the Bishop to meditate what the eloquent pen of a Biber had written concerning him, — to find himself surely a saint, and probably a prophet, — a model of meekness, prudence, simplicity, and self-denial.

Mr. Biber, indeed, claims to have judged the life of his hero with singular discretion; to have understated rather than to have eulogized.

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\* Bishop Blomfield and his Times. An Historical Sketch. By the REV. GEORGE EDWARD BIBER, LL.D., Perpetual Curate of Rochampton. London: Harrison. 1857. Crown 8vo. pp. 447.

He does not appear as the defender of the Bishop, but rather as the impartial historian of the momentous transition period of the last thirty years, that deluge interval through which the great pilot Blomfield so ably guided the Church of God. Several qualities of an historian, nevertheless, Mr. Biber lacks. He has none of the breadth of vision which seems essential to an impartial survey. His scholarship is very meagre, his charity very limited, and his timidity is excessive. His Church theory is as narrow in its compass as it is broad in its pretension. It includes the whole world and all history, but it means "the Church of England." His style is the usual style of writers of his school,—sanctimonious, decent, abounding in the commonplaces of piety, ponderous in its moralizing, and in every way suited to its dignified theme. Mr. Biber has an awful sense of the importance of his work.

The preliminary sketch of the condition of the Church in the opening years of the present century is very instructive, and is, in our view, the most accurate in the volume. To heighten, by contrast, the purity of Blomfield's administration, Mr. Biber tells us how previous prelates had been accustomed to govern, what they did for the people and what they said about the priests. It is a curious state of things which he describes. Simony everywhere, pluralism, ignorance among the clergy, nepotism among the bishops, discipline relaxed, extensive infidelity, corrupt distribution of patronage, (not to mention card-playing in an episcopal palace, and a tendency to Unitarian views in some quarters,)—these evils certainly ought to have filled the souls of the faithful with despondency. If such a picture of the state of the Church had been drawn by a heretic, it might be attributed to a malignant heart. But a perpetual curate can draw it without suspicion.

We cannot follow, in this notice, the panegyrist of Blomfield through all that long series of acts and works which fill, in the table of contents, no less than fourteen close-printed pages; we can only cull out a few of the beauties of this ecclesiastical anthology. It will rejoice the American brethren who have lately been so scandalized at the uncanonical acts and dress of their priests in attending "prayer-meetings," and preaching without gowns, to learn that a Blomfield, nearly forty years ago, observed with pain this growing sin, and publicly reprov'd it; intimating, very wisely, that the garb of a minister had much to do with his success. It is edifying, too, to see that the Bishop was "powerfully affected" by the funeral of his own father; though it came at a very lucky time, according to Mr. Biber, and gave him a chance to dodge a vote in the House of Lords on a question where he did not want to commit himself. Who will not admit that "it was an impressive scene to witness the distinguished in rank and talent bowed by the deep sorrow which is the common lot of mortality"! We shall not quite so readily allow that the pious twaddle of Mr. Biber about the cholera as a divine judgment of God upon the people for their sins in general, and the neglect of church-building in particular, represents the sentiment of so worldly-minded a prelate as C. J. London. Whatever else the Bishop might be, he was not superstitious. The amend-

ment which he introduced into the Sanitary Bill of 1832, that "*it hath pleased Almighty God to visit the United Kingdom*," &c., was a shrewd calculation of policy, and by no means an outbreak of reverence. The worthy prelate brings it forward because he thinks that *sometimes* a Christian people ought to recognize the providence of God.

That witticism of a London journal, that the Bishop's cards ought to read "the Church of England and Mrs. Blomfield send compliments," finds ample justification in Mr. Biber's history. "The cause of religion" and the Church in general are quite identified with the interests and opinions of Blomfield. The "sacrifices of the Church" mean *his* donations for church-building, and "heresy" means opinion which differs from his. We are made to feel how great a condescension it is for this ruler to take part in affairs of business and works of charity, and what cruel indifference to religion was shown by those who disregarded his suggestions. He proposes modestly to add a duty of 2*d.* per ton to the existing duty of 8*d.* on coals in the metropolis, for purposes of church increase. Strange to say, the House of Commons refused to accede to this reasonable request, which gives Mr. Biber a chance to mention it "as but another proof of the low state of religious feeling to which the legislature had sunk down." What blindness, not to see that "it was simply diverting a certain amount of private wealth from the uses of this world to the purposes of the kingdom of Christ"! In the case of the Bishop's revenues, a very uncertain amount of private wealth was thus diverted.

The assumption that the Bishop of London is, *ex officio*, bishop of the universe, is distinctly maintained by Mr. Biber. He does not pretend to trace its origin, but takes it for granted that he has, "in a manner, the world for his diocese." "Wherever," he remarks, "all over the globe, there was an English clergyman who was in no particular diocese, and consequently under no particular bishop, he was considered to be under the cosmopolitan jurisdiction of the Bishop of London." It seems that the Bishop was not pleased with this extra duty, though we are not left to infer that he was ready to relinquish any of the glory. Indeed, Mr. Biber admits that one who took such views of episcopal work "was not, it is true, likely to make much exertion for the purpose of relieving himself of a burden unfairly thrust upon him." Mr. Biber loses no opportunity of having a fling at the Broad-Church prelates and the Whig ministers. He describes Lord Melbourne as an unprincipled intriguer, whose object it was to convert the kingdom into a republic, and ruin the Church by separating it from the state, and subordinating it to the state. Bishop Maltby of Durham, and Bishop Stanley of Norwich, are alternately denounced and ridiculed. Among their grave offences and flagrant insults to the Church and the realm was their subscription to a volume of sermons by "a well-known Unitarian preacher." Even the Queen does not escape his mild and sorrowful rebuke, for allowing Dr. Carpenter's Harmony of the Gospels to be dedicated to herself. Mr. Biber is pleased to think that the royal lady was cajoled, and did not know what she was about. "However

unconsciously," he charitably remarks, "the Queen might have been betrayed into accepting the dedication of this book, this ostensible patronage, by her temporal governor, of the heresy which denies the divinity of the Saviour was felt to be an insult to the Church." How distressing to see that her Majesty persists in this strange impiety, hears Dissenters preach with favor, and causes a country parson to print a sermon, by her authority, in which there is not a particle of orthodoxy, either in letter or spirit.

While Victoria is thus reproved for her patronage of heresy, we read with satisfaction the high eulogy which C. J. London bestows on that royal paragon, William IV. It at once refutes the falsehoods which have so perseveringly followed that intelligent and religious monarch. "The leading features of his character," says the Bishop, "correspond to the threefold requirements of God's word." These were *justice*, *mercy*, and *meekness*! He adds: "An honest desire to do impartial justice to all his servants and subjects; a prompt and enlarged benevolence; a willing condescension and kindness; a careful observance of all the ordinances of religion; a sense of his own weakness and dependence upon God; and a reliance upon the merits of his Saviour, which consoled and supported him in the valley of the shadow of death,—these qualities, especially when viewed with reference to an education but ill-adapted to prepare him for the duties or the trials of royalty, may well be remembered with an affectionate regret." Who shall say, after this, that Blomfield was not entitled to be called Bishop Laureate? We have no account of any compliments paid to the chief of the Hanoverian saints, George IV. It is to be presumed, however, that the Bishop gave suitable expression to the grief of the nation when that great man was translated.

A considerable part of Mr. Biber's volume is occupied in discussing the course of the Bishop in the Tractarian controversy, both as it involved the innovations in practice and the peculiarities in dogma. All his quibbling, evasion, and solemn sophistry cannot gloss over the fact that the course of the Bishop in that controversy was insincere and pusillanimous. He was afraid to meet his foes, afraid to support his friends,—was obliged to yield his points, to retract his statements, to do violence to his sympathies, and to act the part of a shuffler. No one was satisfied with his policy. His concessions to Puseyism were as ludicrous as his distinction between candles lighted and unlighted, and crosses painted and carved; and his pretence of Protestantism, while proclaiming the prime doctrine of Popery, was scouted by the nation. Bishop Stanley had uttered, in the House of Lords, the noble sentiment that "the Church was founded upon liberty of conscience, and the right of private judgment." Bishop Blomfield calls this "a *remarkable sentiment* to have fallen from a Christian clergyman." "It is practically the fact," says he, "that the Protestant Church permits as great a degree of liberty of conscience as is *consistent* with the interests of religion; but I have always understood that the Catholic Church is founded on the truth; that the Church is the authorized interpreter of the Word of truth; and that she would desert her duty, if she did not lay down, for



*the good of the people, the great truths which are extracted from the Bible."*

The final retrospective chapter of this singular historical monograph is a fine specimen of ecclesiastical bathos and verbiage. The gigantic proportions given to that sublime female, the Church of England, remind us of the Arabian grave of Mother Eve, sixty feet long, in the sand.

THE Life of Handel \* claims more than any other merit the merit of completeness. It is a curiosity-shop of details, without any particular skill in arrangement or beauty of execution, — an unwrought cyclopædia of materials, compact and dense, in which it seems impossible that anything should have been overlooked. As a narrative it halts and is weary; as a magazine of anecdotes and facts, it is highly curious and entertaining. The old familiar stories of the burly and choleric composer are reproduced in their most authentic form, with abundance of new ones, throwing a very instructive light upon the court and society in England a hundred years ago, as well as upon the earlier history of modern music. Of those relating to Handel himself, we copy one or two:—

"Being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, in his imperfect English, I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself. When he was composing, his excitement would rise to such a pitch that he would burst into tears. It is said that a friend, calling upon the great musician when in the act of setting these pathetic words, *He was despised and rejected of men*, found him absolutely sobbing. I have heard it related, says Shield, that when Handel's servant used to bring him his chocolate in the morning, he often stood with silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing with the ink, as he penned his divine notes." — p. 399.

We also give a favorable specimen of the author's style of argument:—

"There are few critics who do not think themselves compelled to make objections to imitative music. Without the slightest shame, I must confess that I do not understand such severity. I accept all that art can produce and recognize as subject to it, — the natural, the physical, and the moral worlds, the heavens and the earth. Ridicule those, if you will, who wish to push imitative music to reality, who endeavor to make it deceive the ear, as the painter amuses himself with making eye-cheats. That I can understand a blacksmith exactly, there is no need of an orchestra; it would be better to take a hammer and an anvil at once. But if it be possible, by the artistic imitation of nature, by certain combinations of sonority to give birth to a material image, — if you can represent anything harmonically, — if you can make darkness visible to the eyes of the imagination, as Handel did in that chorus in *Israel*, 'He sent a thick darkness,' — why should it not be done? Gretry congratulated himself upon having placed in the overture of *Panurge* a phrase of twenty bars, one of the largest that has ever been made in music. It paints, says he, the character of the inhabitants of the Isle of Lanterns, a country in which no one is ever in a hurry. What is there in this that can be

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\* The Life of Handel, by VICTOR SCHOELCHER. New York: Mason and Brothers.

considered offensive to the dignity of art, reason, and good taste? The absurdity is to deprive ourselves of an intellectual sensation. . . . . Imitative music is to our physical senses what expressive music is to our moral. . . . . The empire of art is boundless, and all that is indispensable is success. Only the ridiculous is ridiculous. Art is, after all, only an admirable convention, to which it is first necessary to submit yourself, before you can enjoy it." — p. 242.

#### GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

WE have delayed, much beyond our expectation or wish, a notice of the noble volume in which an American house has reproduced one of the masterpieces of German erudition.\* We learn from the preface, that Mr. Lamb's translation of "*The Public Economy of the Athenians*" is the only English representative of the second edition of that work, though Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the present Chancellor of the British Exchequer, has testified to its value by a translation of the first. With trifling exceptions, which may be mostly errors of the press, the task seems to be faithfully and accurately done; and we have the testimony of several of our best American scholars to the excellence of the version before us. Among mechanical details, we have only to regret that a sort of tabular dissertation on Attic Weights and Measures does not include a few elementary items which would take up little room and give the reader much help.

A volume like this, adventured in America, is indeed a striking testimony to the vitality of that "fierce democratie" of two thousand years ago, whose population was half a million and its continental area only twenty-four miles square. In one sense, it is a treatise of Political Economy, taking its basis of facts from an ancient instead of a modern state. To those who know anything of recent German erudition, it is unnecessary to recount the painstaking and curious minuteness with which the material has been gathered, — such that, from a wilderness of apparently fortuitous and disconnected sources, we have a detail of information which very few persons possess of their own village, and which we verily believe would have astonished any Attic statesman. Many of these particulars, of course, it would be a fallacy to reckon on for calculation; they are only hints and curiosities. But some facts are of permanent interest. The proportion of slaves to free inhabitants, about four to one; the extremely low money-price of almost everything, such that a man with family and baggage could travel from Egypt to Attica for thirty-five cents (p. 165), or meet all the costs of living for eighty dollars a year; the interest of money, from ten to thirty-six per cent; a day's wages, about twelve cents; the value of slaves, ranging from fifteen to a hundred dollars; the out-door pauper relief "peculiar to Athens," of six cents a day; the volunteer espionage that kept the public peace (p. 287); the macadamized roads of Greece (p. 281); the ten thousand houses of Athens, "generally small and unsightly, the streets crooked and narrow" (p. 91), — these are

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\* *The Public Economy of the Athenians, with Notes and a Copious Index.* By AUGUSTUS BOECKH. Translated from the Second German Edition, by ANTHONY LAMB. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

hints which will aid us to fill up the picture which has the Acropolis for its background and the turbulent Demos for its central scene.

One or two notices of graver moral moment we cite from this interesting volume. One is of the harm done by the home-policy of Pericles, who "made his Athenians covetous and lazy, loquacious and cowardly, extravagant, ill-tempered, and untractable, since he maintained them by donations, pay, and cleruchiae from the public treasury, and gratified their sensuality and inordinate longing for enjoyment by magnificent festivals. . . . He perceived that the power of Athens would fall with him, and sought to maintain himself as long as possible. Moreover, his contempt for the mass of the people was as great as his care in feeding them." (pp. 300, 301.) The other is the more deliberate judgment of the writer as to the character of the people themselves. "He who observes them without prejudice, and not prepossessed by their eminent intellectual endowments, finds, if he is capable of a moral judgment, a loose and dissolute private life; in the state a tissue of complicated passions and depraved inclinations; and what is the worst, in the disposition of the people a hardness, coarseness, and lack of moral feeling, in a higher degree than is found at present in the Christian world." (p. 269. See also pp. 398, 787.) Against this bitterly unfavorable judgment of Boeckh, which is essentially the same with Wachsmuth's, we would fain set off Mr. Grote's masterly vindication, the tone of Pericles's own eulogy, or the charming hint which Plato himself gives, in one of his lesser Dialogues, of the moral tenderness of a child's nurture in the glorious city. And we need not urge the fallacy of estimating so complex a thing as a people's character from any accumulation of mere statistics, or any copying of contemporary satire. But it is well to be reminded, as we are here, that there is a moral standard to try nations by; and that the genius of Paganism, noble and beautiful as many of its traits appear, stands arraigned at the judgment-seat of Christ. In this view, the contrast is interesting which we find between the present volume, for example, and the half-cynic and contemptuous vindication of the Athenian polity which Xenophon\* gives in his little tract, — where he complains that in Athens, unlike Sparta, you cannot strike a slave, and he will not give you the wall; says no one would choose a free city to live in but for evil purposes; and considers repudiation an essential badge of a democracy! — whose acts, like a wolf's, are justified only from its nature and needs.

PROFESSOR SCHWEGLER's Roman History,† the first part of the second volume of which lies before us, will probably, like so many other Roman histories, stand still at the point where his lamented death has left it, unless some other person of equal learning, ability, and in-

\* Or rather, Critias. See Boeckh, p. 428, note.

† Römische Geschichte, von Dr. A. SCHWEGLER, a. ord. Prof. der class. Philol. an der Universität Tübingen. Zweiter Band. Römische Geschichte in Zeitalter des Kampfs der Stände. Erste Hälfte. Von der Gründung der Republik bis zum Decemvirat. Tübingen: Verlag der H. Laupp'schen Buchhandlung. 1856. 8vo. pp. 754.

dustry will undertake its completion. His clear, somewhat sceptical understanding, and his patient, ingenious analysis, could nowhere find a more tempting field than in the period treated in this volume, between the establishment of the Republic and the legislation of the Decemvirs. But it is alarming to think of the dimensions the work would have finally reached, when seven hundred and fifty-four pages are devoted to a period of about fifty years, whose historical character the author is no ways disposed to defend. It may be observed, however, that this method of writing history requires more attention to the false and uncertain than to undisputed facts. In a work which, like this, aims to be a compendium of all that has ever been written on a given subject, we do not look for that broad light thrown on the prominent events of the period which shall enable the mind to comprehend its leading features at a glance, and watch the steady march of history, undistracted by what is temporary and unessential. It is like a map, in which every mountain, stream, forest, and village is carefully noted, — Mont Blanc a little more deeply shaded than the Dent du Midi, the Rhone a little broader than the Reuss, Bern designated by a little larger mark than Thun. Such a map we take to guide our travels or studies; but to one not familiar with the country, one landscape of Turner will give a more vivid idea of what Switzerland is, than all the maps that Keller ever published. A comparison something like this could be made between the histories of Professor Schwegler and of Dr. Arnold or Professor Mommsen. We would not be understood to imply that this history is made up of nothing but dry antiquarian discussions; it is very instructive for its broad and philosophical views. But the plan did not admit of picturesqueness; it is a book not to be read, but studied.

THE great treatise on Roman Antiquities\* begun by Professor Becker, and interrupted in like manner by his death, has been continued by Mr. Marquardt. We have here the fourth volume, on the Roman Worship, and are still to have a volume on Private Antiquities by the same hand, and on Roman Law by Professor Mommsen. It was well said — if not true to its full extent — by a German professor, that the Romans had no Mythology, only *Antiquities of Worship* (Gottesdienstliche Alterthümer). But we should do injustice to the Romans were we to fail to recognize the heartiness and sincerity of this worship. It was formal, but it was fervent. A great part was ritual, but the rest was sincere religion. Of all heathen nations, the early Romans were at once the most religious and the most moral. And though we find but few traces of myths except those introduced by Greek influence, the original Roman, or rather Italian, mythology is far from being devoid of interesting peculiarities. Besides the many divinities who presided over special places, acts, times, or occasions, as Ferentina, Egeria, Nundina, Rumina, Orbona, Segetia, Angerona, Æsculanus, — besides

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\* Handbuch der römischer Alterthümer, nach der Queller bearbeitet. Begonnen von WILHELM ADOLPH BECKER, Prof. an der Univ. Leipzig. Fortgesetzt von JOACHIM MARQUARDT, Director d. k. Tr. W. Gymn. zu Posen. Vierter Theil. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel. 1856. 8vo. pp. 568.

divinities established on need, as *Aius Locutius*, *Deus Rediculus*, — besides those beings peculiarly recognized by the Roman affections, the *Penates*, *Genii*, &c., — besides the supreme powers of the Roman Olympus, who, as *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Minerva*, *Diana*, *Mars*, were widely different from the Greek *Zeus*, *Hera*, *Athena*, *Artemis*, and *Ares*, — there are many strange rites of the old Italians which we should gladly have seen noticed in this volume. Such are the worship of *Juno Sospita* at *Lanuvium*, who is represented on many family coins, and whose statue, clad in a goat-skin and with a spear in hand, stands in the *Rotunda* of the *Vatican*; the remarkable rites in the temple of *Diana* at *Aricia*; the mysterious worship on *Mount Soracte*; the oracle of the *Sybil* at *Tibur*; the worship of the *Penates* at *Lavinium*, and of *Fortuna* at *Præneste*. These topics, valuable as throwing light on the religious thought of the Romans, have been barely glanced at by our author, probably as not coming strictly within the range of a treatise on antiquities. He has, however, given a brief and comprehensive sketch of the decay of the old religious sentiment of the Romans, and the substitution therefor of Greek mythology and philosophy, and has treated quite largely of the religion of the Empire, the way in which it was modified by Egyptian and other foreign worship, the rise of necromancy, and the final triumph of Christianity. This general historical introduction occupies one hundred and forty-one pages. The second division, on the Priesthood, extends to page 433. Then follows a short account of the holy times and places, the fourth division giving an account of the various sacrifices, games, and other religious ceremonies.

THE old Tauchnitz edition of the classics is likely to be entirely superseded by those of Teubner and of Bernhard Tauchnitz,\* which combine the advantages of better type and paper, a more desirable size, and a careful revision of the text by the best German scholars, at about the same price. The latter is much the handsomest, being of common octavo size (a pocket edition is also published), and with the best paper and type. It is published, however, slowly, and contains as yet only ten authors. The Teubner edition is post-octavo, and contains already nearly all the classic authors much read. It is the intention of the house to go on with the rarer authors.

ENGLISH scholarship has of late years exhibited few things more creditable than Long's *Cicero* and Macleane's *Horace* in the *Bibliotheca Classica*. The republication of the latter work † will prove of no small

\* 1. *C. Plini Secundi Naturalis Historiæ Libri XXXVI. Recognovit atque indicibus instruxit LUDOVICUS JANUS. Vol. II. Libb. VII. — XV. Lipsiæ: Sumptibus et typis B. G. Teubner. MDCCCLVI. 8vo. pp. 302.*

2. *Plutarchi Vitæ inter se comparatæ. Edidit IMMANUEL BEKKER. Vol. V. Editio Stereotypa. Ex officina Bernhardi Tauchnitz. Lipsiæ. MDCCCLVII. 8vo. pp. 312.*

† *The Works of Horace, with English Notes, by the REV. A. J. MACLEANE, M. A., Head-Master of King Edward's School, Bath. Revised and edited by REGINALD H. CHASE, A. M. Cambridge: Published by John Bartlett. 1857. 12mo. pp. 600.*

service to the scholarship of America. Mr. Maclean is particularly happy in unfolding the plan and argument of the different poems, and thus furnishing the student a clew which, while it releases him from no healthful labor, directs him in that path in which labor is most fruitful. In this respect, his edition of Horace is superior to any other with which we are acquainted. The notes are learned, and at the same time judicious, and characterized by that useful quality, good common sense. The accuracy and skill of the American editor, Mr. Chase, guarantee the correctness of his revisions. Dr. Beck's excellent Introduction to the *Metres of Horace* is appended to the volume, which thus attains entire completeness for purposes of instruction. No one acquainted with the uniform character of Mr. Bartlett's publications need be told that the book is printed in a style of neatness and elegance.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

MR. HAMILTON\* was the travelling companion of Mr. Charles Didier, whose lively volume appeared a few months ago in Paris. He does not quite equal his friend in raciness of style, yet in giving a sketch of his whole journey he has produced a more solid book than that of the witty Frenchman. The suggestion of his apparently hazardous journey was given by that lucky adventurer, Lieutenant Burton. No attempt, however, in this second case, was made to deceive, no disguise was assumed, but as Franks and Christians, using the speech of the infidel and his costume, these travellers dared to penetrate the sacred region of the Hedjaz, to take notes in abundance, to touch Mount Arafat, to do all but enter the forbidden precincts of the shrine of Islam. A flying visit by the way was made to Mount Sinai, following the unusual route by the Sea and the Valley of Tor. No original views are given us concerning the historical question, and the tourist has more to say about Abbas Pasha and his new road, than about Moses and the children of Israel. The singular remark is made, however, concerning Moses, that "he found himself obliged to adopt in the service of the true God certain pagan ceremonies." Like Mr. McWhorter, Mr. Hamilton reads Jahva instead of Jehovah, and contends that, while "Elohim" is the *God of the nations*, "Jahva" is the God of the Jews alone.

The journey of Mr. Hamilton and his friend in the Arabian land was attended with no inconveniences. Nobody molested them, they fared sumptuously, were treated with respect and kindness, and nowhere met with any insult. Dignitaries vied with each other to do them honor. Saints in pilgrimage would not have found so much favor. Their principal host was the grand Sherif of Mecca, and from Jeddah to Taif, and back by another route, all the Sherifs along the way were eager to assist in making them comfortable. The story of

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\* Sinai, the Hedjaz and Soudan, Wanderings around the Birthplace of the Prophet, and across the Ethiopian Desert, from Sawakin to Chartum. By JAMES HAMILTON, Author of "Wanderings in North Africa." London: Bentley. 1857. Crown 8vo. pp. 430.

their journey is entertaining; yet it was evidently attended with more expense than profit, and what they write about it will hardly induce many others to seek out such a route. The new Sherif may not be found so amiable as their friend Abd' el Motalleb, who was half a Frank, having spent a quarter of a century in Europe.

The most exciting part of the journey was that through the torrid region of Africa, from Sawakin on the Red Sea to Chartum, — a long, circuitous, tedious, and dangerous route, through hostile and barbarous tribes, among wild and broken mountain ranges, and over fearful desert wastes. All the way here was beset by dangers, which it needed all the presence of mind of the travellers to encounter and surmount. As a record of heroic endurance, told simply and without boasting, Mr. Hamilton's narrative will rank with the best. As a contribution to geographical science, it is not so important. Mr. Hamilton makes no pretension to scientific taste or culture, yet of men and manners he is a careful observer.

DR. NOYES'S Roumania,\* a rapid narrative of travel during the second year of the late Russo-Turkish war, gives in lively but not accurate form an impressive picture of common life in the contested Principalities, and closes with the customary impression of Ottoman decay. It is sad, but not strange, that, while millions of treasure and thousands of valuable lives have been squandered about the mastership of these territories, their actual condition has been becoming more deplorable all the time. Wherever the Cossacks have swept along, they have left the most frightful desolation behind; other troops destroy what they desire to consume, or what resists their power; these ruthless savages alone take pleasure in exterminating unoffending villages, and committing to the flames what they have neither means nor desire to appropriate. Notorious misgovernment has united with the intensest superstition to make the Wallachian the most miserable peasant in existence, — lazy, intemperate, poverty-stricken, despairing: the usual experience under a blind despotism like the Turkish, the most distant dependencies being the most cruelly wronged, while oppression occasionally loosens its grip nearer to the master's eye. It is an instructive comment on the civilizing effects of war, that these Principalities, which Russia was not to be suffered to improve after her poor fashion, seem to be consigned by the tacit consent of Christian Europe to lower degradation than even savage life, — such continual wretchedness, indeed, that existence would hardly seem to be a blessing. The descending scale from the ignorance, filth, indolence, torpor, brooding around Constantinople, reaches its vanishing point in the half-buried hut where the Wallachian keeps himself from freezing by sleeping with his sheep in his arms.

Dr. Noyes falls into the customary error of representing the Greek Church as unprovided with preaching, — when the well-known rule is that a portion of the clergy are selected by the Church authorities for a

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\* Roumania, the Border Land of the Christian and the Turk. By JAMES O. NOYES, M. D., Surgeon in the Ottoman Army. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1857.

task far above the ability of the priests as a body ; and, while education continues to be the exception, no better plan could be devised. The Greek village priest is as a rule incapable of the prime function of a Protestant minister.

Dr. Noyes has perhaps reserved for another publication his view of the Turkish army and the Crimean struggle, for observing which he is said to have enjoyed rare opportunities. He appears to have been moved with some admiration of Islamism, as, "next to Christianity, embodying the purest conception of the Deity. Stripped of all the tissues which Asiatic sensuality has woven around the system, it has much of the naked and austere grandeur of Protestantism. The pious Moslem seems ever aware of the immediate presence of Allah, reigning alone in his terrible unity far above the sensual mansions of the Mussulman's heaven. Laboring or journeying, in the caravan or the camp, he cherishes everywhere that peculiar devotional spirit, making his ablutions with sand where water cannot be obtained, permitting nothing short of absolute necessity to interfere with his invocations of Allah and the Prophet."

The Doctor's impression of the Ottoman Empire from this intimate and active intercourse with it is the same as has been given in the pages of this journal, — not only that it gravitates irresistibly to extinction, but that the measures taken for its support by the "great powers" are hastening its fall. While Russia has done Turkey incalculable good, he declares, "by reanimating her expiring strata (?) of civilizations, by giving law and organization to the Klepts of the mountains, and inspiring something of her own barbaric courage into the timid Wallachians and Bulgarians," France and England have sapped the citadel of Turkish existence by impairing the influence, shocking the prejudice, and destroying the exclusiveness of the Turkish faith. It is perhaps a necessity, that whoever tries to mend a rotten house should weaken as much as he seems to strengthen the structure ; but the privileges extorted from Abdul Medjid by his professed deliverers, which make a Christian's oath equal with a Mussulman's in any court, which confer upon Christians the right of owning land even in Constantinople, which authorize the erection of Christian temples on Turkish soil, which shield the Christianized Moslem from the ancient peril of life, must have been seen, by the cunning hands which dealt them, to be deathly strokes at the "sick man" of the Orient.

In the "Letters from the Slave States,"\* we have a very sensible book, by a clear-headed and intelligent Scotchman. There is, perhaps, even too large a desire to praise what he sees here, — but for this it is easy to make allowance. Our only regret in reading the book springs from the feeling that the author has not wholly shaken off the notion which all Europeans have, that what is called the government of a nation necessarily exercises the most important functions of that nation.

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\* Letters from the Slave States. By JAMES STIRLING. London : John W. Parker and Son. 1857.



In fact, our American governments are but bodies of clerks and other servants, whose sphere is quite severely circumscribed; and our success or failure is to be measured by the advance or fall of popular sentiment, public spirit, and individual character outside of the formal administration. The "governments" are hardly even the tools by which much of our work, even of governing, is done.

The book has especial value as another contribution of facts, by an observer on the spot, as to the economical results of the system of slavery. It is an authority quite independent of Mr. Frederic Olmsted, which gives us, however, very similar conclusions. It is also entirely independent of Mr. Helper's book, — which was published here about the time Mr. Stirling's was published in London. It is evident from it that the author discovered indications of a much more extensive antislavery sentiment in the slaveholding States than they generally have credit for, — especially in the districts far removed from the seaboard. We place entire confidence in this discovery. The nature of the case prevents any very public display of such sentiment. But the indications of its existence meet careful inquirers on every hand. There is no doubt that it results in large measure from the home view of the destruction of physical wealth, and the steady loss of natural advantages, which are the result, in the long run, of any system of involuntary and untrained labor. We have as little doubt that the end of that system is to come by the work of those who have made these observations, — the men who are now impoverished, tormented, and depressed in political influence by the continuance of this system.

We should be glad to make extracts of curious matter contained in this volume, as it has not yet been reprinted. But we reserve them in the hope that it may be republished here. If it is not, we will give a further sketch of Mr. Stirling's views in some early attempt to consider the whole subject of the economical aspects of the system of slavery.

He does not make the mistake which so many of our own publicists fall into, of considering slavery the only subject to be studied in the Southern States of America. It is evident that the whole country amazed him, that he was resolved it should please him; and he studied with care most of the public aspects of its institutions.

#### POLITICS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable evidence of the drift of opinion in the South which we have just alluded to, is a volume just published\* by "a true-hearted Southerner, whose ancestors have resided in North Carolina between one and two hundred years." Mr. Helper writes of slavery in the tone of one who has felt bitterly the social injustice and public harm which that system entails. "It is all well enough," he says, "for women to give the fictions of slavery; men should give the facts." And so he proceeds to copy, page after page, the terrifying statistics that show the declension of the South.

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\* The Impending Crisis of the South: how to meet it. By HINTON ROWAN HELPER, of North Carolina. Fourth Thousand. New York: Burdick Brothers.

He treats the question "more particularly with reference to its economical aspects as regards the whites; not with reference, except in a very slight degree, to its humanitarian or religious aspects." He shows a difference between the North and South in the value of agricultural products, in the year 1850, amounting to near two thousand millions of dollars. He exposes in every form the contrast in the price of land and the fruits of industry, which the long debate has made so familiar. He contrasts the time when Virginia was the leading State in population and wealth, and Charleston furnished its costly imports to Philadelphia, with the present, when "almost everything that is useful or ornamental, from primers to bibles, from wafers to printing-presses, from ladles to locomotives, from portfolios to portraits and piano-fortes," must be imported from the North. "No patriotic Southerner," he says, "can become conversant with the facts without experiencing a feeling of alarm and indignation." Emancipation is the only remedy. "Three quarters of a century hence, if slavery is abolished within the next ten years, as it ought to be, the South will, we believe, be as much greater than the North, as the North is now greater than the South." (p. 168.)

We have no wish to pursue in detail these painful and humiliating contrasts. In urging them, Mr. Helper professes that he speaks with "the voice of the non-slaveholding whites of the South." We have no means, as yet, of judging the spread and strength of the sentiment he represents. There is a tone not only of defiance, but almost of triumph, as if he were sure of his ground, and confident of victory in the conflict he invites. His plan is very simple. A new "Southern Convention" is to meet, this year or next, to assume the control of political power, to declare every slaveholder ineligible to any office, and to emancipate the slaves, — laying a tax first of sixty and then of forty dollars on every slave held after certain dates, and with the fund thus raised proceeding to colonize them on a great scale, in Africa, tropical America, or the United States.

We do not think it worth while to criticise the plan, even assuming there were intelligence and concert of action to make it possible. A social malady is not healed, or a social organism changed, in such a summary way. Neither do we recognize in Mr. Helper the qualities, whether as thinker or worker, which should fit him to solve the great political and social problem. His work is of no very high account in the intellectual treatment of so large and so familiar a theme. It is a book rather made up than made. It is more a defiance than a discussion, more appeal than argument. Its best feature is what the author borrows, not what he lends. Its conception is narrow, its temper antagonistic and impatient, its execution unskilful and rude. But it has at least the merit of being brave, outspoken, and timely, and it may be of very high value as a symptom in the general mind. If it is what it professes to be, the voice of a majority long dumb and practically disfranchised, — if the "poor whites" of the South are indeed ready to take the field as a political power, — then truly it is one of the most notable "signs of the times" that has yet appeared.

THE recent developments of the "popular sovereignty" doctrine in our Territory of Utah give new interest and value to any authentic account of the extraordinary faith and population that have found refuge there. Elder Hyde's confession and exposure of the system, of which he was for some years a prominent apostle,\* is the best written and doubtless the most reliable account of that pestilent delusion which has yet appeared. It is an evidence that all the converts of Mormonism are not ignorant or illiterate. Very few first publications by writers so young (for Mr. Hyde is now only twenty-four years of age) are so mature and accurate in expression. The volume wins our confidence by its honesty, its earnestness, its candor, and its freedom from all pretension. It is the work of a man who writes from a higher motive than that of book-making, — who would save others from the hallucination from which he has fortunately been rescued. He reasons well, he describes gracefully, he analyzes character keenly, and he writes of facts just as they are. His language is as chaste as language can be in telling the truth about such abominations. And while there is legal acuteness in his examination of the Mormon sacred books, there is judicial fairness in his discussion of the Mormon customs and prospects. His portrait of Brigham Young is neither that of the newspaper writers, who usually represent him as a vulgar and sensual impostor, nor that of the interested United States officials, who have flattered him as a model governor. He shows the Prophet as a sort of Mohammed or Cromwell, — able, but unscrupulous, — selfish, yet devoted to the best interest of his people, — a voluptuary within fixed limits, not allowing his passions to enervate him or slacken his systematic labors, — cunning in policy, yet courteous in manners, — of inflexible will, intolerant to indolence, of boundless ambition, uttering himself with a sort of rude eloquence, and inspiring, by his sincere faith and his resolute energy, the greatest reverence and the most entire devotion of all his people. He considers this man very powerful and very dangerous. His portraits of the subordinate apostles are equally well drawn. One of the chapters of the volume reveals the ceremonies of initiation and the mystic rites of the Mormon secret societies. It requires great moral courage to publish these, and the result to Mr. Hyde will very likely be a violent death. There is a noble pathos in the letter to the Prophet, with which the volume ends.

## ESSAYS, ETC.

A GENIAL and vivid volume of sketches, personal and historical,† describing the leading traits of American eloquence for the last half-century. We congratulate its author on the marked success of his first essay in permanent literature. The subject, especially to young and ardent minds, is a fascinating one: it is the highest praise to say that the treatment is worthy of it. The book is divided into four parts,

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\* Mormonism. Its Leaders and Designs. By JOHN HYDE, JR. New York: William P. Fetridge. 1857. 12mo. pp. 335.

† The Golden Age of American Oratory. By EDWARD G. PARKER. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall.

describing, first, the peculiar circumstances and incitements of the eloquence belonging to the period under survey; then, successively, the oratory of Congress, of the Bar, and of the Platform. The Congressional orators selected are Fisher Ames, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster. The Bar is represented by William Pinkney and Rufus Choate. Edward Everett, Edwin H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, and Wendell Phillips are taken as the victor-champions of Platform speaking.

The first feature in prominence and value, in this eloquent essay, is the careful analysis of the constituent elements of mind, temperament, culture, person, and manner, which make the oratorical power of the men selected to represent the different departments of American eloquence, — Webster alone claiming nearly twenty distinct specifications; while, in connection with this, is woven in a large amount of interesting and important information, new biographical anecdotes, historical thoughts, and unpublished opinions of eminent men. The spirit of the work is a hearty and grateful appreciation of the noble powers and products with which it deals. The personal character of large portions of it, the dramatic pictures with which it abounds, its vivid images and poetic touches, might almost class it among works of imagination, — but for the didactic thoughts, the sober facts and counsels, thickly strewn through its pages. While in form it has the interest of stirring narrative, in reality it has the value of a well-weighed treatise. An ambitious young man could hardly fall upon a book likely to prove more welcome and useful to him. We especially commend it as an excellent work for public libraries.

The book is dedicated to "My Alma Mater, 'Yale.'" Is this a compliment or not, when addressed to a University which does not count one of these nine orators among her sons?

THE words of a man of genius are always worth listening to, on whatever matter he speaks. Mr. Ruskin's *Letters on Drawing*,\* though claiming to be a simple instruction-book for beginners, has a value quite aside from that, as one in his splendid series on the education of the eye. "I believe," he says, "that the sight is a more important thing than the drawing; and I would rather teach drawing that my pupils may learn to love Nature, than teach the looking at Nature, that they may learn to draw." Without discussing the details of his method, which those who desire will study for themselves, we are interested to point out the principles upon which it proceeds. "The whole technical power of painting," according to him, "depends on our recovery of what may be called the *innocence of the eye*; that is to say, a sort of childish perception of these flat stains of color [which are the only representatives of visible objects to the eye] merely as such, without consciousness of what they signify, as a blind man would see them if suddenly gifted with sight." His illustration of this leading

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\* *The Elements of Drawing*; in *Three Letters to Beginners*. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. New York: Wiley and Halsted.  
VOL. LXIV. — 5TH S. VOL. II. NO. I. 13.

point is very beautiful. "If we had been born blind, and were suddenly gifted with sight on a piece of grass lighted in some parts by the sun, it would appear to us that part of the grass was green, and part of a dusky yellow (very nearly of the color of primroses); and, if there were primroses near, we should think that the sunlighted grass was another mass of plants of the same sulphur-yellow color. We should try to gather them, and then find that the color went away from the grass when we stood between it and the sun, but not from the primroses; and by a series of experiments we should find out that the sun was really the cause of color in the one, — not in the other. . . . Now, a highly accomplished artist has always reduced himself as nearly as possible to this condition of infantine sight. He sees the colors of nature just as they are, and therefore perceives at once in the sun-lighted grass the precise relation between the two colors that form its shade and light. To him it does not seem shade and light, but bluish-green barred with gold."

Accordingly, "the first thing to be learned is, how to produce extents of smooth color, without texture." Straight lines and perspective, which the sorrowful pupil spends such pains upon, are made of no account at all. "I believe he never *ought* to be able to draw a straight line. . . . A great draughtsman can, as far as I have observed, draw every line *but* a straight one." "Perspective is not of the slightest use except in rudimentary work. No great painters ever trouble themselves about perspective, and very few of them know its laws; they draw everything by the eye, and, naturally enough, disdain in the easy parts of their work rules which cannot help them in difficult ones."

Again, "all drawing depends, primarily, on your power of representing roundness." Take a pebble from the road-side, and put it on your copy-board; "now, if you can draw that stone, you can draw anything." What you have to do is "to get the stone to look solid and round; . . . you will be amazed to find how slight the differences of tint are, by which, through infinite delicacy of gradation, Nature can express form." Again, begin with a hard, sharp, fine instrument, — a steel pen, — and accustom yourself first of all to perfect accuracy of shape and shade. "It is not required of your drawing that it should be free, but that it should be right; you must never aim at freedom; the hand of a great master at real *work* is *never* free; its swiftest dash is under perfect government."

We are tempted to copy a paragraph from the chapter on "Color and Composition." "You may, in the time which other vocations leave at your disposal, produce finished, beautiful, and masterly drawings in light and shade. But to color well requires your life. You must be right at once, or never; and you might as well hope to catch a rifle-bullet in your hand, and put it straight when it was going wrong, as to recover a tint once spoiled. But, though you cannot produce finished colored drawings of any value, you may give yourself much pleasure, and be of great use to other people, by occasionally sketching with a view to color only, and preserving distinct statements of certain color facts, — as that the harvest moon at rising was of such a red, and sur-

rounded by clouds of such and such a rosy gray ; that the mountains at evening were in truth so deep in purple ; and the waves by the boat's side were indeed of that incredible green. This only, observe, if you have an eye for color ; but you may presume that you have this, if you enjoy color." (p. 139.)

Mr. Ruskin is never chary of advice. "I will set down in clear order," he says, "the names of the masters whom you may safely admire, and a few of the books which you may safely possess." How choice the list is may be inferred from its excluding Michael Angelo, Raphael, Salvator, Claude, and Murillo ! "The best way is to avoid line engravings of figures altogether. If you happen to be a rich person, possessing quantities of them, and if you are fond of the large finished prints from Raphael, Correggio, &c., it is wholly impossible that you can make any progress in knowledge of real art, till you have sold them all, or burnt them, which would be a greater benefit to the world" ! (p. 230.)

Most of his counsel as to books is admirable. "Avoid generally magazine and review literature. If you want to understand any subject, read the best book upon it you can hear of ; not a review of the book. Avoid especially that class of literature which has a *knowing* tone ; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe ; it may contain firm assertion or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly, nor asserts haughtily, and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart. Never read bad or common poetry, nor write any poetry yourself ; there is, perhaps, rather too much than too little in the world already. Much of the literature of the present day, though good to be read by persons of ripe age, has a tendency to agitate rather than confirm, and leaves its readers too frequently in a helpless or hopeless indignation, the worst possible state into which the mind of youth can be thrown. For a young person, the safest temper is one of reverence, and the safest place one of obscurity. Your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue ; and literature and art are best for you which point out, in common life and familiar things, the objects for hopeful labor and for humble love."

NOTHING more shows the poverty of our systematic Psychologies, and the hopelessness of an exhaustive analysis of the soul, than those volumes which show its wayward rioting when released from the healthy limits of its activity. "The Hasheesh-Eater" \* will remind every reader of De Quincey's "Confessions" ; yet the two are as independent as two works of such a nature could well be. We have a narrative, written with a good deal of genius and literary power, of an experience less pathetic, but, if possible, even more *gigantesque* and strange. The Hasheesh-Eater is an American college-student, apparently, who, with a passion like Hahnemann's for experimenting in

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\* The Hasheesh-Eater : being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean. New York : Harper and Brothers.

drugs, falls at last upon the pale-green gum of the Indian hemp. Its specific effect in dissolving "the flaming bounds of place and time" we have not room to trace through the very curious details he has given. The most interesting point suggested is the key which this narrative gives to the peculiar fancy and imagery of the "Arabian Nights," and other Asiatic tales, as well as to the myths related of Pythagoras. For example (p. 182): "There is a legend that, as he was passing over a river, its waters called up to him, in the presence of his followers, 'Hail! Pythagoras.' Frequently, while in the power of the hasheesh delirium, have I heard inanimate things sonorous with such voices. On every side they have saluted me, from rocks, and trees, and waters, and sky; in my happiness filling me with intense exultation as I heard them welcoming their master; in my agony heaping nameless curses on my head as I went away into an eternal exile from all sympathy." The transmigrations of time, space, or personality are often as strange as the visions that attend them, and sometimes have a vein of the grotesque not at all matched by anything we know of opium. For instance, our friend, being somewhere on the shores of the Levant, pays a visit to Jonah, whom he finds sitting dejected in his wretched lodgings of the whale's belly, — anxious to quit, but helplessly kept there, because his landlord, "not used to casting up his prophets," delays bringing in his bill! Like De Quincey, the writer is faithful to make his book a terrible warning, even while it dwells on the terrible fascination of the drug. It is "the fruit of that forbidden tree" of knowledge. If we understand his argument, he claims that hasheesh unveils to the mind a real world of being, not unreal "subjective states." "It is as much cause for thanksgiving," he says (p. 309), "as for aspiration to something clearer, that we now 'see through a glass darkly.' Let us not repine, for there is a reason in these half-opaque and tinged panes. A sun as consuming as he is wondrously glorious is shining just outside."

MR. GREENE'S book on the Currency \* appears in a new form, in a second edition, at a time when it is more likely to attract attention than in the heyday of 1850, when the first edition was published. There are passages in it which he has certainly a right to look with pride upon now, — so completely did they prophesy, when first written, the dishonor, falsehood, and general confusion in which we are entangled now. These prophecies may not induce a community, in which almost every man is a financial quack, recommending his own specific, to accept Mr. Greene as a guide out of the results of a great many quackeries. But they do give some color to the confidence in which he speaks in publishing his second edition; really as one

"Who through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
In calmness made, — and sees what he foresaw."

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\* The Radical Deficiency of the Existing Circulating Medium, and the Advantages of a Mutual Currency. By WILLIAM B. GREENE. Boston: Published by B. H. Greene. 1857.

We shall so soon have occasion to pass the whole subject of currency under review, that we shall not here enter into argument for Mr. Greene's sound positions, or against those which are unsound. We have now only to tell the reader what the mutual currency is which is recommended so clearly in this singularly intelligible treatise on a singularly unintelligible subject.

All the money which the American reader of these lines had a month ago, excepting specie, was a "mutual currency." For it was a currency which rested on the general agreement of all parties in the community to receive it. It pretended to be redeemable in specie at the counters of the banks which issued it. This pretence was false, however, and had been since the 14th of October. Yet this currency answered the immediate purposes of currency in the neighborhood of these banks, and in most instances kept near the value of the amounts of silver and gold for which it professed to be exchangeable.

By the accident of the suspension we were thus thrown on a mutual currency. It existed as currency only by our mutual consent. Mr. Greene's proposal is, that a currency, founded on the mutual consent of those who are to use it, should be inaugurated, which should not even pretend to be redeemable in specie. His currency would differ from the mere paper issues of weak governments, however, in two essential particulars:—1. It would not be made legal tender, except to those persons who had pledged themselves to receive it, by becoming parties to the association which issued it. No one of these would be bound to hold more of the paper money at one time than the amount of his own pledge. 2. The amount of it, to be issued by the bank chartered with this power, would never be more than three fourths of the amount of real estate mortgaged to the bank by the parties thus pledging themselves. To these parties, and to these only, the bank would make discounts, at such rates of interest as shall cover the actual working of the institution.

Suppose, then, in some country town, a mutual bank established. Suppose the landholders of that town all pledge their real estate to the bank as security for payment of their debts to it. Each of these men would be entitled to a discount of three quarters the amount of the real estate so pledged. Within that town this paper would become the circulating medium. The condition of things there would be much the same as that of small towns where there is one store, of which the proprietor opens book accounts with all the land-owners in the town, and settles those accounts by receiving himself their produce, to take it to the market-town as their factor.

This frequent arrangement of our smallest country towns, while convenient enough for them, gives them no funds to carry to other towns for purchases. Mr. Greene's idea is that his mutual bank-bills will, in fact, not only circulate among the persons pledged, but to a considerable extent through the whole community,—the confidence of the community in them rising or falling with its confidence in the direction of the institution. It is evident, at the same time, that a mutual "dollar" might or might not have the value of a specie dollar, just as a paper



dollar to-day does. This difference, however, is, of course, essential to every scheme of paper money, and is by no means an objection to the plan.

## NOVELS AND TALES.

"GUY LIVINGSTONE"\* will be a puzzle to most of its readers. Its laconic title, the absence of all introduction or preface, the looseness of the plot, the want of any clew to the name of its author, are certainly odd, not to say provoking. Why the book should be called "Thorough," (unless because it makes thorough work of several of its leading characters, killing them off without stint,) it is not easy to see. That it is not copyrighted by the Harpers is not the only evidence that it was written in England. It has the love of vulgar aristocracy, of pedantic blackguardism, which is characteristic of a rising school of English novelists. It is one of those instances in which real power in the delineation of character, and a vigorous and masculine style, are spoiled by wilful offences against good sense, good taste, and good morals. The tone of the book is low. It glorifies recklessness, brutality, horse-racing, and drinking, and excuses gambling, duelling, adultery, and almost any kind of fashionable sin. Big muscles and terrible passions, the power to leap gates and ditches in a steeple-chase, and to knock down common men with a single hit of the fist, are the prime distinctions of nobility. Red hair, awkwardness, temperance, and strict truthfulness, are great crimes in the view of this writer. To be a model man, one must keep a stud, have money enough to play deep, smoke good cigars, drink hard, kill a man at fifteen paces, and cast off all scruples of old-fashioned honesty and character.

The author makes an excessive parade of linguistic attainments, quotes Greek excessively, and sprinkles his pages over with French, Italian, German, Latin, and Arabic phrases, vouchsafing very rarely a translation thereof. A large part of these quotations are lugged in for the sake of display; as are the poetical headings to the chapters, which are seldom familiar, and some of them, we suspect, quite apocryphal. Flash terms are not wanting, and the dialect of the turf and the ring is more honestly the favorite dialect, than the Greek which is so much paraded. In one or two cases the author has allowed himself to descend into pathos, and has proved that he might, if he only chose, write like a decent and a Christian man. But that weakness is of short duration. For the female character he evidently has no respect, and in woman generally but very little faith.

The only writer that we know from whom we should expect just such a book as this is that half-English, half-American graduate of Cambridge, who undertook a few years ago to be censor of American classical scholarship, satirist of American manners, and critic of American dialect, and who is said to devote an ample inheritance to such honorable pursuits as are described in this volume.

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\* Guy Livingstone, or "Thorough." New York: Harpers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 329.

THE Baroness Tautphœus\* writes easily, correctly, and elegantly. Her skill in description is remarkable, and her representation of externals, of manners and customs, of rural life, city life, and fashionable life, is very minute and truthful. But her capacity goes no deeper. She is no psychologist, and has no insight into character, none of Miss Brontë's peculiar power. "Quits" has merit, first, as a pleasant and good-humored sketch of the Englishman at home and abroad, in London and on his travels, — and next, as a more rare picture of life in the alpine regions of Southern Bavaria. In the *scenes* of the book there is a charming reality and distinctness. But no personage of the book has any marked or consistent individuality, and the first outlines of character are never filled up. There is no intricacy of plot, and no development of plot, and the *dénouement* is not provided for in the elements of the story. Some personages who seemed to promise well disappear very soon, and others annoy us all along as disagreeable and intrusive. Though spun out to an intolerable length, the story is not finished after all. It stops short just where the interest begins to revive and there are signs of a fascinating complication.

The author of "Quits" is an artist, but not a novelist; and her volumes come rather under the head of books of travel than of romance. The highest value of this volume is as a supplement to Murray's Southern Germany, — a monograph on the Tyrolese border, leaving undescribed hardly anything of interest in the natural scenery, the dress of the people, their home life and their out-door life, shooting on the hills, public festivity, wedding, and church-going. The account of London cockney life, good as it is, might be profitably excised. Thackeray and Dickens have given us that. Half of the first volume is superfluous in this story.

THE success of "The Lamplighter" — unparalleled, perhaps, as the unheralded work of a young and unknown author — was partly due to the felicity of conception and skill in the story of the neglected child, the gentle blind lady, and the simple integrity and affection in the homes of the poor. Without this plaintive and powerful appeal to our sympathies of the first hundred pages of that tale, a second attempt, though of equal merit, is perhaps more hazardous. In Mabel Vaughan † a group of characters, with a family likeness to some of our former friends, are conducted through somewhat similar scenes, to a like termination, in which sorrow and hope are tempered in the light of a benignant and beautiful piety. We attempt no criticism of the conception or execution of this story. It is one whose better qualities appeal to a different tribunal than that of literary criticism. A pure morality, a sweet and gentle religious trust, blameless honor and faithful friendship, tenderness to the young, mercy to the sick and poor, — all taught in the guise of pleasant and fluent narrative, — are too welcome an element in our popular literature to leave us any wish but that of a

\* Quits : a Novel. By the BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS, Author of The Initials. Two volumes in one. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 612.

† Mabel Vaughan. Boston : J. P. Jewett & Co.

new success as wide and gratifying as the former; and we thank the writer, having so wide access to the general mind, who improves it with such simplicity of purpose to so sacred an end.

IN "Here and Hereafter"\* the readers of "Delia Arlington" will find a continuation of the narrative, and, we think, a decided gain in skill and power. Both the tales are of the same type,—in which the religious lesson is made perhaps a little too obvious, and the style is a little too much diluted with dialogue. But these are literary defects belonging not to the individual so much as to the school. Their extreme type, we suppose, is to be found throughout "The Wide, Wide World." We are sure the present writer has ability to outgrow them. The pure and affectionate tone of the book, its insight into the ways of domestic life, and its clear, persuasive manner of dealing with the besetting temptations to frivolity and selfishness, as well as its earnest and healthy piety, bespeak for it a place in the affectionate regard of those who look to fiction of the better sort as one great source of recreation and instruction.

"PARTHENIA"\* is the effort of an accomplished lady and favorite author to weave a story of human affection and religious tenderness about the untimely, wilful, and tragical endeavor of the Emperor Julian to supplant the vigorous faith of early Christendom. Like every narrative which rests on natural sympathies, it contains in itself such an apology as that disastrous error can claim. We see the fault of the Church and the baseness of the court that made a noble nature an apostate from the faith in which it was nurtured. We partly appreciate the longing for "the fair humanities of old religion" which made Julian at Athens a Pagan philosopher, and that revival of antique heroism that made him in Gaul an idolized and victorious prince. We see the fatal toils of superstition, cruelty, and connivance at corruptions of the decayed worship, that at length entangled him, making him a tyrant and persecutor where he would have been a just and magnanimous ruler. And by the thread of tender Christian sympathies we are led to feel once more the sorrow and struggle that attended the hard-won victories of the Church.

Parthenia is an Athenian maiden, once a priestess of Pallas, afterwards won to the Christian faith,—the better angel, whose influence Julian first loses by force of circumstances, and finally rejects through obstinacy of will. It is a sweet and womanly faith, that every noble nature must be at some time open to the influence of a pure love; and the slight thread that binds the fortunes of the Christian maid and the apostate prince is spun upon this theory,—giving one soft touch to the picture which history draws of the young cynic of the later Pagan school. The moral of that struggle between the old religion,

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\* Here and Hereafter: or, The Two Altars. By ANNA ATHERN. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

† Parthenia: or, The Last Days of Paganism. By ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

corrupt and obsolete, and the new, redeemed by its latent martyr-spirit and its works of charity, is one which cannot be too familiar; and we thank the writer of this fair volume for the graceful form in which she has repeated it to us once more.

The Emperor Julian is, of course, the prominent figure. The story is but the gilded frame for this distinguished portrait. The "Romanticist on the throne of the Cæsars," as Strauss terms him, vainly seeking to resuscitate the old religion, which had long been dead and an offence to the active mind of the time, the martial mystic, the imperial Platonist, the satirist in purple, the practical visionary, the free-thinking conservative, is a curious study. And what enhances the fascination is, that this renegade and miscreant prince is a better Christian practically than the Christian Cæsars who preceded and who followed, though that is not saying much in his favor. He seems to have made Marcus Antoninus his model, and certainly approaches him more nearly than any Cæsar of his line. Mrs. Lee has not failed to appreciate either the interest or the difficulty of the problem. She has entered with great zest into all the characteristics of the age she describes, and has given us its spirit and bias, if not the very "form and pressure of the time."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A MAN like Mr. Clapp,\* who has toiled single-handed through a thirty-five years' work, who has fought his own way through doubts and errors to a liberal and simple faith, who has lived through twenty seasons of pestilence without once flinching from the horror and fatigue of it, has earned a right to tell his story to the world. We are grateful to him for telling it in his own way. This is a book of "confidences." It is frank, simple, open-hearted communication, as if with a friend near enough to sympathize in all its personal griefs and joys, and to listen willingly to its undisguised betrayal of personal feeling. The reader is pleased to be put into the position of such a friend; and lays down the book with a sincere respect and a most kindly interest for the writer. This Autobiography deserves, and will receive, a more extended notice in a future number.

THE beautiful volume of "Christian Days and Thoughts"\* is another proof of the wise and earnest fidelity of the late pastor of King's Chapel in this city. By it he still speaks as he was wont to speak, thoughtfully, plainly, and tenderly to the heart and conscience. Its purpose is, and its effect will be, to inspire and strengthen those religious convictions and that trustful Christian faith which he believed to be the only foundations of a true character, the only assurance of a true life. A friend, qualified by long professional and personal intimacy, as

\* Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, during a Thirty-five Years' Residence in New Orleans. By THEODORE CLAPP. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

† Christian Days and Thoughts. By EPHRAIM PEARBODY. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 300.

well as by his own affinity for the spirit of such a work, has made the selections from the manuscripts of Dr. Peabody, according to the plan which the lamented writer hoped to execute. From its origin and its intrinsic excellence, this cannot fail to be acceptable as a manual of devotion and meditation for the closet, and an aid in the services on the altar at home.

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### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Among new English books we have to report the following:—

A Life of Michael Angelo, with translations, engravings, etchings, portrait, &c., in 2 vols., 8vo. By J. S. Harford. London: Longmans.

Contributions to Vital Statistics, including Tables of Health, Railway Accidents, Crime, by F. G. P. Neison. 3d Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 4to. pp. 630.

History of British India to the Close of the Year 1854, by Hugh Murray. London: T. Nelson.

Useful Metals and their Alloys. London: Houlston and Wright. 8vo. pp. 650.

The Epistles of St. John: being Lectures on Christian Ethics, by F. D. Maurice. London: McMillan & Co.

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D. Appleton and Company, of New York, have published the first volume of their New American Cyclopædia, to be completed in fifteen volumes.

James Challen and Sons, of Philadelphia, announce "The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be," by J. T. Barclay.

Our number for March will contain a suitable notice of both these important works.

Among recent Atlases or Mounted Maps we would call special attention to the beautiful "Relief Maps" of Bauerkeller, so well known and prized by students of physical geography; also to the very valuable Historical Atlas of Dussieux, containing 157 plates, for the extremely low price of \$ 10. The Series for Schools, published by Johnston, of Edinburgh, furnishes at the same price, in four volumes, a set of Ancient, Modern, Physical, and Astronomical Maps, the last especially beautiful. Still more valuable and complete are the exquisitely finished German sheets of Kiepert and Spruner. We are glad to observe that one American house — Ide and Dutton, of Boston — design to make this a special business; and that we may promise ourselves a lessening of the vast interval that still exists between ours and the European standard in such matters.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Convert: or, Leaves from my Experience. By O. A. Brownson. New York: E. Dunigan and Brother. 12mo. pp. 450. (Reviewed, p. 123.)

The Saint and his Saviour, or the Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 432.

Spurgeon's Fast-Day Sermon. Fast-day Service, held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Wednesday, October 7th, 1857. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. pp. 43. (See p. 127.)

Christianity the Logic of Creation. By Henry James. London: William White. 12mo. pp. 264.

Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life. By C. F. Hudson. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 472. (To be reviewed.)

Athanasia: or, Foregleams of Immortality. By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 12mo. pp. 340. (Notice deferred.)

Endeavors after the Christian Life. Discourses by James Martineau. New Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 551. (The two vols. in one.)

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Vol. III. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 532.

The Life and Times of Aaron Burr, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army of the Revolution, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States, &c. By J. Parton. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 696.

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, during a Thirty-five Years' Residence in New Orleans. By Theodore Clapp. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 419. (See p. 153.)

## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the Years 1849-55. By Henry Barth. Vol. II. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 709.

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean. By David Livingstone. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 732. (To be reviewed.)

## POETRY AND FICTION.

Waverley Novels, Household Edition. — Ivanhoe. 2 vols. — The Monastery. 2 vols.

One Week at Amer, an American City of the Nineteenth Century. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 18mo. pp. 119.

Here and Hereafter: or, The Two Altars. By Anna Athern. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 376. (See p. 152.)

White Lies. By Charles Reade. Part IV. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Selected and edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bearwood. With English and American Additions, arranged by Evert A. Duyckinck, Editor of the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*. Illustrated with 132 Engravings, drawn by eminent Artists. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 616. (A rich and beautiful volume for the holiday season.)

Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. From the last London Edition, corrected by the Author. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 32mo. 3 vols. pp. 378, 375, 351. (Blue and gold.)

Parthenia: or, The Last Days of Paganism. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 420. (See p. 152.)

Riego: or, The Spanish Martyr. A Tragedy in Five Acts. Altered and abridged with a View to Presentation on the Stage. Richmond: A. Morris. pp. 67. (The subject is the Revolution in Spain, in 1820.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Progress of Slavery in the United States. By George M. Weston. Washington, D. C.: Published by the Author. 12mo. pp. 301.

Life-Studies: or, How to Live. By the Rev. John Baillie. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 365. (A series of brief religious biographies.)

Seaboard Towns: or, Travellers' Guide-Book from Boston to Portland. By Joseph H. Bragdon. Newburyport: Moulton and Clark. 24mo. pp. 204.

Chanticleer: or, Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family. By Cornelius Matthews. With illustrations by Darley. New York: Brown, Loomis, & Co. 16mo. pp. 180.

The Golden Age of American Oratory. By Edward G. Parker. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 12mo. pp. 425. (See p. 144.)

The Hasheesh-Eater: being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 371. (See p. 147.)

Why and What am I? The Confessions of an Inquirer. In Three Parts. Part I. Heart-Experiences: or, the Education of the Emotions. By James Jackson Jarves. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 320.

Christianity in the Kitchen. A Physiological Cook-Book. By Mrs. Horace Mann. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 189.

A Pronouncing Spelling-Book of the English Language. By J. E. Worcester. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brewer. 16mo. pp. 179.

The Congregational Harp, a Collection of Hymn Tunes, Sentences, and Chants, of both Ancient and Modern Composers, carefully selected from various Publications (by Permission), and designed more particularly for Congregational Uses and Social Religious Meetings, &c. Also,

Continental Harmony: a Collection of the most celebrated Psalm Tunes and Favorite Pieces, designed particularly for "Old Folks' Concerts" and the social circle. Boston: Oliver Ditson. (We cordially commend the above, especially the selection from the vigorous and wholesome music of our fathers, to the attention of the public.)

The Little Commodore. By May Rambler. Illustrated. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 300.

#### PAMPHLETS.

Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Pauperism. October, 1857. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 20.

Catalogue of Amherst College, for the Academical Year 1857-58. pp. 32.

Memoir of Cyrus Peirce, First Principal of the First State Normal School in the United States. Hartford: F. C. Brownell. pp. 38. (Portrait.)

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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MARCH, 1858.

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ART. I. — UNUSED POWERS.

*The Dietetics of the Soul.* By ERNEST VON FEUCHTERSLEBEN,  
M. D. New York : C. S. Francis & Co. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

THIS little book is the most suggestive instance of what may be called "practical metaphysics" that has recently appeared. It treats of the laws of health, with especial reference to mental phenomena. The effect of the passions on the organization; the influence of imagination on the nervous fluid; how temperaments modify character, and the nature and treatment of hypochondriasis, — are among the subjects discussed, with a sympathy that renders them attractive, and a mingled knowledge of facts and love of philosophy which give the essay a singular value. As a manual for the irresolute victims of *ennui* and the *hypo*, it is excellent; as an exposition of many neglected laws of life and sanity, it is somewhat too fragmentary, and takes for granted a degree of scientific information and a power of reflection hardly to be looked for in the average and undisciplined reader. Yet, with these defects, it is, for a work of the kind, remarkably pleasing in style and useful in its appeals to consciousness. We have known physicians commend it to their more intelligent nervous patients with good results.



The subject embraced in "The Dietetics of the Soul" is too extensive for analysis in a brief review; but there is one idea constantly prominent in this work, in which consists the practical value of the whole, and on this we shall venture to enlarge: the power of self-control and guidance resident in the will, as regards individual development. Our author sets out with the proposition, that "the happiness or misery of the individual depends on the deeply-marked impressions or conceptions of his own mind"; he then defines the functions of imagination and the will. "By no act of consciousness," he says, "can we escape consciousness itself, but we can excite or yield to certain dispositions within ourselves"; and by a series of arguments he indicates how, through wise self-culture, a man becomes "wrapped in gentle thoughts, advances with steady purpose, his eye is fixed with clearness on the world around him, and his forces, actions, and enjoyments are harmoniously fused." In comparing the philosophy of this charming little essay with actual life around us, we are struck with the incomplete mental activity, the small amount of moral experience, realized among us, and are prompted to say a word on the subject of *unused powers* as the American defect in the prevalent "Dietetics of the Soul."

Positive calamity is the exception, not the rule, of human life. In the retrospect of threescore years, men of average experience designate the misfortunes of their career as special events, occurring generally at long intervals. An illness, a bereavement, or a bankruptcy throws here and there a deep shadow over a picture otherwise serene if not cheerful. Doubtless the amount and degree of actual enjoyment is graduated by individual temperament. The anxious and the buoyant take life in quite a diverse mood, and sensitiveness and hardihood equalize the apparent caprice of fortune; still, with these and other allowances, it may safely be declared of modern civilization, that the mere outward condition and vicissitudes of life do not explain the prevalent unhappiness. Within the large, and, in this country at least, prosperous sphere of the middle class,—of those whose pecuniary means are adequate to all the essential comforts and many of the luxuries of life, whose intelligence is cultivated, and whose social posi-

tion is honorable, — there is found a remarkable discontent, restlessness, and absence of that repose of manner, mind, and feeling which should result from circumstances on the whole favorable to enjoyment. Various names are given to this dissatisfaction; it is called nervousness in one, *ennui* in another; this young man, we are told, is *blasé*, that matron delicate; to-day the evil is called “the blues,” to-morrow, neuralgia; at one time it is attributed to the climate, and at another to a peculiar organization; change of scene is recommended by the physician, change of heart by the clergyman; recourse is had to public amusements, to charitable enterprise, to hydropathy, homœopathy, novel-reading, a voyage, the marvellous, the laborious, the diverting, the speculative, and such social excitements as are available to the patients. It is on this vague and ill-defined, but real, want of humanity, this intangible self-dissatisfaction, this chronic unrest and weariness of mind, that quackery, superstition, and fashionable absurdity banquet, at the expense of what is most genuine and capable in human nature. After exhausting the absolute causes of the phenomena thus indicated, — those which may be detected in the constitutional peculiarities, the vocations, and the circumstances of individuals, — after accepting the explanation which infringement of physical laws affords, there remains, in the last analysis, a balance not accounted for. And it is this residuum of causeless unhappiness which is peculiar to our times. The men and women of an earlier day were too busy or too much in earnest, too unconscious or too insensible, to experience it, at least to the same extent. Was it that life was so full of actual good and evil to them, the heart so absorbed in its own passions, time so fleet to their consciousness? Has the multiplicity of means rendered us too susceptible to the ends of life, so that contemplation breeds evils once absorbed by action, and instead of Othellos and Macbeths, with loves and ambitions developed by intense and incessant realities, we are Hamlets, — for ever turning the soul’s eye inward, and watching the very heart-throbs which, in a healthy life, should be lost to consciousness? The problem is too wide to be briefly solved; but there is one explanation of the evil in question which deserves more attention

than it has received from either divine, metaphysician, or philanthropist. A vast amount of the unhappiness so obvious among the educated and prosperous of our day is to be directly ascribed to Unused Powers.

It is a remarkable coincidence, and one which signally illustrates the great law of compensation, that, while the discoveries of modern science have abridged physical toil, and thereby essentially ameliorated the outward condition of humanity, the leisure thus secured, the immunity from muscular effort, the superior domestic arrangements, have, at the same time, given occasion to morbid consciousness and nervous susceptibility,—in other words, to an overplus of unused powers. Steam, as a motive power, has in a great measure done away with the equestrian and pedestrian habits which invigorated a less favored generation; and, by bringing distant communities near and making people gregarious, has diminished both the occasion and the motive to individuality of purpose and feeling. The necessity of labor is vastly lessened by mechanism, and that of observation by journalism; but in the same ratio mental and moral idiosyncrasies have been developed. Material civilization is incredibly advanced; healthful enjoyment and rational activity almost in equal proportion diminished. The manly and the womanly elements of character are dwarfed by the luxury and utilitarian instinct of the age. As life becomes more complex, it is less earnest; sympathy, once concentrated, is now diffused; to know a little of everything, and profoundly nothing, to feel casually and not intensely, is the average standard; and it results, from all this, that special gifts and sentiments are turned aside or overlaid, and the individual fails to exercise the powers wherein his or her best good consists, and is often drawn into a current of life uncongenial and inadequate. The strong bias of a dominant instinct is, therefore, a blessing; artists, in the most genuine sense of the term, are proverbially harmonious, because they are suffered to live in the vocation for which nature endowed them. Nature, society, books,—these are the great resources to keep in due proportion the powers taxed so partially by the division of labor and the exigencies of life; no one who loves nature finds a country life irksome; no one

who loves intelligent companionship and honest sympathy of heart, need grow arid and selfish unless cut off from society. No one with a catholic taste for reading is justified in complaining of the barrenness of experience. Books, wisely used, atone for the deficiencies of the actual; to such readers as Lamb, Hazlitt, and Montaigne they were, as the latter calls them, "the best viaticum": "*L'habitude de vivre dans un monde imaginaire leur inspire des preventions contre tout ce qui se passe dans le monde réel; les événements de la vie ne leur semblent jamais dignes d'occuper leur ame, ce n'est jamais cela qu'elles attendent pour éclater.*" Yet exclusive retiracy and absorption in this direction again bring up the protest of unused powers. Elia well says we may lose ourselves in another man's mind as well as in his grounds; and unless recourse is had to nature, either through sentiment in Wordsworth's spirit, or through science with the delectable relish of White of Selborne, the wisest page is insalubrious; and more imperative often than either the consolation of books or nature is the social need. The experiments in solitary confinement, as a punishment, have fully shown how vital to man is contact with his kind; and there are organizations among the richest and noblest that seem actually inspired by and dependent on the right kind of society. You will see a fair and gifted woman, pale, indifferent, aimless, — too intellectual to find content in housekeeping, shopping, dress, and gossip, — too refined for coarse, too sincere for artificial pleasures, — surrounded perhaps by only material people, and allied to the conventional and unaspiring. Let a kindred mind, a soul attuned to the same lofty key, draw near, and what a change in this passive, dormant being! Color steals to lip and cheek, mobility relaxes elongated muscles, the beaming light of intelligent recognition kindles the eye, and the smile of conscious affinity plays round the mouth; her nature expands, radiates, and is vivified, because her unused powers, that hung as a doom or craved like moral hunger, now quicken into genial activity both soul and body. "*Le genres bien organisés,*" writes Madame Girardin, "*savent réunir la profondeur dans le sentiment et la légèreté dans l'esprit.*" But this ideal is only to be realized through social privileges; and the want of

them is one of the greatest hindrances to the legitimate development of superior women, who, from their limited range and false education, are the peculiar victims of unused powers.

The process of reading itself illustrates the want to which it so conveniently ministers. Few relish fiction more than those accustomed to severe professional labor or devoted to affairs; and when desultory reading is applied to as a resource by those in the prime of their mental energies, it soon grows wearisome, unless associated with a specific inquiry or pursued with an object beyond that of casual entertainment. The charm of society becomes irksome, if it does not alternate with seclusion; those talk with the greatest zest whose minds are familiar with the recuperative influence of meditation. The same instinct is apparent when a peculiar style of life or occupation is earnestly adopted. Recent examination has shown that, when the Emperor Charles sought the austerities of monastic retirement, he varied its religious offices with gastronomic and other diversions; Michel Angelo laid aside his chisel, so intent upon sublime conceptions, to observe "the harmless comedy of life"; from the refinements of ideal maternity Raphael fled to the embrace of human affection; Sir Isaac Newton blended the abstraction of a philosopher with the vigilance of a domestic economist; and Alfieri rose from his severe dramatic toil to indulge in feats of horsemanship.

One of the most striking truths, indeed, revealed in biography, is the absolute need of entire activity in the functions of the mind,—the action and reaction of every sentiment and gift of our nature; each, when over-exerted, produces a morbid state of feeling, and when totally neglected asserts itself with a vehement or incongruous force. Nature instinctively and continuously aims at completeness; life and its economies work in the contrary direction; hence the vacuums in the moral atmosphere, the inward struggles for an equilibrium of the faculties,—the melancholy and hushed cry of unsatisfied desire. Let loose the votary of a limited pursuit, and to what an opposite sphere his mind instantly reverts! The favorite topic of seamen on the ocean is rural life; we have never known a shipmaster, however fond of his profession, whose dream of the future was not a place in the country and the

oversight of acres and herds. Statesmen, too, from the not less agitated sea of politics, look forward to and rejoice in the same ideal. An overplus of ratiocination drove Dr. Johnson to his cat and conviviality; a reaction from the intensity of reflective emotion inspired Byron to fight in Greece. There are no hills to satisfy the instinct for the picturesque in the Low Countries, and therefore the Dutch sought in color what nature denied them in form, and made up by the variegated splendor of their tulips for the absence of scenic diversity; London authors and artists create the most vivid interiors and pay the most subtle homage to nature under a cloudy sky and in a humid air, while the tropical genius, bathed in the luxuries of climate, expends its energy in superstition and vague fantasies; Paul Jones, the hero of desperate maritime battles, loved Thomson's Seasons; Bonaparte, whose greatest skill lay in material success, found his literary recreations in the wild rhapsodies of Ossian. It has become a proverb in France, that the women most successful in the *salon* end their career by the most rigorous devotion. Metaphysical Kant cheered himself with birds, and our most laborious and venerable jurist used to steal away to the barn, and, recumbent on a haymow, watch the swallows in the eaves. Washington's first letters, after he had sheathed his sword and retired to Mount Vernon, allude to the strange feeling with which he awoke in the morning and realized that he had no march to plan, forage to supply, and military or civil duties to methodize; and he soon began a systematic agricultural life as a substitute for national duties. Sydney Smith talked nonsense after writing a chapter of moral philosophy; and Edmund Kean used to turn somersets after performing Lear, while Matthews, having kept the Park Theatre in a roar all the evening, would cross the river and take a lonely midnight walk, absorbed in melancholy reverie, along its banks. Thus instinctively do select intelligences and strong characters seek the relief of contrast, and so preserve the wholesome balance of the mind and escape the consequences of unused powers, such as drive weaker temperaments to despair or absurdity. Had Cowper travelled, married, or been to a water-cure, instead of merging his exquisite sensibility in the theological

mazes of Newton's creed; had Kirke White developed his muscles as well as his sentiment, and trenched his tenderness within the bulwarks of severe dialectic; had Haydon forgotten himself in admiration of others, bowed meekly to Nature and Providence, instead of clinging to the pivot of egotism, had he diffused by sympathy instead of concentrating on selfhood the passion for art,—who doubts that, in each instance, the tone of mental health, the integrity of life and thought, might have been prolonged, if not kept intact? The favorable influence of travel upon health is owing to the variety it insures, the immunity from stagnation of any prominent human faculty. It was through sentiment that Rousseau, and through will that Alfieri, achieved their triumphs of genius; and the excess of each element in them caused all the practical errors and moral conflict under which they suffered. Coleridge dreamed too much, Southey was too devoted to his library, Wordsworth was too unsympathetic and insulated in his life and taste, for completeness of development; and to these causes may be ascribed their imperfections. Unused powers vindicate their natural rights sooner or later in the highly gifted as well as in the average of mankind. One of our fellow-passengers on a sea-voyage lost his spirits a week after embarking, and excited our sympathy by an indescribable discomfort of mood that began to undermine health and equanimity. The surgeon was puzzled to account for his condition on physical grounds, and declared the case unique. At last we missed him for hours from the deck, and when he reappeared it was with his old vivacity and genial content. He informed us with glee that he had discovered his ailment: he had been suffering for a problem to solve, and had foregone his usual mathematical exercise unconsciously. Euclid and La Place kept him well for the rest of the voyage; in other words, his unused powers were brought into play. It is an anomalous condition for an ardent sense of the beautiful to exist without faith. Such was the state of an artist who could find no satisfaction in the ministrations of religion, and endeavored while cultivating ideal perfection in form and color to forget his disbelief in immortality. The want of harmony thus induced acted on his sensitive organization, and made

his enjoyment of life spasmodic instead of normal. Entering his studio after a long interval, we found him seated with a book in his hand, and an expression of lofty serenity; one could see, at a glance, that the disturbance within was adjusted, that the elements were no longer in conflict; his cherished visions had now an illimitable perspective, his beautiful and evanescent fancies an eternal background; he could dwell upon both with hopeful complacency. Swedenborg had given impulse and scope to secret cravings and religious sentiments long set aside and ignored. What a picture of unused powers has Balzac wrought from provincial life in France, and what a diagnosis of the effect upon human nature in the virgin isolation of Eugenie Grandet and the too exclusively parental devotion of Père Goriot! They are psychological studies in this regard. This analytic delineator hints at a large class of men who are philosophers enough to avoid the neglect or over-exercise of special faculties, without even the motive of ambition or self-confidence; he speaks of "*l'homme découragé mais sans dégoût et qui persiste plus pour employer ses facultés, que dans l'espoir d'un douteux triomphe.*"

But there is a striking provision in nature against a perverse self-monopoly. Where there is concentrated thought or emotion, as in the philosophic and poetic character, we almost invariably find a gift or love of humor; the play of the mind which is thus insured saves it from morbid excess in a serious direction. Nearly all great writers who appeal strongly to reflection and sentiment have combined humor and pathos. Shakespeare, the best English bards and novelists, the most delicate and intense artists, — Burns, Cowper, Hood, and Lamb, — the most complete and genial men, — Sir Thomas More, Jeremy Taylor, Sydney Smith, — are familiar examples. The grim truth of Hogarth, the trenchant satire of Swift, and the classic precision of Addison, are each modified in the same way. These opposite and alternate elements co-operate to prevent the mischief of unused powers in genius; and where this is not the case, the popular impression is narrowed. Dante, Molière, and Tasso claim less universality; the first from an exclusive and solemn intensity, the second because of the entire absence of the tragic, and the third from the un-



varied chivalry of his strain. Humor is the natural accompaniment of intellectual force, to which it serves as contrast and refreshment. So also when volition is suspended by sleep, or the imagination allowed to act, unused powers assert their neglected claims, and find in dreams and what is called castle-building — *chateaux d'Espagne* — compensation for the denial imposed by routine, voluntary abnegation, or unfavorable circumstances.

Statistics prove that insanity, and especially monomania, has increased in this country in the ratio of its prosperity. The love of gain, political ambition, and religious fanaticism are the predominant moral causes of this melancholy result; and to the over-exercise of the acquisitive propensities and gross neglect of the higher sentiments we can, in the majority of instances, directly trace mental disease. But an illustration of the effect of unused powers is equally manifest in the hypochondriac state of our men of business when they venture upon the hazardous experiment of retiring to enjoy their fortunes. What restless wanderers they become abroad! Unable to fix attention on the resources which European travel opens to cultivated taste and scientific inquiry, they seek excitement in the affectation of the connoisseur, in incessant locomotion or gross material pleasure, all the time pining for the routine of the warehouse or the speculations of the Exchange. The sentiments of reverence and love of beauty, the noble passion for abstract truth, the charms which beguile the naturalist, have been too long repudiated; only the bustle of affairs and the chances of the stock-market represent life to their consciousness; the unused powers of their souls, with the amplest opportunity for exercise, lack the freshness and adaptation which comes only from habit. After all the expedients of the *materia medica* and available hygiene had been exhausted in behalf of an American millionaire, who, at the age of sixty, had safely invested his property, built himself a palatial dwelling, and ensconced himself in a splendid library, to be serene and happy, — and found in his luxurious arrangement, only the leisure which made him aware for the first time that his digestion was not perfect and his nerves unstrung, — the family physician, one morning, told him of an enterprise just

broached whereby a tract of waste land on the outskirts of the city was to be transformed into eligible streets. The languid muscles about the invalid's mouth all at once grew firm, the eye brightened, and the weary brain, so long deprived of its wonted stimulus, was roused to calculations, estimates, speculation. The doctor advised his patient to engage in the new project; and, in a month, he was as cheerful and vigorous as ever.

Society is full of unconscious victims to self-love and want of sympathy. The man who, by study and reflection, makes his mind a kingdom, vainly flatters himself with the idea of his own independence; sooner or later comes from within "the cry of the human"; and scholars crowned with fame, like Madame de Staël, in the desolation of ungratified affections, confess their lives have been a long sigh. Childless women, not obliged to busy themselves with a *menage*, and without strong intellectual proclivities, form a corps of nervous patients, who make fortunes for agreeable physicians and idols of their clergymen. What Byron called "entusymusy" is the safety-valve of their unused powers. How Boone shrunk from the advancing tide of emigration which levelled the forest where his nature found so genial a home; how Audubon, in his last days, pined for the woodland and seashore which his feathered idols haunted; how pathetic the image of Scott, the tear on his manly cheek, because enfeebled nature warned him that his occupation was gone; how sadly Gibbon paced the acacia walk of his garden at Lausanne, when the last line of his long historic labor was written; and how Napoleon, dying in his island prison, raved of the bivouac and the charge! These familiar instances prove how intimately happiness depends on legitimate activity.

"Le bonheur etait là," says La Touch, "sur ce même rocher d'où nous sommes tous deux partis pour le chercher." Thus romance brings us back to the starting-point of reality. The greatest of domestic torments is the man with nothing to do. His unused powers revenge themselves by an *ennui* that disheartens, or a microscopic tyranny that aggravates, his family. We sometimes find taste, method, wisdom, and benevolence in a dwelling, and yet the atmosphere lacks a vital element. Pres-

ently a child appears there, and then those gentler sympathies and tender ministries which its advent calls forth reveal the before unused powers of humanity which caused the shadow and the need. Two friends may abide together in manly confidence, reciprocally stimulate each other's intellects, and cheer the hours of leisure with mutual amity; yet a certain ungracious spirit will generally indicate the want of a womanly presence, whereby harsh attributes are refined, selfishness exorcised, and the noble heart touched to finer issues. The limited and artificial forms of character we encounter are so many fossil results of unused powers. Women become enamelled through the exercise of vanity at the expense of tenderness. Bigots, coquettes, pedants, egotists, demagogues, what are they but confirmed instances of the perverse indulgence of certain natural qualities and the practical repudiation of others? The one-sided and the incomplete abound. The liberal in opinion, which is but another way of describing those who reach a wide circle of truth by the free and varied use of their minds,—the enjoyable in temper, which means those who have broad and active sympathies,—the benign in spirit, which is equivalent to "loving much,"—are what they are by virtue of habitually using all their moral powers. Strong natures invariably seek compensation when external relations forbid this universality of emotion. Witness the memoirs of a girl lately published, whose masculine grasp of life in fiction—of its passions, sins, energy, and triumph—was attained by reaction on an isolated, joyless, and baffled existence. "*Depuis de siècles,*" writes Madame Girardin, "*on se figure, que le bonheur est une grosse pierre qu'il est impossible de trouver, que l'on cherche mais sans esperance. Point du tout; le bonheur c'est une mosaïque composée de mille petites pieces qui, séparément et par elles mêmes ont peu de valeur, mais qui réunies avec art forment un dessin gracieux.*" And the material of this mosaic is as varied as the phases of thought and sentiment, all of which must be contributed towards the perfect result. Unused powers leave blank and cold spaces in the picture.

Even national defects originate chiefly in unused powers. The long civic inertness to which the Italians have been consigned by despotic rule, habitually restraining executive tal-

ents and fostering evasive instincts, has kept in abeyance those faculties which find scope in public duty, and brought into sad relief minute, superficial, and limited views, making intrigue take the place of comprehensive and frank development. The inordinate self-dependence and material activity of our young Western communities, on the other hand, deaden reverence and ideality. We once asked a prosperous emigrant from the East, who in college had given promise of a high and refined intellectuality, what was the result to his nature of ten years' residence in one of those new and flourishing towns of the West. "As regards what is called success," he replied, "my wildest dreams have been more than realized; but when I think what I am now and was when I left New England, I shudder at the eclipse of those mental aspirations which invested consciousness with a kind of prophetic glory." Luxury in France has bred an invincible trust in money, to acquire which the old chivalric tone of the Gallic mind has been subdued to a material level that thrives on *finesse*. What Emerson calls the "pluck" of the English character, by overlaying the sympathetic, has made ungraciously prominent the self-preserving and self-asserting qualities. Give play to manly energy in the Italian, to taste and veneration in the American, to magnanimity and truth in the French, and to humane refinement in the British character, — in a word, call into action their unused powers as a national impulse, and the same complete and grateful charm which we sometimes celebrate in individuals would redeem and glorify a people. Wherever a memorable perfection lingers around a class or nation, an era or a man, we can easily trace it to a generous and harmonious exercise of the soul. Longevity, imperishable trophies, felicitous habitudes, mark the artists of the fifteenth century, because their high calling was no isolated aim, but linked with and inspired by the interests and the sentiment of nationality and religion. Absolute endowments, local beauty, and public sympathy, — all that is loved and honored among men, all that is auspicious to life, both of body and mind, — the sanction of faith, the love of work, the amenities of clime and society, — all conspired to evoke and to celebrate the triumphs and the toils of Art. Grecian civ-

ilization is in this respect an immortal precedent. There muscle and mind, the form and the intuitions of man, the athlete, the statue, the language, seminal principles of government, philosophy, art, discipline, simultaneously exemplified the wisdom, the health, and the beauty of exercising all the powers; and had the Beatitudes raised the moral and religious to the plane attained by the intellectual and physical, this highest of ancient civilizations would not have collapsed through unused powers,—those holiest of all powers which are fostered and conserved by Christianity. How many grand interests—maritime discovery kindling the imagination, national growth awakening patriotism, dawning science quickening intellect, prowess and passion incited by free and earnest social conditions—united to awaken the genius and enrich the manhood of England in Elizabeth's age! There was a call upon all the powers, and large natures could scarcely avoid their use. Bacon was not only a chancellor, but a philosopher and an essayist; Raleigh was not only an admiral, but a statesman and an annalist; Sidney not only wielded a sword, but struck a lyre; and, as if to mirror in one broad and eternal picture the wide activity and universal humanity then projected into coming time, Shakespeare unfolded in the drama all the experience that life includes, and all the powers it enlists and illustrates.

The degrees of civilization may, indeed, be fairly tested by the residuum of unused powers; the inactivity of the provident instincts sealed the fate of the aborigines of this continent when their vast hunting-grounds were invaded by the Anglo-Saxons. Art and domestic economy have been stationary for ages in China, because imitation supersedes invention, and the sense of beauty is so utterly unused that discordant sounds and grotesque forms and costumes are national. The neglect of forethought makes whole classes of people vagabonds in the midst of highly civilized lands: witness the Irish, the Italian *lazzaroni*, and the Gypsies, once so common in England. Isolation and antagonism, by destroying confidence, have identified the very name of Jew with self-interest and extortion; and the proverbial spirit of intrigue in the old Venetian character sprang from the repudiation of

all candor in their political system. It is proverbial in Palermo that the most copious gossip is dispensed at the convent-grates, a natural reaction from a life of seclusion from the world to minute and incessant curiosity about its most frivolous doings. The rise of Methodism in England was nothing more than the spontaneous outbreak of natural religious feeling long unused, by reason of the conventional pressure of an established ceremonial; and the astonishing spread of what is called "Spiritualism" in this country is one of those inevitable protests consequent upon the neglected powers of human nature, — a protest against that life-long bondage to material interests which keeps unused, in so many hearts, the conscious, earnest, and personal instinct of spiritual affinities. Christianity itself is the divine appeal to what is highest and most sacred in man; and it is because self-denial, benevolence, love, and faith are powers unused in comparison with the selfish and the lower instincts, that there exists a moral necessity for the unremitted invocation of these uncherished endowments through nature and art, the discipline of life, and the hope of immortality. The venerable in architecture, the beautiful in painting, the impressive in music, the convincing in books, and the eloquent in speech, — the English cathedral, the Italian Holy Family, the German oratorio, the Tyrolese hospice, the Alpine cross, — Savonarola, St. Augustine, Fénelon, Luther, Jeremy Taylor, Chalmers, and Channing, — all religious art, charities, and oratory, for ever appeal to powers whose use is liable to be forestalled and overshadowed by material and worldly encroachment.

Kings are proverbially unobservant, from the lives of etiquette and conventionalism which they lead; and from this one unused power have resulted the most bloody revolutions. Louis the Sixteenth and James of England were thus unacquainted with the exigencies of their times and the spirit of the age and people against which they fatally contended; while the Czar Peter almost created a nation by virtue of the intrepid and patient exercise of perception and will. "Each individual," we are told by a German writer, "bears with him in his bodily form and mental capacity that symmetry which he is ultimately to attain through self-development."

"Habit," says the author of the work named at the head of this article, "is the vital force which enables life to maintain itself and slowly assimilate foreign elements." These two cardinal truths involve an invincible argument against unused powers. To exercise all our faculties, and thus attain a symmetrical habitude of soul, is the philosophy of life. Art and nature, society and truth, love and beauty, are set before us; but the assimilation of these is a process more or less dependent on the will. Unfortunately, systems of education are not based upon the individuality of the soul, and its special powers often remain unused during that arbitrary ordeal, to break forth into jubilant and effective action when the privilege of self-control is obtained. Probably there are few persons of sensibility and intelligence who, in the early period of their lives, have not heartily responded to the enthusiasm of the favorite English poets who have sung the pleasures of Hope, Imagination, and Memory; and yet to how many of them are the qualities thus happily celebrated, in a greater or less degree, unused powers! The ambitious man, like Cassius, "hears no music"; the avaricious, like Shylock, loves his ducats more than his daughter; the contemplative, with Hamlet, loses in thought "the name of action"; the practical scorns fanciful delights; and the misanthropic has no hope. The "mental serenity which forms the protection and safety of our being" is the result of an equilibrium of forces, a harmonized activity; it is, in the last analysis, the "peace which the world can neither give nor take away," — impossible to those who perversely cling to one idea, obey a singular order of instincts, confine sympathy and effort to a narrow aim, disobey the great edict of God, of nature, and humanity, and rob life of its fruit and its consecration, by unused powers.

## ART. II. — THE HINDOOS.

1. *Institutes of Menu*. Translated by SIR WILLIAM JONES. Jones's Works, Vols. VII. and VIII. London. 1807. — *Hitopadesa*. Ibid., Vol. XIII. — *Extracts from Vedas*. Ibid., Vol. XIII. 367.
2. *Asiatic Researches* Vols. I. — VIII. Colebrooke's Essays.
3. *History of India*. By the HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE. Second Edition. London. 1843. 2 vols.
4. *Central India*. By SIR JOHN MALCOLM. Third Edition. London. 1832. 2 vols.

For the present, the Hindoos have lost their good name. Bitter maledictions from the English they have earned, and are receiving, and will continue to receive for some time to come. Americans, more distant and less interested, though startled at first by their atrocious audacity, are sooner ready to put on the philosopher and inquire what manner of men these are who have acted so. Our estimate of the "gentle Hindoos," having received a shock, calls for re-adjustment. We used to hear that they were gentle even to effeminacy, submissive even to servility, cowardly save when marshalled on by European discipline and bravery; that their feeling of nationality was lost, their religion dying out; that they were good for little but to nurse children, and pull punkas, and pay taxes. To govern them was growing into holiday work; to live among them, and be waited on by them so assiduously and politely, was coming, more and more, to be paradise. The swift events of a few months have taught the world how superficial were these judgments.

In our last number we have shown that in sympathy and admiration for their English rulers we are not wanting. We shall try now to show that we have sympathy and admiration left for the Hindoos themselves. God forbid that we should excuse their barbarous cruelties. God forbid, too, that we should give way to that thirst for vengeance, "that actual longing for slaughter," which is now said — with great exaggeration, we hope — to fill the heart of every Englishman in India.\* No doubt it is maddening to think of "delicate,

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\* Blackwood's Magazine, November, p. 607.



refined women, women they had known, had laughed with, danced with, perhaps wept with, dying such deaths by such hands." But it was maddening too to the Hindoos to think of the wrongs and insults of ages; their religion threatened, their race despised, their caste outraged. The hour had struck. It was time at last to lift up the terrible sword of Hinduism, — time to make thorough work. A century of insolence was enough. Now for the dire reckoning. Never more let red-coated Englishmen presume to lead the Rajpoots to battle. Let Feringee women and children look never again upon the Ganges. Terrified and dishonored, let the whole hated race for ever depart! Root and branch, exterminate all! And if in this outburst of fury and frenzy deeds were done which humanity will strive in vain to forget, let it be considered that all the mutineers were not thus devilish, — probably not one in ten, perhaps not one in a hundred. The many were patriots and heroes; only the few were scoundrels. Let it be remembered that all our reports of the massacres come through an interested medium, which, however high-minded, is not above mistake and prejudice. The Hindoo side we have not heard, and may never hear. Already even the English reports are assuming a more moderate tone. "The first accounts reported all killed, but many were saved by the faithfulness of their servants and syces." It is a relief to hear the reporter pause in his detail of suffering and crime to add, "Yet, often, what consideration and what kindness!" and again, "Hundreds of natives, Brahmins, fakeers, rajahs, zemindars, high and low, took pity on the outcasts, gave them food and clothing, hid them in their houses, and guided them on their way, when the detection of such care for the lives of the hated foreigners would have cost them their own." Still, after full allowance is made for mistake and exaggeration, for passion and prejudice, on the one side and on the other, the cruelties of these mutineers will leave upon Mohammedan and Hindoo character an ineffaceable stain. But where, since the world began, has there been nation or people whose history is not occasionally darkened by ineffaceable stains? Not above all others are these men sinners. Even for their sake, as well as for the sake of England and the general good, we rejoice

in the fall of Delhi and their ruined hopes. Our Hindoo sympathy goes out in quite other directions than against the best government they have ever had.

Having looked upon the dark side of Hindoo character, it is but just that we inquire after their virtues also. We shall find our account in it. They are no commonplace people. Whatever we may have supposed, tameness and mediocrity are not their characteristics. Much that has been said of their lying, their treachery, their monstrous superstition, their bondage to the past, their cheating, their flattery so exquisitely refined, their childish timidity at times, is true, but only a small part of the truth, and therefore error when taken alone. It is a poor way to judge of men, to fix upon two or three of our favorite virtues, and then admit into our synagogue only those who are strong in these few points; it misleads us as much to adopt from some coterie, or community, or sect, a set of rules concerning this or that fault or vice which we are free from, or think ourselves to be, and then make sweeping inferences against all nonconformity to this contracted standard. This narrowness is always leading us astray. It makes the Frenchman underrate the Englishman, and the Englishman underrate the Frenchman, and both undervalue the American, and all three misunderstand the German, the Italian, the Hindoo. It is difficult to judge of individuals, much more of nations, however great our opportunities of knowing them. We shall not presume, then, to decide upon the character of Hinduism from our personal impressions, nor from the isolated authority of this and that competent observer and thinker, but from as wide a circle of evidence of all sorts as we can collect. Even in India, "Englishmen," says Elphinstone, "have less opportunity than might be expected of forming opinions of the native character. In England few know much of the people beyond their own class, and what they do know they learn from newspapers and other publications, which do not exist in India. We know nothing of the interior of families but by report. Missionaries of a different religion, judges, police magistrates, officers of revenue or customs, and even diplomatists, do not see the most virtuous portions of a nation, nor any portion

unless when influenced by passion or occupied by some personal interest. What we do see, we judge by our own standard. Those who have known the Indians longest, have always the best opinion of them." We sing, and forget, that man is a "harp of thousand strings," on all of which the Hindoos may have learned to play, in their four or five thousand years of civilization, none surpassing them in drawing out music from these manifold and mysterious strings, to charm both devils and angels. We call the Hindoos effeminate, and some of them are; \* their scale of human nature extending from the weakness of the weakest woman to the strength of the manliest man. This breadth and fineness of organization has its advantages. If in one direction it leads to littleness and vice, in another it makes them the best of all nurses, tender, patient, watchful, self-denying, unsurpassed save by Florence Nightingale; while in another direction, where a sublime combination is called for, of religiousness, patriotism, and military heroism, it makes them rivals of Joan of Arc and the Chevalier Bayard. Nowhere, indeed, so well as in studying the Rajpoots, men and women, can we learn to understand and appreciate that wonder and glory of France, the Maid of Orleans. An age which at times has gone mad after Napoleon, notwithstanding his prodigious faults, ought not to withhold its admiration from the Hindoos. For a regiment of Rajpoots is a regiment of Napoleons; and, with a scientific Napoleon to lead them, could march through the world. Of all soldiers they are the most rapid on the march, especially when marching to battle. The Mahrattas seemed to fly on the wings of the wind from one side of the peninsula to the

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\* "I had heard all my life of the gentle and timid Hindoos, patient under injuries, servile to their superiors. Now this is doubtless to a certain extent true of the Bengalees, and there are a great many people in Calcutta who maintain that all the nations of India are alike; but on entering Hindustan, properly so called, I was struck and surprised to find a people equal in stature and strength to the average of European nations, despising rice and rice-eaters, feeding on wheat and barley bread, exhibiting in their appearance, conversation, and habits of life, a grave, proud, and decidedly a martial character, accustomed universally to the use of arms and athletic exercises from their cradles, and preferring very greatly military service to any other means of livelihood. . . . So idle is it to ascribe uniformity of character to the inhabitants of a country so extensive, and subdivided by so many almost impassable tracts of mountain and jungle." — Heber's *Travels in India*, Vol. II. p. 288.

other. Hyder Ali and his men came down upon the Carnatic with such desolating swiftness as only the language of Burke could describe. Clive and Hastings learned of the Hindoos their despatch and versatility and persistence, as well as their craftiness. Those who have been borne onward hour after hour in palanquins, on Hindoo shoulders, with the same unfaltering half-trot, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, have seen something of their speed and endurance. They can work and hold out, when they have a motive, with the least possible food. They know them not who think them indolent and imbecile. Some Englishman has said: "The French are excellent soldiers, but they found their match in the Rajpoots." Bonaparte used depreciatingly to call Wellington the "Sepoy general," because he had learned the art of war in India. The Sepoy general showed he had been to a good school. Perhaps the English slowness and insularity of Wellington were quickened by Hindoo insight and versatility to enable him on one side to face Napoleon, and on another O'Connell and the Pope. Macaulay did not fully magnetize *all* readers of the English language till he had lived in India and baptized himself in Hindoo poetry and enthusiasm. His papers on Clive and Hastings, written on the Ganges, are Anglo-Indian poems. It is a peculiarity of the Hindoos, that they readily take on all the efficiency imparted by the military discipline of Europe, without being turned into machines. They retain their individuality, which, on occasion, is a tower of strength. Clive was the first Englishman to perceive the soldierly qualities of the Hindoos, though he took the hint from the French. It was to him an inspiration, and grandly he turned it to account. He appreciated and loved his incomparable Hindoos; they understood and worshipped their immortal leader. Hence the wonders they wrought. On one occasion, when besieged, and when provisions fell short, the Sepoys brought to Clive all their rice, saying that the English required good food, but they could live on the water poured from the rice, on anything or nothing. Before the revolt, Englishmen were pleased and proud to repeat this anecdote. Their indignation over, their manliness and justice will return; and they will repeat it again, gratefully and

proudly as ever. History must not immortalize Clive and forget his Hindoos.

We count it in Christendom a great thing to die well. Hence our stanchest theologians have been inclined to claim Socrates as almost a Christian. But in the virtue of dying none have ever surpassed the Hindoos. To see the calmness and dignity and beauty with which these Hindoos die, men and women, on the funeral pile, or bound to the cannon's mouth, one would think the spirit of saints and heroes were a common endowment in Hindustan. These very mutineers, when condemned to be blown away from the mouths of cannon, — to the Hindoos the most dreadful of deaths, as it makes it impossible for friends, after the commingling of so many fragments of Hindoos and Mohammedans, heads, legs, and arms all mixed together, to identify the body for the last sacred rites, — have so met their fate as to call forth the admiration of their inexorable enemies. "They certainly," says a stern eyewitness, "died like men." After the first ten had been thus blown into fragments, "the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns calmly, without moving a muscle or showing the least signs of fear. Whence had these men this strength? Their religion, bad as it is, befriends them well in the hour of death; it teaches them the great lesson how to die." As a companion to this picture, but still more instructive, and very touching, we give from Elphinstone the following:—

"The sight of a widow burning is a most painful one; but it is hard to say whether the spectator is most affected by pity or admiration. The more than human serenity of the victim, and the respect she receives from those around her, are heightened by her gentle demeanor, and her care to omit nothing in distributing her last presents and paying the usual marks of courtesy to the by-standers. The reflections which succeed are of a different character, and one is humiliated to think that so feeble a being can be elevated by superstition to a self-devotion not surpassed by the noblest examples of patriots and martyrs." — Vol. I. p. 367.

Not on great and rare occasions only are the Hindoos estimable. In Calcutta, Bombay, and other large towns, where Europeans commonly see them, their good qualities are sel-

dom brought out, their bad ones often. Towards foreigners, whom they look upon as hostile to their race and their religion, as Modern Greeks look upon the Turks, and as Irish Catholics regard Englishmen and Americans, they think it rather a virtue to be deceitful; but towards each other, and especially in the interior, among the cultivators of the soil, they are represented by those who know them best as a simple, honest, truth-telling people. Colonel Sleeman, than whom no one has had better opportunities or superior qualifications for understanding them, says, "I believe that as little falsehood is spoken by the people of India in their village communities, as in any other part of the world." His chapter on veracity, with nothing of the form, but everything of the reality, of profound philosophy, is worthy of careful study. We commend to the thoughtful this extract:—

"In India we find strict veracity most prevalent among the wildest and half-savage tribes, and among the same men we find cattle-stealing most common. I asked a native gentleman of the plains, what made the people of the woods more disposed to speak the truth than those more civilized. 'They have not yet learned the value of a lie,' said he, with the greatest simplicity and sincerity, for he was a very honest and plain-spoken man."—*Rambles of an Indian Official*, Vol. II. p. 109.

The impartial observer will find everywhere both more deception and more truthfulness than common opinion recognizes. Strict veracity is rare. One man is truthful in one direction, another in another. Whatever the Americans and English may think, there is among the French as much veracity as among themselves. The French deceive about different things,—that is the difference. Speaking in more general terms of the character and condition of the ryots of India, Colonel Sleeman bears this testimony:—

"I am much attached to the agricultural classes of India generally, and I have found among them some of the best men I have ever known. The peasantry in India have generally very good manners, and are exceedingly intelligent, from having so much more leisure and unreserved and easy intercourse with those above them. . . . Nine tenths of the immediate cultivators of the soil are little farmers, who hold a lease, for one or more years, of their lands, which they cultivate with their own stock. One of these cultivators, with a good plough and bullocks,

and a good character, can always get good lands on reasonable terms from holders of the villages [holders of lands belonging to the villages].” — Vol. I. pp. 76, 77.

From Elphinstone again, whose opportunities and qualifications were also of the highest order, — one of those large-minded and large-hearted Englishmen so often met with in India, whose wide acquaintance, for many years, with various races, languages, customs, opinions, virtues, civilizations, has taught him comprehensiveness,\* — we quote as follows: —

“The condition of the country people is not, in general, prosperous. They are improvident and in debt. Violence of all sorts is extremely rare, drunkenness scarcely known, and on the whole they are remarkably quiet, well-behaved, and, for their circumstances, happy and contented. The husbandman rises with the earliest dawn, washes, and says a prayer; then sets out with his cattle to his distant field. After an hour or two, he eats some remnants of his yesterday’s fare for breakfast, goes on with his labor till noon, when his wife brings out his hot dinner; he eats it by a brook or under a tree, talks and sleeps till two o’clock, while his cattle also feed and repose. From two till sunset he labors again, then drives his cattle home, feeds them, bathes, eats some supper, smokes, and spends the rest of the evening with his wife and children, or his neighbors. The women fetch water grind the corn, cook, and do the household work, besides spinning and such occupations.” (Vol. I. p. 335.) “The most prominent vice of the Hindoos is want of veracity.” (Ib. 378.) “The villagers are everywhere an inoffensive, amiable people, affectionate to their families, kind to their neighbors; and, towards all but the government, honest and sincere.” (Ib. 383.) “The townspeople are of a more mixed character, but they are quiet and orderly. On

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\* Bishop Heber more than sanctions the good opinion we have expressed of Elphinstone. We abridge two or three sentences from as many pages. *Vide* Vol. II. pp. 166 – 168, and, in a letter, p. 300. Mr. Elphinstone was at the time Governor of Bombay. “Mr. Elphinstone is, in every respect, an extraordinary man, of almost universal information, of most amiable and interesting character. He has seen more of India and the adjoining countries than any man now living, has been engaged in active political and sometimes military duties since the age of eighteen, and has found time, not only to cultivate the languages of Hindustan and Persia, but to preserve and extend his knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, with the French and Italian, with all the elder and more distinguished English writers, and with the current literature of the day, in poetry, history, politics, and political economy.” He defends him from the charge some writer had brought against him of being “devoid of religion.”

the whole, if we except those connected with the government, they will bear a fair comparison with the people of towns in England; among our laboring classes there are many to whom no parallel could be found in India; but, on the other hand, there is no set of people among the Hindoos so depraved as the dregs of our great towns." (Ib. 384.) "The Thugs and Decoits are the worst criminals in the world; but after all, the mass of crime in India (Thugs and Decoits included) is less than in England." (Ib. 385.) "Europeans sleep with every door in the house open, and scarcely anything is locked up against servants." (Ib. 386.)

There are a few inconsistencies in these reports, enough to show that the writers are drawing from observation, and not giving mere theories. A writer in Vol. XII., for 1849, of the *Calcutta Review*, looking at the subject from the English and Christian point of view, sometimes showing "Evangelical" preferences, says:—

"We are bound to state plainly and honestly our own impression, that, unless there had been a root of truth and good feeling in the original Hinduism, it could not have lasted to our day as a living system. The Great Ruler has seen it proper that these millions should not be left wholly without light." (p. 386.) "The Hindoos, generally speaking, in regard to moral conduct—apart from doctrinal considerations altogether—have shown themselves a highly estimable people. As fathers, husbands, masters, and even as neighbors, we may indeed challenge comparison between them and the mass of those who have had the advantage of European civilization. We find, in short, in the Hindoos, that harmonious coherence of domestic relationship, which we usually connect with religious obligation. There is that which demonstrates a root of good, amidst much that is faulty and false; and convictions of singular potency, binding in a complete yet harmoniously working polity millions of people, for thousands of years." (p. 387.)

In making up our opinion on this subject, we must not overlook Mill, the eminent historian of India, who paints a very dark picture of the Hindoos. He is an able, honest, fearless writer, of great understanding and small imagination, an acute and just, but not a generous and many-sided critic. A disciple of Bentham, and more of a utilitarian than even his master, he was offended, and with some reason, at the rhetorical praises of the Hindoos and other Asiatics in which Sir William Jones sometimes too freely indulged, and was natu-



rally driven to the other extreme. He has been censured for speaking so confidently against the Orientalists, when he himself had not had their opportunities for personal observation. Indeed, with singular logic, he claims it as an advantage of his over the Orientalists, that he had not been in India. But living in India would not have changed his unfavorable opinion, might only have confirmed it. He was too little of a poet, too exclusively a logician, to appreciate and measure Hinduism in all its dimensions. His history, notwithstanding this defect, is of great value, and better than a monument of brass to his memory. Many of the authorities quoted by him to sustain his positions are Catholic and Protestant missionaries,—men who went to India with a picture before their minds of Juggernaut and all manner of hideous idolatry, and who kept their eyes too closely to that one view,—correct enough so far as it went, but by no means the whole of Hinduism, its mint, anise, and cumin only. On the other and brighter side of the Hindoo question, we have a list of great names, Orientalists or old Indians, or both, such as Jones, Colebrooke, Malcolm, Elphinstone, Munro, Sleeman, Wilson. Still, in reading them we shall do well not to forget Mill and the missionaries, just as one who would know America should read Hall and Trollope, as well as De Tocqueville, Chevalier, Von Raumer, and Gurowski. Bishop Heber sometimes speaks of the Hindoos favorably, at other times the reverse is true, though on the whole his judgment is favorable.

“Their general character is extremely pleasing to me: they are brave, courteous, intelligent, and most eager after knowledge and improvement, with a remarkable talent for the sciences of geometry, astronomy, &c., and for the arts of painting and sculpture.” (Heber’s *Life*, &c., Vol. II. p. 310.) “To say they are deficient in any essential feature of a civilized people, is an assertion I can scarcely suppose to be made by any who have lived with them. Their manners are at least as pleasing and courteous as those in corresponding stations of life among ourselves; their houses are larger, as convenient as ours according to their wants and climate; their architecture at least as elegant.” (Ib. 289.) “I really never have met with a race whose standard of morality is so low, who feel so little apparent shame on being detected in a falsehood, or so little interest in the sufferings of a neighbor, not of their own caste or family; whose ordinary conversation is so licentious.” (Ib. 292.)

This last extract, so severe upon the natives, was written only five months after he arrived in India, and before he could have learned much of the people except from hearsay. He could not yet have known enough of any Indian language to judge as to the "licentiousness of ordinary conversation." We have looked through many Missionary Reports, but find nothing bearing directly on this point except the following, — sufficiently condemnatory certainly, — from the Report of the American Missionary Seminary, Ceylon, 1833: —

"The truth is, the Hindoos are generally *unprincipled*. The moral precepts, such as they are, of their sacred books, are without sanctions. Children are early taught to deceive, to lie, to swear, to be impure; and as they grow up, they increase in the knowledge and practice of vices which cannot be named. The country is not only filled with licentiousness, but with theft, forgery, perjury, conspiracy of one against another, oppression of the poor by the rich, and the murder — generally before birth — of illegitimate offspring." "Their only rule of right and wrong is expediency." \*

Our idea of the character of the Hindoos is so much more favorable than the popular notion, that we feel bound to fortify it by authorities sufficient to convince all candid minds, even at the risk of weariness to the reader. Sir John Malcolm well deserves to be heard: —

"I do not know the example of any great population, in similar cir-

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\* In contrast with the above, we quote from "Recollections of Northern India, by Rev. William Buyers, Missionary at Benares" (8vo, London, 1848): "However defective the standard of morality in India, it is not so low as some have imagined. . . . There is scarcely anything that would be regarded as a crime in England, that would not be regarded in the same light in India. Murder, theft, falsehood, hatred, strife, adultery, slander, &c., are universally condemned as sinful and deserving of punishment, while, on the other hand, benevolence, temperance, humility, truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, charity, obedience to parents, are inculcated by Hindoo moralists as well as by Christian, and the strict performance of all the duties arising out of these virtues is as much approved by the general sentiments of the people of India, as by those of the people of England." (p. 412.) This writer is an Orthodox Baptist, we believe. He further says, on the same page: "India perhaps is the only country where metaphysical speculations about the abstract nature of virtue and vice were ever prevalent among the common people. The Hindoos are exceedingly addicted to such speculations; but of all the hundreds of Brahmins and others with whom I have discussed such subjects in public, I never met one who did not acknowledge in private, that, after all, the distinction between virtue and vice was of an essential nature."

cumstances, preserving, through such a period of changes and tyrannical rule, so much of virtue and so many good qualities as are to be found in a great proportion of the inhabitants of this country. This is to be accounted for, in some degree, by the institutions of the *Hindoos*, particularly that of caste, which appears to have raised them to their present rank in human society at a very remote period; but it certainly tended to keep them stationary at that point of civil order to which they were thus early advanced. With a just admiration of the effects of many of their institutions, particularly those parts of them which cause in vast classes not merely an absence of the common vices of theft, drunkenness, and violence, but preserve all the virtuous ties of family and kindred relations, we must all deplore some of their usages and weak superstitions; but what individuals or what races of men are without great and manifold errors and imperfections?" "I have seen and heard much of our boasted advantages over them, but cannot think that, if all the ranks of the different communities of Europe and India are comparatively viewed, there is just ground for any very arrogant feeling on the part of the inhabitants of the former." — *Central India*, Vol. II. pp. 440, 438.

We next quote from the *Institutes of Menu*, one of the most valuable sacred books of the *Hindoos*, written about the age of the *Pentateuch* probably.

"Let not a man be querulous, even though in pain; let him not injure another in deed or in thought; let him not even utter a word by which his fellow-creature may suffer uneasiness; since that will obstruct his own progress to future beatitude." (Chap. II. 161.) "Let him not, from a selfish appetite, be strongly addicted to any sensual gratification; let him, by improving his intellect, studiously preclude an excessive attachment to such pleasures, even though lawful." (Chap. IV. 16.) "Let him pass through this life, bringing his apparel, his discourse, and his frame of mind to a conformity with his age, his occupations, his property, his divine knowledge, and his family." (Ib. 18.) "Gifts must be made by each housekeeper, as far as he has ability, to religious mendicants, though heterodox." (Ib. 32.) "He who receives a present from an avaricious king and a transgressor of the sacred ordinances, goes in succession to the following twenty-one hells: Tamisra, Naraca, [&c., &c. to] Lohangaraca, or the pit of red-hot charcoal." (Ib. 87 – 90.) "Let him not give even temporal advice to a Sudra." (Ib. 80.) "Let him not insult those who want a limb, who are unlearned, who are advanced in age, who have no beauty, who have no wealth, or who are of an ignoble race." (Ib. 141.) "Denial of a future state, neglect of the scrip-

tures, contempt of the deities, envy and hatred, vanity and pride, wrath and severity, let him at all times avoid." (Ib. 163.) "Even here below an unjust man attains no felicity; nor he whose wealth proceeds from giving false evidence. Though oppressed by penury in consequence of his righteous dealings, let him never give his mind to unrighteousness. Iniquity committed in this world produces not fruit immediately, but, like the earth, in due season; and advancing by little and little, it eradicates the man. Let a man continually take pleasure in truth, in justice, in laudable practices, and in purity; let him chastise those whom he may chastise in a legal mode, let him keep in subjection his speech, his arm, and his appetite. Wealth and pleasures repugnant to law let him shun; and even lawful acts which may cause future pain, or be offensive to mankind." (Ib. 170–176.) "Let no man, having committed sin, perform a penance, under the pretext of austere devotion, disguising his crime under fictitious religion. Such impostors, though Brahmins, are despised in the next life and in this. A wise man should constantly discharge all the moral duties, though he perform not constantly the ceremonies of religion." (Ib. 198, 199, 204.) "Let him reflect, with exclusive application of mind, on the subtle indivisible essence of the Supreme Spirit, and its complete existence in all beings, whether extremely high or extremely low. Let him observe the progress of this internal spirit through various bodies, high and low [transmigration]. By meditating on the intimate union of his own soul and the divine essence, let him extinguish all qualities repugnant to the nature of God. He who fully understands the perpetual omnipresence of God, can be led no more captive by criminal acts; but he who possesses not that sublime knowledge, shall wander again through the world." (Chap. VI. 65, 72–74.) "No man who is ignorant of the Supreme Spirit can gather the fruit of mere ceremonial acts." (Ib. 82.) "Content, returning good for evil, resistance to sensual appetites, abstinence from illicit gain, purification, coercion of the organs, knowledge of scripture, knowledge of the Supreme Spirit, veracity, and freedom from wrath, form their [the Brahmins'] tenfold system of duties." (Ib. 92.)

Deserving of special attention is the following noble recognition of conscience and man's higher nature:—

"The soul itself is its own witness; the soul itself is its own refuge: offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of men! The sinful have said in their hearts, 'None sees us.' Yes, the gods distinctly see them, and so does the spirit within their breasts. O friend to virtue, that supreme spirit which thou believest one and the same

with thyself resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness or of thy wickedness." (Chap. VIII. 84, 85, 91.)

Intermingled with the passages we are quoting is a good deal that is unimportant, considerable that is frivolous, some things that are objectionable (of which the worst is contempt for Sudras), and a little that is directly inconsistent with these elevated moral and spiritual ideas. To the Hindoo, however, there is of course no difficulty in explaining away those things that are unreasonable or objectionable. As we aim in these citations to show not merely the moral ideas of the Hindoos, but also to illustrate the manners and life of the people, and the degree and kind of civilization they had reached in the ninth century before Christ, we make such quotations as the following:—

"Much frequented places, cisterns of water, bake-houses, lodgings of harlots, taverns and victualling-shops, squares where four ways meet, large well-known trees, assemblies, public spectacles; old court-yards, thickets, the houses of artists, empty mansions, groves, and gardens;—these and the like places let the king guard for the prevention of robberies, with soldiers both stationary and patrolling, as well as with secret watchmen." (Chap. IX. 264–266.) "All physicians and surgeons acting unskilfully in their several professions must pay for injury to brute animals the lowest, but for human injury to creatures the middle, amercement." (Ib. 284.)

Returning now to Chap. I.:—

"Immemorial custom is transcendent law, approved in the sacred scripture and in the codes of divine legislators. Thus have holy sages, well knowing that law is grounded on immemorial custom, embraced, as the root of all piety, good usages, long established." (Chap. I. 108, 110.) "All the titles of law promulgated by Menu, and occasionally the customs of different countries, different tribes and families, with rules concerning heretics and companies of traders, are discussed in this code." (Ib. 118.)

From the repeated mention of heretics, it appears that they were common, and that the Hindoos in ancient times understood and appreciated, more or less, the principles of toleration, as they certainly do in modern times beyond any other people. There is evidence throughout the *Laws of Menu*

that the work is a Brahminic production, from the manifest partiality shown to the Brahmins. As proof of this, we need only adduce the following absurdity : —

“Let not the king, although in the greatest distress for money, provoke Brahmins to anger by taking their property ; for they, once enraged, could immediately by sacrifices and imprecations destroy him, with his troops, elephants, horses, and cars. What prince could gain wealth by oppressing those who, if angry, could form other worlds and regents of worlds, could give being to new gods and mortals?” (Chap. IX. 315, 316.)

An enormous pretension, quite overtopping the claims of the popes, though at times a salutary check on the despotism of kings by affording a nucleus for popular resistance. But the power of the Brahmins, however outrageous in theory, is a different thing in practice. It wants centralized and efficient organization, and its claims, therefore, cannot always be carried out. It is the power of tradition and opinion, resembling more the authority of the pulpit in America than the priestly power in Italy ; yet differing in some respects widely from both. The attentive reader of our few extracts from Menu will notice that they indicate an old and long established civilization, — so old that even then the eye was turned habitually to the past, — very different from the young and growing civilization of the Hebrews. Customs had long since crystallized into fixed forms. It is a closely compacted society, ruled by mind, and not by force. Hindoo society in the time of Menu must have been as old, at least, as Egyptian society in the time of Moses ; and of more value and more firmly established. In studying the Hindoos, then, we are studying the remotest past, the oldest people in the world, (the Chinese may be as old, but are too different from us in language, in everything, to come into a comparison like the present,) a petrified civilization, “a living monument, the one surviving ruin of another state of man.” Every Hindoo, from the rajah to the ryot, if we will but study him as attentively as we do the hieroglyphs of Egypt, will tell us more of the primeval world than the monuments of Thebes or the marbles of Nineveh. Not that we suppose any connections — or at most anything more than partial influences — between the civiliza-

tions of the Ganges, the Euphrates, and the Nile ; but there are interesting analogies between these three indigenous civilizations, and also between the four partially derived and about equally valuable civilizations of the Arabians, the Hebrews, the Phœnicians, and the Persians.

One more illustration we must give of the moral ideas of the Hindoos, from the *Hitopadesa*, translated by Sir William Jones, and called by him "the most beautiful collection of apologues in the world." As a literary production, it is superior to the *Institutes of Menu*, and not inferior in moral, religious, and political wisdom. The reader of it is reminded sometimes of our *Book of Proverbs*, sometimes of *Æsop*, sometimes of *Molière*. It is ancient, but some centuries later than *Menu*, and would seem to indicate progress, — certainly in literature. It was first translated from the Sanscrit in the sixth century of our era, and is "extant under various names in more than twenty languages." Whether the good opinion of the great Orientalist is justified, the reader shall judge from a few extracts out of the many we have marked. In these selections, thrown together without order, most of the beauty is lost, and all of the liveliness ; but the dignity, purity, and honorable sense of self-respect appear even in these loose stones from a princely palace.

"The time of the wise is passed in the delights of poetry ; that of the foolish, in vice, in idleness, or in quarrelling. The moon is a friend to the night-flowers worshipping God. A man who meets no peril sees no good things. Circumspection in calamity ; mercy in greatness ; in assemblies, good speeches ; in adversity, fortitude ; in fame, resolution to preserve it ; assiduity in studying the scriptures ; — these are the self-attained perfections of great souls. A virtuous man should abandon both riches and life for the sake of others. May the greatness of the noble-minded of my tribe, my state, my countrymen, ever accompany me. The good are indulgent to ignorant minds, as the moon withdraws not her light from the mansions of a chandal [a man of the lowest caste]. He who bears no depraved passion, suffers all things patiently, and gives equal protection to all, surely rises to heaven. To a man of a noble disposition, the whole earth is related. How great a duty is it to take a tender care of our souls ! Let a man desert his native city for the sake of his country ; and the whole world, for the sake of his whole soul. What a rich man gives and what he consumes, that

is his real wealth. Many who read the scriptures are grossly ignorant; but he who acts well is a truly learned man. Pains and pleasures revolve like a wheel. The goddess of prosperity hastens to inhabit the mansion of that brave man who lives contented, despatches his business, knows the difference of actions, is able to bear misfortunes, and is firm in friendship." (Book I.) "Riches not employed are of no use. Suffer no day to pass unfruitful in charity, study, and good works. He who points out the good he has done, snatches every merit away. That is a good action which is well intended. He is a man who is not subdued by his senses." (Book II.) "An ambassador, though a barbarian, must not be slain. A small army, if excellent, is a great one. A true hero speaks gently, boasts not of himself, is liberal, and no respecter of persons. In this world, broken with the motion of waves, life should be virtuously sacrificed for the benefit of others." (Book III.) "Providence is certainly the giver of wealth and poverty; let a man, therefore, meditate first of all on Providence; but not so as to prevent his own exertions. The acts of the virtuous are demonstrated by their fruits. Whether this person be of my tribe, or of another, is a consideration of the narrow-minded; but that of the great-minded is to hold all the world related to them. He is truly wise who considers another's wife as his mother, another's gold as mere clay, and all other creatures as himself. Who would act unjustly for the sake of a body which either to-day or to-morrow may be destroyed by anxiety or disease? Truth will outweigh a thousand sacrifices." (Book IV.)

It is a curious inquiry, and deserving more attention than it has received, what has enabled Hinduism to outlast all other civilizations. One cause, we think, may be found in the Hindoo village system, so admirably contrived to resist the devastations of conquest and the changes of empire. References to these most ancient and enduring communities are made by several English writers, but only incidentally, and never with the fulness and particularity required.\* Some

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\* "Every village is a separate community or township, and has its own establishment of public officers and tradesmen. Under this simple form of municipal government the inhabitants have lived from time immemorial. They give themselves no trouble about the breaking up and division of kingdoms; while the village remains entire, they care not to what power it is transferred; its internal economy remains unchanged. However they may be scattered by the desolation of war, their affections still centre in one common and cherished spot; insomuch that in 1817, as mentioned by Sir John Malcolm, when peace was established in Central India, by the expulsion of the Pindarries and other freebooters who laid waste the



clear-sighted Frenchman is wanted to point out to the English the principles and the philosophy of this fundamental institution, and thus do for them what De Tocqueville has done for the Americans in the matter of the New England township organization and town-meetings.”\* Unless the English get their attention fully turned to the value of these communities, there is danger that some well-meaning but short-sighted reformer, like Lord Cornwallis in his benevolent but unwise attempt to establish a landed aristocracy after the pattern of England, may find the villages inconvenient, and set himself to undermining them, thus pulling down a main pillar of Hindoo society. It is remarkable that Mill, an enemy to despotism and aristocracy, a republican in spirit, a man, too, who saw clearly and far, does not seem to have been aware of the importance, scarcely of the existence, of the village system; for his eye once turned in that direction, he would have gone to the bottom of the subject. There are two main particulars in which the village system in India differs from the township organizations of New England, — faults, as the New-Englander might at first think, but excellences in an Asiatic constitution of society. To these two points we invite investigation. In India, the land is held by the village in common, (subject always to the claims of the king, or emperor, or Company,) and is *rented* either directly to individual cultivators, or to some middleman who sublets it. In New England, the village community was also the *original* proprietor of the soil, (deriving from the crown,) but granted it out in *perpetuity* to individual cultivators, — the best system in a society where the central power is not likely to interfere in all local matters, as it does in France, Prussia, and the greater part of Europe. To keep back the central power, always

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country, the inhabitants and officers of the villages reassembled from every quarter, and the resurrection of these communities into life and action seemed the work of a day.” *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th ed., XI. 514. This reference to Malcolm sent us to his “Central India,” but we had to read through most of the two volumes before finding what we looked for, and then found it scattered here and there, and hidden away in the long and dry chapter on Revenue, Vol. II. From this, we get more facts than from any other authority. See also Martin’s “British Colonies,” Vol. Asia, 182, 183, and Mill, Book II. Chap. V.

\* De Tocqueville’s *Democracy in America*, Vol. I. Chap. V.

despotic and grasping in Asia, the village had an instinct of its more efficient power of resistance, and so interposed itself between the individual cultivator and the state, by retaining a sort of proprietorship of the land. The Asiatic state claims always the real ownership of the soil; but the village, without *directly* opposing this claim, secures, by passive resistance and the workings of old custom, the privilege of entering into a sort of treaty with the government in regard to the rent or tax,—the only thing the Asiatic state cares much for. The other point of difference between India and New England is, that the Potal, or head man of the village, is hereditary, and not elected by the people, as the selectmen of New England are, nor appointed by the central power, as in France. This, too, is a safeguard against the encroachments of the state. For even in America, though the people nominally choose their village officers (except the postmaster, one of the most important), yet how often is the choice influenced, and even controlled, by the predominant *national* party, while this party is managed by an oligarchy. Let some Napoleon get established in Washington, and ere long, finding the local assemblies and powers inconvenient, he would issue his proclamation declaring town-meetings inconsistent with public peace or with domestic institutions, and therefore unconstitutional, and take upon himself the appointment of selectmen and supervisors; and the national party would echo the presidential proclamation, and so farewell to town-meetings and liberty. The Potal, being hereditary, cannot be thus easily set aside. Here, then, under the proprietorship and hereditary organization of the village, the individual finds rest and security from imperial oppression, just as he finds shade from the burning sun under the overhanging branches of his palm-tree; and like his palm-tree, his village, with its hereditary officers, grows out of the friendly past. In three fourths of Europe, the central power has absorbed all local powers; not so in India. The reasons for this permanence of local powers through thousands of years, while dynasties have been rising and falling, conquerors coming and going, empires forming, culminating, and declining, we can find only in the peculiarities of the village constitution here pointed out.

It has been common to attribute the vitality of Hinduism to caste, — one of the causes, no doubt, of the wonderful strength and longevity of Indian society, but perhaps not the most powerful. Two writers of superior endowments — F. Schlegel, with his strong conservative instincts, and the Abbé Dubois, with his sharp French eye made sharper by a residence of half his life in India as a missionary — have half fallen in love with caste. "The democratical writers of a recent era," says Schlegel, "have, in obedience to a sentiment natural enough to their false system, expressed a deep horror of caste. . . . I for my part am disposed to think that it is to this ancient and hereditary institution, however much of imperfection it undoubtedly involves, that this great and populous country owes that firm stability of its laws and customs, and that indestructible prosperity which the various conquests it has undergone, both in ancient and modern times, have been unable to shake or to undermine." \* Confusion of castes is to the Hindoo "the very abomination of anarchy," like revolutionary times to the conservative Catholic, to whom it is a pleasant sight to see "the waves of anarchy breaking harmlessly against the everlasting rocks of an ancient and solidly compact system." The Frenchman's idea is, that there always have been and always will be classes in society, and that contentment and good order are best secured by stereotyping these classes into the unchanging form of caste.† The question is, whether the contentment and good order of the Frenchman and the permanency of the German may not be purchased at too high a price. Before deciding upon the good and evil of caste, let us understand what caste is, and wherein it differs from class among ourselves. In all civilized societies there are four distinctly marked classes. First, the Sudra class, or persons without property or skilled labor or a profession, — men who live from hand to mouth. In England, in France, in America, as well as in India, the Sudra class is large. In America it is easier to rise out of this primary class; but, while in it, the man's condition is much the same as else-

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\* F. Schlegel's *Philosophy of Life*, Lect. XIV. p. 308.

† Abbé J. A. Dubois, *People of India*, Chap. II.

where. Slaves of course are not included in the Sudra class. The second class, counting from below upward, is the Vasya, or commercial class, men of small property, traders, mechanics, farmers. The Chatrya, or next higher class, consists of warriors, chiefs, kings, the fighting and ruling class. Here also belong aristocracies, oligarchies, politicians, demagogues. It is the masculine, unscrupulous, physical-force class. Last of all comes the educated or Brahminic class, the scholars, artists, men of science, thinkers. According to the myths of the Brahmins, the Brahminic class was created first, but in fact the Sudra class is the oldest. All men started as Sudras, and out of this class grew next the class of warriors and chiefs, developing thus the savage state of society. Next we reach a middle class of cultivators with a few traders and mechanics, the Vasyas; and this we call the barbarous state of society. At length comes the scholar, the man of books, the Brahmin; and now we have all the four classes and civilization. Thus we see that Hindoo society is founded in nature and scientific classification.\* The Brahmins, finding them-

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\* Abul Fazel, a distinguished Mohammedan writer, divides human society into four classes also, but in different order, thus: 1. Warriors; 2. Artificers and merchants; 3. Scholars; 4. Husbandmen and laborers. Remove the scholar or Brahmin from the third class and place him at the head, and we have the Hindoo classification. This difference in the order illustrates strikingly the difference between Mohammedan and Hindoo society. The former is essentially military, and based on force; the latter is civil and literary, and based on culture. See Ayeen Akbery, I. xix. We may refer to the work last cited, as a book of great value in these studies. It is the "Institutes of the Emperor Akber, by Abul-Fazl"; and is accessible to English readers in a translation by Francis Gladwin, from the original Persian. Among other things it gives incidentally and also expressly an account of the Hindoos. Written some two hundred and sixty-five years ago by a Mohammedan for Mohammedans, in old Persian, it is not likely to be too favorable to the Hindoos. It nowhere conflicts with our statements, and on all the points wherein the views of this article may be thought peculiar, to wit, the character of the Hindoos, their monotheism, caste, the function of the Brahmins, toleration, the value of Hindoo civilization in modern times, the Ayeen Akbery affords confirmation, often very strong, to the views we have presented. We extract a few sentences: "It has now come to light that the received opinion of the Hindoos being polytheists has no foundation in truth, for although their tenets admit positions that are difficult to be defended, yet that they are worshippers of God, and of only one God, are incontrovertible points." (II. 314.) One of the sects says that, "excepting the Deity, nothing exists, the universe being only an appearance without any reality, so that life is nothing but a dream." Another sect, charged with being atheists, "only disbelieve in a creator, saying that the universe is from eternity, and that nothing is annihi-

selves at the top of society, and liking their position, turned round upon the other classes and said, "This order of society is good, the best possible, heaven-born; let us keep it so. Let the four classes be stereotyped into castes." In this attempt they succeeded only in part, for nature is too strong even for Brahmins. Sudras became merchants, soldiers, kings; but the name of Sudra, the genealogy, still followed them. Brahmins became soldiers, traders; but the name and genealogy of Brahmin adhered to them. Then by the intermarriages of the four castes, provided for even by Menu, innumerable new castes and sub-castes are produced. Contrary to the common representations of most of our books, caste is only to a small extent a thing of rank and condition and occupation. It is a thing of endless and complex genealogies, of rites and food and forms, of petty precedences and prejudices. The banker is a lower caste man than the barber; yet the rich banker in India, as in Europe or America, can buy up a whole street of barbers, and do with them what he likes, as freely as among us.

We have called the Brahminic caste the caste of scholars, and not the priestly caste, as stated in the books. The Brahmin is, in truth, both scholar and priest, though more the former than the latter. Men of low caste or any caste may, and commonly do, attend to the routine of temple worship; but the Brahmin alone is the teacher of the Scriptures, the theological professor, the natural and moral philosopher, the educated man. In Egypt the priestly power seems to have been not mainly a moral power, like that of the Brahmins, but was organized, centralized, and capable of personal union with the kingly power. The king and the chief priest were

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lated, but only disappears, the effect being absorbed in the cause, as the tortoise draws its legs into its shell; they believe man to be a free agent, and that he is rewarded or punished according to his good or bad actions." (Ib. 433 - 438.) The Hindoos "are vigorous enemies and faithful friends. They are renowned for wisdom, disinterested friendship, obedience to superiors, and many other virtues. Some have the disposition of angels, and others are demons." (Ib. 393.) In the twelfth century Rajah Jychund, then monarch of all India, residing at Kinoje, the other rajahs paying him homage, "was of so tolerating a disposition in religion, that many natives of Persia and Tartary were engaged in his service." (Ib. 106.) The villages are often spoken of, but no additional information respecting the village system is furnished. The Ayeen Akbery breathes throughout a remarkably tolerant spirit, learned of the Hindoos probably, certainly not from the Mohammedans.

often the same person; and this close union and identification at times of the two higher castes, quite destroyed the balance of society, so that ruin was the consequence; while the Hindoos by a nicer balance of caste and class have secured permanency. In India there is no chief Brahmin, can be none, except in the sense in which Goethe might be called the chief Brahmin of Germany; Bacon, Milton, Newton, chief Brahmins of England; Edwards, Franklin, Channing, Agassiz, of America. The Brahmin in India, like the priest in Egypt, may become king; but being only an individual, he does not carry with him to the throne the organized co-operation of his whole order. The distinctly religious function of the Brahmin will be considered, farther on, when we come to speak of religion in the European and more limited sense of the word. We have tried to find the central idea of Indian caste, but we suspect it contains only an unsuccessful attempt at a central idea,—an attempt to stereotype class, which resulted in stereotyping names, prejudices, genealogies. Caste is, for the most part, external, skin-deep, while class goes deeper; but though caste be a thing of the skin, its skin has become as thick and impenetrable as the hide of the rhinoceros. Class is natural, caste artificial; class is divine, caste human. Class, in the strict sense, without any infusion of caste, has never yet existed. Caste unmodified by class is forbidden by human nature. The individual, like society, starting as Sudra or laborer, may advance freely through all the natural classes, according to his capacities. Development is unshackled. In caste also much of the same thing in practice takes place, but with great hinderances often. It cannot tie down the Sudra to one occupation, but it can fix on him a label which sticks to him wherever he goes. He becomes a king,—there have been in India many such,—but he is labelled a Sudra king. Little the Sudra king may care for this, if truly a great man; but if only moderately great, he might have been kept back by this stigma from his legitimate place in society. Take away from caste all that is factitious, unnatural, stereotyped, and Hindoo society becomes excellent. Whether recovery from this plausible but pernicious mistake of the Brahmins is possible, and whether the road to progress

shall thus be reopened, is a question for future centuries, perhaps millenniums, to solve. However powerful caste may have been hitherto in the conservation of society, — as friends of progress we would fain hope its virtue in that particular has been overrated, — it seems nearly certain that with this obstruction Hindoo society can go no higher; and if no higher, then this last survivor of the primeval civilizations must at length, however remote the day, be crowded out by a society acknowledging the law of progress. This will be accomplished by a substitution of race, if it cannot be done otherwise. As the Hindoo castes have some of the peculiarities of the natural classes, so the European and American classes have some of the peculiarities of caste; though the balance of good is on our side, and of evil on theirs. In England, if a man's father or forefather was of low degree, that fact sticks to him till forgotten almost as if he were a Sudra. But if his blood can be traced back to the Plantagenet times or the Norman Conquest, it needs but little in addition to make him "respectable." Something of this we have brought over with us to America. If it is said there is nature at the bottom of all this, be it so; there is also nature at the bottom of Hindoo caste. Let us be just, and not put all the blame of caste upon the Hindoos. The difference between them and us is this: they undertake to impose laws, genealogies, ceremonies, upon the classes; we leave them free, in theory at least, to be directed by the sentiments, instincts, circumstances of society. Their bondage to caste admits considerable practical freedom; our theoretical freedom is not entirely free, as yet, from bondage to genealogy, prejudice, flunkeyism.\*

Religion among the Hindoos spreads itself out over almost the whole of life. Laws, manners, worship, ceremonies,

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\* The subject of caste deserves an entire article or a volume. We are only able to throw out a few hints. In De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, Vol. II. Book III. Chap. I. p. 173, the reader will find some help to his thoughts, though there is no reference to *Hindoo* caste. See also Comte's *Positive Philosophy*, Book VI. Chap. VIII. of Martineau's translation, p. 585. But Comte falls into the common mistake of making the essence of caste consist in *hereditary occupation*. He speaks of caste in China, which is also a mistake. In McCulloch's *Geographical Dictionary*, Art. *Hindustan*, Vol. I. pp. 1106–1108, is a full and clear statement of facts. Mill does not on this subject do himself justice.

theology, science, philosophy, morals, education, are included. Among us religion is confined to ecclesiastical organization, worship, theology, and morals in part. Of morals we have said sufficient. Ecclesiastical organization the Hindoos have not. There is no Hindoo church. Caste is not a church; it takes no cognizance of theology or morals; with the *ceremonials* of worship it is strangely mixed up, but not with the *sentiment* of worship. But without a church, what becomes of worship, theology, morals? In our civilization it is taught as a first principle, a religious axiom, that, without a church, worship, theology, morals, all religion, would become extinct. Yet in India from time immemorial worship and theology have existed in full vigor; while morals, as we have seen, are as high as in the less favored portions of Christendom. The Brahmins are very numerous, and are divided into more numerous sub-castes, or "varieties, than any of the other classes." Some of the Brahmins reckon no less than two thousand distinct varieties in their order. Those who live by voluntary contributions, and perform no part of the ritual of worship, are in highest repute. "Next comes the Brahmin who lives by his industry and temporal employments, provided they be such as become the dignity of the order. The lowest of all are those Brahmins who perform the ritual of worship; and among these the meanest office is that of performing the service of the gods in the temples." \* The Brahmins are not a priesthood in our sense of the term. Indeed, our word priest, when applied to them, is apt to mislead us, for it has a much narrower sense. The term Brahmin includes the idea of *savant*, philosopher, learned man, as well as priest. The various sub-castes of Brahmins are revered by their own immediate followers, but "almost all hold each other in contempt as pretenders." There is no centralized organization binding the Brahmins together. How then does worship maintain itself? A pagoda or temple gets erected much as an academy, or college, or bank, or hospital, among us. Temple servants, directors of ceremonies, priests as we say, — some of them Brahmins, some of them low-caste men, — gather

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\* McCulloch, I. 1107.



around the temple as they are wanted. Fakeers, or men of extraordinary piety, also come. Miracles are wrought. There is hook-swinging. Processions, sometimes imposing, sometimes amusing, draw the people out to be impressed or entertained. Even Europeans go, as to a theatre. In the art of processions the Hindoos surpass all other people. At the expense of a few dollars or tens of dollars they will accomplish more in this way than we can by as many hundreds. There is nothing of military order or stiffness in their processions; all is free and easy, yet without confusion. The grace of Hindoo costume and manners contributes to the effect. In Bombay, Singapore, and other places where there happens to be a variety of races and costumes, these religious processions are very striking, picturesque, interesting. There are no confessionals to drive the people to worship, but religious shows entice them forth to see and admire the gods. This spontaneousness of worship leads to idolatry, to foolish and sometimes abominable rites and ceremonies. Here is the weak side of Hinduism. From this side it has commonly been judged, and of course condemned, — very properly if this were all. A portion of this incidental grossness can better be cured by education than by direct repression. Immoralities, burning of widows, all breaches of law and order, the Company's government now prohibits, as it should do, cutting very deep into Hindoo prejudices sometimes, and thus endangering at times its own existence, as the present revolt will probably show, when all its causes come to be traced out. It is a peril which a wise and good government must not evade.

When we come to theology, the freedom of the Hindoos from ecclesiastical organization has its advantages. It leaves speculation free. A church would have prevented in part the growth of a monstrous mythology; but it would also have prevented in part that theological activity, that liberty and dignity of thought, which constitutes as striking a peculiarity among the intelligent in India, as the hideous gods do among the populace. There is much that is worthless, fantastic, erroneous, in the theological writings of the Hindoos, as there has been in the writings of all nations; but the errors die, the

truths are immortal. The best and shortest way to come at Hindoo theology is to quote directly from the Vedas and Menu. A single page is all the room we can afford for this purpose.

“May that soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence, which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent. By one Supreme Ruler is this universe pervaded; even every world in the whole circle of nature. That Supreme Spirit moves at pleasure, but in itself is immovable; it is distant from us, yet very near us; it pervades this whole system of worlds, yet is infinitely beyond it. The man who considers all beings as existing even in the Supreme Spirit, and the Supreme Spirit as pervading all beings, henceforth views no creature with contempt. *They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion are fallen into thick darkness.* God, who is perfect wisdom, perfect happiness, He is the final refuge of the man who has liberally bestowed his wealth, who has been firm in virtue, who knows and adores that Great One.” See Sir W. Jones’s “Extracts from the Vedas,” Works, Vol. XIII. pp. 372, 379.

From the first chapter of the Institutes of Menu, found in Vol. VII. of Jones’s Works, we bring together a few selections to show the Hindoo ideas of creation and the origin of all things.

“This universe existed only in the first divine idea yet unexpanded, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable by reason and undiscovered by revelation. He whom the mind alone can perceive, whose essence eludes the external organs, who has no visible parts, who exists from eternity, even He, the soul of all beings, shone forth in person. He gave being to time and the divisions of time, to the stars also, and to the planets, to rivers, oceans, and mountains, to level plains, and uneven valleys; to devotion, speech, complacency, desire, wrath; to the creation. He made a total difference between right and wrong, and inured these sentient creatures to pleasure and pain, cold and heat, and other opposite pairs. Animals and vegetables, encircled with multiform darkness, by reason of past actions, have internal conscience, and are sensible of pleasure and pain. All transmigrations, from that of Brahma to that of plants, happen continually in this tremendous world of beings,—a world always tending to decay. Thus that immutable Power, by waking and reposing alternately, revivifies and destroys in eternal

succession this whole assemblage of locomotive and immovable creatures." — I. 5 – 57.

Whatever may be thought of some of the conclusions of the Hindoos, their books afford ample proof of great activity, power, and spirituality of thought. He who thinks of the Supreme as a monarch sitting apart on his high throne, surrounded by his court of angels and archangels, — an anthropomorphic idea, — will find in the Hindoo theology a want of definiteness; and if definiteness be the measure of merit on this high subject, the anthropomorphic theologian has the advantage, and so too has the grosser anthropomorphite, the idolater. Colebrooke says: "If the doctrines of the Veds, and even those of the Puranas, be closely examined, the Hindoo theology will be found consistent with monotheism, though it contain the seeds of polytheism and idolatry."\* There are various sects among the Hindoos. "Five great sects exclusively worship a single deity; one recognizes the five divinities adored by the others," but selects one god for daily devotion, and adores the others occasionally. Even these "deny the charge of polytheism," and justify their practice "by arguments similar to those elsewhere employed in defence of angel and image worship."\* After the extracts given from Hindoo books, and the testimony of Orientalists, the reader will perhaps be disposed to admit the following conclusion of Elphinstone: "However inferior in spirit and energy and elegance to the Greeks, yet in their laws and forms of administration, the arts of life, the spirit of order, the Hindoos were the more advanced; their institutions less rude; their conduct to enemies more humane; their knowledge of God higher than that of the loftiest intellects of Athens in its best days." Colebrooke and Elphinstone both express the opinion, that the Hindoos in modern times are more given to idolatry than they were in the days of Menu and the Veds. With all deference to these high authorities, — and there are none higher, — we would suggest that theological inferences drawn from the best books of a people will differ, often widely, from conclusions derived from the prevailing popular practices and

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\* Asiatic Researches, VII. 279.

notions of the same people. A traveller in some parts of France, and much more in Italy, carrying with him notions of Romish Christianity derived from the best Catholic authors, would naturally conclude that the French and Italians of to-day have degenerated into grosser superstitions, — a very erroneous inference, as is well known. In all countries and ages there is a wide interval between the theology of the common people and that of the intellectual class, the makers of books, especially of books that live. Even now in Europe and America this is as true as in India, with only this difference, that the intellectual class in India is smaller in proportion to the millions. "God is a spirit," say all Christians and Mohammedans, while multitudes of idolaters will admit the same. But what vast variety of meaning is attached to these words, not in different countries and churches alone, but in the same churches, and even in the same congregations! Although, therefore, the European who travels and resides in India may be shocked at the grossness of the superstition he everywhere sees, he cannot safely conclude there are no such thinkers in India now as there were in ancient times. Some of these modern thinkers we shall have occasion to refer to soon. Idolatry is patent and demonstrative; not so the refined theology of the intelligent. The repression imposed in most Protestant countries leads us to overrate the refinement and spirituality of the popular religion. Hence every now and then we are surprised to see Mormonisms and Millerisms springing up out of soil we had supposed incapable of growths like them.

The age of the Veds has been fixed in the fourteenth century before Christ. Some of the reasons given for this opinion we have not found very satisfactory, but one of them is. The solstitial points are spoken of in the Veds as being, one of them at the beginning of a certain constellation named, and the other in the middle of another constellation mentioned; astronomical computations show that "such was the situation of these cardinal points in the fourteenth century before the Christian era." \* The Veds are four in number, and are a

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\* *Asiatic Researches*, VIII. 493.

"compilation of prayers, with a collection of precepts and maxims entitled *Brahmana*; from which last portion"\* are extracted the *Upanishads*, or theological tracts. As might be expected, there is "much disagreement and confusion in the gradation of persons interposed between the Supreme Being and the created world," for mythology is of popular growth; theology in the higher sense is from the philosophers.

The Brahmins are often condemned for pantheism; some of them, doubtless, go to an extreme in that direction, but most of them, probably, do not. Anthropomorphism, not pantheism, is the weak side of Brahminism; and the pantheism which has come in, or has existed from the beginning, is useful in neutralizing in part the anthropomorphism and idolatry.† It would be well for Catholic Christians to receive help in the same way, and even for some Protestants. For when we open some of our popular religious writers, the scientific eye detects a refined anthropomorphism cropping out here and there, showing that their ideas of the Deity are all borrowed from human government, human relations, human faculties. Anthropomorphism, carried to the extent of idol-worship, can commonly be corrected by a moderate amount of education; but it requires a higher education, often, to remove the more refined human deity. The wise man, however, will not be severe upon the supposed errors of men in either direction,—that of the too definite or that of the too vague,—remembering that he himself sees but in part, "through a glass darkly." Take away all our mistakes, our half-truths and smaller fractions of truth, and we might be left poor indeed, weak and confused. Happy is he who holds firmly yet kindly such fragments of truth as his faculties and culture can grasp,

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\* Asiatic Researches, VIII. 381.

† In some of our most popular and orthodox Christian writers may be found sentiments, which those who are strict to expunge all that savors of pantheism ought, if consistent, to condemn. Here is an instance from Cowper:—

"There lives and works

A soul in all things, and that soul is God. . . . .

The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,

Sustains and is the life of all that lives."—*Task*, VI.

This idea, though less common in Christian than in Brahminic literature, yet may often be found in our Christian books all the way back to St Paul.

ready always to receive more truth from any quarter, however orthodox or heterodox. In the matter of caste the Brahmins are great bigots, but in theology they have the merit of greater liberality than many of their critics. Their theology is scattered through many volumes, and has never been condensed into compact and unyielding formulas. They are not organized into an efficient hierarchy, like the Church of Rome, nor into oligarchies, aristocracies, democracies, like the Protestant sects, all imposing restraints, more or less, upon thought. What, then, is to prevent their easy conversion to Christianity? The obstacles are great, — as many think, insuperable. Yet they receive kindly all attempts at conversion. When asked by Mohammedans or Christians to change their religion, they freely admit that other men's religions are best for them; they only claim that Hinduism is best for Hindoos. To put off their religion and put on that of the Christians, seems to them as absurd as it would be to put off their light and graceful cotton garments, so well suited to the climate, and to put on swallow-tail coats and stove-pipe hats; and nearly as impossible as to change their bronze and black complexions, which wear so well even into old age, for the marble faces of Europeans, which are only good while youth and health remain. As well renounce themselves as their religion, which enters into their laws, manners, literature, — constitutes their nationality, their civilization, — forms the groundwork of all their self-respect. The more intelligent of the Brahmins may sometimes admit that Christian ideas may to a small extent be adopted into Hinduism, but as to renouncing Hinduism itself, — "Never while the Ganges flows. Some of the laws of our Menu have become obsolete, others may become so; caste itself in some of its features may fade away; but these changes must take place only in obedience to the natural laws of society, not by any system of proselytism, which would destroy our self-respect and leave us the poorest of all Christians, pariahs in our sense and in yours; so, weak and good for nothing, we should only fall back into barbarism." Whither this ancient and remarkable system shall take its course, and whether it shall issue in something most resembling a Christianized Hinduism, or a Hinduized Christianity, none can tell. As

there have been in the past "sundry times and divers manners," it is not unreasonable to suppose there may continue to be in the future. Uniformity is not the law of progress. As Saxons and Christians, we are ambitious to carry round the world, and through the ages, our own ways of thinking and doing; but we may learn humility from Egyptian hieroglyphs, and Roman aqueducts, and Sepoy rebellions. The influence of England and its religion on the Hindoos is likely to be in proportion to the durability of the Anglo-Indian government. Still, we see how very little Mohammedanism, with all its aggressiveness, has been able to change the Hindoos in nine hundred years. The Mohammedans of India have themselves become partially Hinduized. That truly great man, the Emperor Akber, was in spirit as much a Hindoo as a Mohammedan. It is commonly believed that Mohammedanism would have overspread Europe in the eighth century but for Charles Martel and his victory at Tours. In India there was no Charles Martel nor victory of Tours, to turn back the conquering hordes of the North. Hindoo institutions, the laws and principles of Menu, alone interposed; and most effectual was the interposition. It is often said that the religion of the Hindoos is of less value than that of the Mohammedans, — a correct assertion, if caste be taken as an inseparable part of their religion, or if idolatry be regarded as its characteristic feature; but looking merely at theology and morality, the Brahmins are in advance of Islam. They take wider views, are more tolerant, are more ready to entertain new ideas. In the fifteenth century, when Europeans were showing, by the wars of the Roses, the burning of Joan of Arc and John Huss, what kind of religion and civilization they had attained to, a Brahmin, in reply to a Mohammedan who censured him for worshipping idols, said, "All religions, if practised with equal sincerity, are equally acceptable to God." For this heresy he was condemned by a council of Moolahs to die or turn Mohammedan. The Brahmin showed his sincerity by accepting death rather than the alternative.\* In the seventeenth century, when only Milton and a few other

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\* Allen's India, p. 94.

Europeans had obtained glimpses of the true principle of toleration, Jeswunt Singh, a Hindoo Rajah, in opposition to an attempt of Aurungzebe to levy a tax on the religion of the Hindoos, made this memorable appeal : —

“ If your Majesty places any faith in those books by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not of Mohammedans alone. The Pagan and the Mussulman are equal in his presence; distinctions of color are of his ordination. It is he who gives existence. In your temples it is in his name that the voice calls to prayer; in our house of images the bell is shaken: still he is the object of our adoration. To vilify, therefore, the religion or the customs of other men, is to set at naught the pleasure of the Almighty.” Let it not be said that this is the inspiration of a single great soul; for, adds the historian,\* “ Such were the sentiments that became common among all the Hindoos.”

The words of Sir John Malcolm may seem to Americans an exaggeration. If not, it would follow that the Hindoos of the seventeenth century were, on this point of religious toleration and charity, in advance of Christians, and nearer to the spirit of Christ himself; that they had, two hundred years ago, reached that point where only the better portions of Christendom now are. It would also follow, that their attainments in religious knowledge are much higher than popular opinion gives them credit for. Such we believe, from numerous and competent witnesses, and from considerable personal intercourse with Hindoos, to be the simple fact. One day, after a noisy and idolatrous procession of the Hindoos had taken place, happening to meet a Brahmin whom we had often met for purposes of business, we inquired of him why it was that his people worshipped idols. His reply would have done honor to Plato: “ What you see is only the *outside* of our religion, the *costume*, the fashion of the common people. Men of sense everywhere, in all religions, worship the One God. Our outside ways and forms are strange to you, as yours are to us, but underneath all this outside show and dress we unite in the

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\* Malcolm's Central India, I. 52.



same substantial truth." But why allow these idols, and especially such coarse and foolish ones? "Children have dolls and toys to help out their thoughts, and so the common people must have their idols, often rude ones." Why do you not teach them better? "That is hard;\* take from them their idols, their outside forms and helps, and we take from them also the internal reality; we confuse their weak and ignorant minds. Ignorant and foolish people will and must have foolishness in their religion. In *your* country, have not the ignorant people foolish notions and ways in religion?" This home thrust was as unexpected as it was effective. For the exact words of a conversation which took place sixteen or seventeen years ago we cannot vouch, but only for the ideas, which cannot be forgotten. The Hindoos not only treat other religions with outward politeness, but with inward respect. They like to see the Buddhist going to his temple, the Mohammedan to his mosque, the Christian to his church, the Jew to his synagogue, the Pharisee to his sunrise salutations.

The country people of India, seeing travellers who stopped at the government bungalows walk regularly before breakfast, (walking for exercise is a thing undreamed of among Asiatics,) they concluded — a conclusion quite as philosophical as some of ours respecting them — that this walking to and fro was a religious exercise, and respected it accordingly; did not sneer or lament, as we are wont when witnessing new manifestations of the religious sentiment. Their religion consists in customs, habits, sentiments, principles, ideas, wrought into the whole of life from childhood upward, imbedded in the manners, adjusted to the country, the climate, the race, capable of some modification in the educated man, but no more admitting of entire change than the color of their hair or eyes. With his utmost tenacity of his right to be let alone in his religion, the Hindoo never assumes that the religions of other men are bad and false. He believes that to *them* their religions are true and sacred, as his is to him. He is educated to hold firmly his own religion, and to respect the consciences, feelings, preju-

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\* "To discover the Creator and Father of this universe is hard; and when discovered, it is impossible to reveal him to mankind at large." — Plato, *Timæus*, IX.

dices, of others. We are educated to believe that we have in our religion a monopoly of all religious truth and merit; that other religions are false and wicked; that it is one of our solemn duties to invade the religions of others, to thrust our faith upon them in all ways except that of force. It is not enough that we prefer Christianity above all other religions; we are called upon to *hate* other religions. Even from Unitarian writers, often charged with carrying their liberality to such an extreme as to evince indifference to all religion, we could make quotations showing that they also might take lessons in liberality from the Hindoos. The example of the Hindoos proves that boundless liberality to other religions is entirely consistent with the most ardent, and even fanatical, attachment to one's own. The "greased cartridge" rebellion is of itself sufficient proof that the Hindoos are not chargeable with religious indifference. Neither need anybody be, though liberal and tolerant to the widest extent. Strange that we should be importing into New England facts and arguments from the antipodes to prove a point like this.

Whatever may be our theory of divine influence and inspiration, we can hardly rise from the careful and candid study of Menu, the Veds, and the modern Hindoos, without the impression that the Infinite Being has not imprisoned himself, his energies, influences, inspirations, within any one religion or civilization; nor without respect for a polity, civil and religious, so efficient and so enduring. We do not forget that it is a common impression, even among those who have obtained correct views of the former civilization of the Hindoos, that they have in modern times degenerated. This degeneracy we doubt. That the usual effects of subjugation to foreign races are visible to some extent in India, is true; but we know of no other people who have stood out so successfully against such influences. Like other Asiatic peoples, they have shown little wisdom in organizing and maintaining imperial and central governments. Hence their subjugation. But imperfection in central organization is the very reason, perhaps, why they have succeeded so well in local governments, in village communities. They are inferior, and probably always have been, to the Mohammedans, and greatly inferior to the English,

in the art of imperial government, so that they have probably gained under the Mohammedans and English by this improvement in central government as much as they have lost by subjugation. If called upon to put Hinduism into our European scales and weigh it, we might say by way of approximation, — and approximation only, — that they are about at that stage of advancement where were found the French, the English, the Arabians, the civilized world generally, in the fifteenth century, with the single exception of the Italians, who then led the van of the human race. Just then the revival of learning, the invention of printing, the discovery of America, the Reformation, scientific development, — following each other in logical order, — have given birth to our marvellous modern civilization, as marvellous as that of Greece from Marathon to the Indus. In these four hundred years since the fall of Constantinople, we have left the Hindoos and some other races behind. It is not, however, one of the proofs of our superiority that we look back and undervalue the Hindoos; for in so doing we undervalue our own former attainments, so hardly won from the long past, and with helps from Rome, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, which the Hindoos had not. Macaulay thinks the people of India “quite as highly civilized as the Spaniards,” — a stronger statement than any we have made, perhaps a trifle too strong. So far as we can learn, they have, except in literature, exhibited the remarkable phenomenon of a stationary civilization for at least three thousand years, contrary to the first principles of our Western judgment, which includes progress as a necessary element in our idea of civilization. When a people cease to go forward, we take it for granted they go backward. Here then is a puzzle to arrest our thoughts.

Our survey of the Hindoos is very incomplete, unless we take into account their languages, their literature, their art, their philosophy, in which particulars they would show to better advantage than in those we have been considering. But only a book, not an article, much less the end of an article, would be sufficient for this examination.\*

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\* On these topics we refer to the Works of Sir William Jones, Colebrooke, the

## ART. III.—STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF THE POPULAR RELIGION AND OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

1. *Parting Words: a Discourse preached August 2, 1857, in Hope Street Church, Liverpool, on closing a Ministry of Twenty-five Years.* By JAMES MARTINEAU. London: E. T. Whitfield. 8vo. pp. 19.
2. *Common Sense applied to Religion: or, The Bible and the People.* By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 358.
3. *Prospectus, containing Proposals and soliciting Subscriptions for a new Quarterly, the PURITAN REVIEW.* Boston. 1857.

WE always turn to a new production from the pen of James Martineau with deeper eagerness of heart, and with higher expectation of mind, than we do to the utterance of any other man. In whatever he writes, we look for the most exquisite graces of expression, for the mature results of profound experience and lofty wisdom, for the tonic breathings of a spirit of saintly purity and lonely elevation. The discourse now before us, though entirely free from forensic purpose, an unstudied effusion to meet an occasion which mingled the friendly memories of many years with parting sorrows and the chastened hopes of a serious enterprise in a new sphere, is full of its author's extraordinary genius, and is one of the worthiest expressions of Liberal Christianity it has ever been our fortune to fall upon. We have to thank Mr. Martineau for the rare delight, the precious instruction, the sacred impulse, his Sermon has given us. We hardly remember when anything has at once so moved and satisfied us. Wondrous depth and delicacy of emotion surcharge many of

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"Asiatic Researches," "Asiatic Journal," and "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal." On the Hindoo Drama, see Westminster Review, April, 1857. On Hindoo Philosophy, consult Cousin, Lectures V. and VI. of Second Series. We refer our readers who are interested in the condition of India to an excellent article in the December number of Blackwood, on "The Religions of India," and another on "Our Indian Empire." We may add, that, so far as these show any coincidences of thought with our own views, they must be taken as affording to those views independent support of high character, as the article to which we add this note was printed before these essays were seen by its author.

its sentences with an irresistible pathos. "With sad affection I once more count and store the fruits of five-and-twenty years; then turn upon them the key of sacred memory, and depart." "Eternal things, and they alone, spread a blessed quiet behind the changes of our humanity,—an expanse of mountain verdure over which the sunshine and the shadows play; and *there* we must lay to rest the sadness of an evanescent life."

It is not noisy demonstrativeness nor bulk of words that tests the truth and measures the force of feeling. Vital fineness of quality is the thing. Grade, and not quantity, is the standard. A grain of musk is more odorous than a mountain of earth, and a drop of elixir worth more than an ocean of brine. One tone from the lips or one touch from the heart of Jesus conveys larger wealth of tenderness than freights the whole souls and lives of meaner men. Mr. Martineau's affecting plea,—on pages thirteen and fourteen of this Discourse,—for the fostering of the lesser pieties of life, that carry the upward look over a thousand resting-places up to the perfect Light, adds heavily to the debt of pleasure and profit, already so vast, which we owe him. It reveals in its author a yearning softness and power of sensibility, as much beyond the experience of ordinary men as it is above the comprehension of the critics who fancy his writings to be cold.

But having acknowledged the modesty and tenderness which compose the first charm of "Parting Words," we cannot refrain from paying our distant tribute of admiration for the magnificent example afforded in this Discourse of the union of a bold philosophy with a loving faith. We make especial reference to the passage—from page seven to page thirteen—where Mr. Martineau argues for the sympathetic presence of God eternally with our humanity. With a telling aptness of illustration equal to the vigorous decisiveness of the thought, he shows that the usual absence and silence of God are not compensated, but his omnipresence is limited, by exceptional miracle and occasional message; "for the sender cannot well say to his servant, 'You go there,' without implying, 'I stay here.' It is not 'once upon a time,' it is not 'now and

then,' — nor is it on the theatre of another's life to the exclusion of our own, — that we sigh to escape from the bound movements of nature into the free heart of God. We pine as prisoners, till we burst into the air of that supernatural life which God lives eternally."

We hail the publication of Miss Beecher's "Common Sense applied to Religion" with great satisfaction. Although the work contains much which, in our view, is erroneous, yet a very large part of it commands our unqualified assent. The method followed in the inquiry is of remarkable clearness, thoroughness, and effectiveness; every page is pervaded by an invariable spirit of courage, earnestness, and piety; and the general ability shown throughout the execution of the task must awaken admiration. The introduction, giving a sketch of the religious experience of the authoress, is full of power, and exceedingly instructive. We hardly know where to find a better exhibition of the shocking character of the Calvinistic theology, and of the awful spiritual disease it produces, than is, perhaps in a degree unintentionally, here furnished by Miss Beecher, in her account of the experimental working of certain "theological theories at war both with the common sense and the moral sense of mankind."

But, from our point of view, the most welcome contribution in the book is the appendix containing Miss Beecher's demolishing examination of "The Theological Dogma of a Depraved Mental Constitution." We here see a fine specimen of the way in which a fearless application of the principles of "common sense" always leads to the conclusions held by Liberal Christians. To show the irreconcilableness of the common doctrine, that men are born with a totally depraved nature, with any proper idea of God or justice, the following illustration is advanced. "Suppose a colony settles on an isolated island, which is found covered with the tobacco-plant. They clear their plantations, but find that, by an unintelligible arrangement, after every shower there is a fall of tobacco-seeds, disseminated from an inaccessible height by a machine erected for the purpose and constantly supplied. After some years they receive a missive from the king to

whom the island belongs, in which he informs them that tobacco is the chief object of his detestation; that it is doing incalculable mischief to his subjects; that it is the chief end of his life, and he wishes it to be of theirs, to exterminate the plant, and thus its use. He at the same time states that he is the author of the contrivance for scattering the seed, and that he keeps it constantly supplied, and claims that he has a right to do what he will with his own, without being questioned by his subjects. He then enacts, that any person who is found to use tobacco, or even to have a single seed or plant on his premises, shall be burned alive in a caldron of fire and brimstone. If, in addition to this, that king were to command supreme love to him, and perfect confidence in his wisdom, justice, and goodness, all this would but faintly illustrate the awful system under consideration, whose penalties are *eternal*."

The different Essays we have named, proceeding from quarters so different, lead us directly to the second part of the undertaking on which we began in our last number.

Taking up the subject where it was left in our last number, we pass next to say, that the first great force working for Liberal Christianity is Reason. The truth of things, the appearance of probabilities, the light of nature, the spontaneous suppositions of the mind, and all the necessities of a large and sound logic, lie full and clear in its favor. The advocates of the antagonist system know this, and have freely admitted it. They confess that their dogmas are revolting to human nature, contrary to the unregenerate understanding; but then, they argue, since man's nature is totally depraved, this dislike and rejection prove the truth and divinity of their creed, because whatever harmonizes with a discordant nature and wins a reprobate mind must perforce be false and evil! But it is very hard to make a man believe this, who thinks for himself. God made the mind and made the universe. However degraded and ruined the mind is, it discovers and recognizes the truths of science, and the truths of morality, distinguishes them from errors, groups them in concord, establishes them in faith, and builds machines, guides conduct, and organizes life in conformity to them. Why shall

it not as well be able to discover and recognize the truths of religion, and distinguish them from falsehood? The sphere of religion is but another part of the same great realm of God. Further, we are taught by the common preaching, that while men, as a common thing, know well enough what is right, they invariably prefer what is wrong; even when their moral perceptions are clear, their practical choice and action are sure to be perverse and sinful. Is God then the author of our discriminations, and the Devil the author of our volitions? Are we thus divided between two makers, and subject to two owners?

The popular theologians do not dare to leave the mind unembarrassed to act for itself. They know that it will, of the two, infallibly prefer the teachings of Liberal Christianity, and turn with scorn from the absurd tenets of the common creed. Accordingly, they seize every opportunity, early and late, to indoctrinate their pupils and hearers, with their sectarian peculiarities. Perfectly aware that the only way to secure a lasting reception for their characteristic doctrines is by dint of authority, repetition, illustration, and persuasion, they spare no pains to instil them by assertion and education into their congregations, and by unceasing suggestions and applications of them to preserve their prevalence. Let them remain unenforced for a single generation, and they would well-nigh disappear from credit and from remembrance, — they are so foreign and unnatural, so inconsistent with experimental truth.

In the Popular Religion there is everywhere an entrapping network of technical and self-coherent logic, but nowhere any deep and sound reasoning. At the very outset, — the prime premiss of all, — it is absurd to suppose that, when God infinitely hates sin, he would freely foreordain the existence of a race which was immediately to become a total mass of depravity, compel him to suffer and die in its behalf, and still, even in spite of that, entail infinite horror on countless myriads. To a free mind, it is an incredible figment to start with. And then the system is pertinaciously buttressed by thick inferences of monstrous sophistry. Men commit sins; therefore human nature is totally depraved. As well say, Men



do virtuous deeds; therefore human nature is totally good! Sin violates the will of an infinite Lawgiver; therefore its punishment must be infinite. As well say, The eye looks into boundless space; therefore it is itself boundless! The clover has three leaves on one stalk; therefore God is trinity in unity; or, as Tupper puts it, "The tree of being with each trefoil leaf points at the trinity of God." As well say, There are four cardinal directions in the one space; therefore God is quaternity in unity! The Apostles were inspired to perform their mission; therefore the records which they penned are, even to every letter and comma, infallible expressions of truth. As well say, Elijah was miraculously caught up in a chariot of fire; therefore he rose in a perfectly vertical line! There is no reason in all this. It is but scholastic technicality to support arbitrary assumption. So far from being what it pretends, namely, a humble bowing of reason in faith before overwhelming "mysteries," it is a presumptuous attempt to explain everything with prosaic sharpness. Instead of setting forth impressive mysteries as reality presents them to us in life and nature, it holds up a set of brow-beating contradictions and theatrical fictions.

Liberal Christianity, on the contrary, offers a rational induction based on a careful survey of the facts. It clearly states what is clear, and leaves in vagueness what is vague. It says, men are free and tempted, sometimes doing good, sometimes evil; and out of the probationary struggle they are to win salvation. And these statements appeal to common sense. That belief which is kept up only by the suppression of reason cannot always stand. Let earnest inquiry become general, the yoke of fashion be shaken off by loyalty to truth, and the critical hour for the downfall of theological error would soon strike, and the vacant throne of authority be occupied by a more genial and beautiful form of faith, expressing the Divine Will as it is.

The second mighty ally of Liberal Christianity is Conscience. Its teachings and requirements harmonize with the intuitions of our moral constitution, while all the generous forces of natural ethics revolt against the moral principles involved in the popular religion. That God should, by an absolute

election from all eternity, predestine uncounted millions of souls to endless torture, for no ill which they have done, but purely of his own arbitrary pleasure ; — that Christ should by his undeserved sufferings create a fund of merit which may be transferred to the account of others, and save them from the penalties which they do deserve, thus making guilt and merit merchantable commodities ; — that a nature of utter depravity should be forced on innocent and unresisting generations as fast as they appear, making them, without any fault of their own, or any chance of self-rescue, the subjects of infinite hate and woe ; — that the intellectual credence of certain propositions, or the formal observance of certain ceremonies, should entitle some to immortal blessedness, while all who from ignorance, inability, or over-strong temptation fail of these artificial conditions, are remorselessly doomed for ever ; — these, and other kindred views, are almost incredible subversions of all honor and of all right. Their injustice and barbarity do the foulest violence to the very rudiments of the moral sense, to all rectitude, to all magnanimity. They are only tolerated under the drugging influence of the superstitious notion, so sedulously inculcated, that our moral convictions are unreliable, jangled, and diseased, and must be subjected to the rectifying hand of foreign authority. And even as it is, conscience writhes uneasily, with noble misgivings, and occasionally rises in rebellious reaction against the dishonorable load held upon it.

The profound instinctive morality of the breast has usually compelled artists, involuntarily, in painting their pictures of the Last Judgment, to represent the faces of the saved with features of angelic beauty, and expression of virtuous serenity ; and those of the doomed, distorted with fiendish passion and ugliness, full of degradation, sin, and rage. But, in accordance with the doctrine which teaches that all who throw themselves in simple confidence on the vicarious atonement are redeemed, no matter what their wickedness, and all others are condemned, no matter how great their goodness, these painters should depict on their canvas pious believers and formalists, their faces foul from lives of excessive lust, and furious with hate and pride, borne triumphantly aloft among the cherubim.

Also they should depict virtuous heathen and conscientious heretics, who have lived up to their highest convictions and their best opportunities, their features filled and radiant with saintly love and purity, clutched by devils and dragged down to the flaming pit, the great Judge nodding approval! The outraged instinct of fairness and right cries against such a view.

The common representation of the transmission of a ruined and condemned nature to all mankind from the first man is,—to quote Miss Beecher's thrilling illustration,—“as if a teacher should so construct traps for his pupils, that one little fellow, when forbidden to do it, should touch a spring that should cut off his own hand, and thus move other springs that would maim all the rest of the school, while the master lays all the blame on the child that disobeyed,” but visits the full punishment on each one! The doctrine does insufferable violence to the law of justice and honor, writ by God's own finger in our moral constitution. The eye, when diseased and inflamed in a certain manner, sees all things in a red radiance; but the healing tendency of its organization constantly strives to restore it to health, so that it shall look abroad and see nature again in the cool white light of truth. So conscience, under the perverse wrench elaborate instruction, and morbid stimulus of the Popular Religion, sees its shocking dogmas appear justified and true; but, in unison with the truth of things and the laws of morality, it ever tends to rectify its perceptions, and to re-establish the authority of its normal intuitions. Whenever it recovers its rightful tone and independence, it is the fast friend of that rational religion which asserts exact justice impartially for every individual; and the fatal foe of a scheme which would necessitate the rejection of the mild and blameless Servetus, and the acceptance of the vindictive bigot who burnt him alive.

The third active propagandist of Liberal Christianity is the human heart. The spontaneous sympathies of our nature repudiate that sectarian exclusiveness which limits the favor of God to a small clique, and launches a blasting curse on all others. Every tender feeling of the bosom refuses the theology which wraps the sunny domain of man in the gloom of

total depravity, and stigmatizes the surrounding scene of nature and life as a Satanic possession, whose legitimate motives are impulses to iniquity, and whose temporal prizes are lures to damnation. The instinctive yearnings of the heart, when it is not shrivelled by a freezing asceticism or inflamed by an acrid bigotry, go forth to brood lovingly over all the fair scenes of nature, all the sweet homes of men, all the hallowed ties and aspiring toils of society.

Liberal Christianity recognizes in the present phase of earth and history, not the execrable ruins of the Fall, but the evolving processes of Providence and the fulfilling destinies of the world. It beholds in every form of man in his natural condition, not an accursed outcast and demoniacal wreck, but, in spite of all his degradation, a sacred child of God, and a dear brother of humanity, even still too precious and divine to be despised or to be neglected. It conceives of God, not as a distant Monarch and pitiless Judge, an inexorable Decree, but as an omnipresent Providence and an affectionate Father, his relationship and disposition towards the world emblemized in the mild air and sunlight on its flowers, not in the terrible hail and thunderbolt on its roofs. This is the difference between the teaching of Christ and that of an Athanasius. The heart, unless perverted and enslaved by some foreign influence, will never hesitate in its choice.

Construct in imagination the picture of horrors which human life is, according to the scheme of a Jonathan Edwards. A relentless Sovereign throned in the distant sky; a ruined, reprobate, and helpless race, struggling and weeping across the earth; a bottomless, roaring hell, opening its jaws underneath; the thunders and lightnings of condemnation, rolling and flashing throughout the scene; the immense majorities of dying souls, dropping into the brimstone gulf; while a few favorites, by a mechanical device, are caught up into glory! Is this a view which a kind and healthy heart can credit or can endure? It is as shocking to the sensibilities as it is confounding to the understanding. In opposition to all this, the deep poetry of the heart, the strong soul of philanthropy, cling to the created and unlost divineness of nature, to the godlike worth and dignity of all the sweet affections and high

virtues of humanity. They will not confess that any cliff or glen, volcano or tempest, is the theatre and expression of Satan; nor abandon magnanimous deeds of friendship and self-sacrificing struggles of righteousness as filthy rags hateful in the sight of Heaven. But they persist to trace the just and loving habits of God in the solemn and benignant laws of the universe, to recognize the wooing symbols of his present attributes in all its beauties and mysteries, and to affirm the incomparable desirableness and the inalienable value of purity, humility, rectitude, forgiveness, and love, even when no "Evangelical" truth or rite has restoringly touched them with its occult charm. Men of a humane spirit, instead of enjoying a selfish personal salvation the more from its contrast with the general perdition, spread their sympathies out over all. They will not, cannot, abandon any to eternal damnation. They hasten to pity and embrace the weak and erring ones, the depraved and wretched ones. Their heart-strings are tied to the last wanderer. The thought of him in hell would shoot his tortures through them in heaven. Surely they are not better than God; and so the protesting throbs of the heart are cannon-balls against the old theology, to let a better faith in through the breach.

Another influential support of Liberal Christianity is the progress of Science and Philosophy. A growing enlightenment is abroad, an ever-enlarging perception of the harmonious conformity of truth and nature. Arbitrary hypotheses, plausible conceits, metaphysical assumptions, and logical technicalities, are going out of date, getting displaced by loyal study and notation of the phenomena, giving way to conscientious inferences of laws or probabilities drawn from careful induction. In consequence of this change of temper, this improvement of method, prodigious, even revolutionizing advances have been made in the knowledge of nature. A steady order of succession, an unvarying chain of linked sequences, is everywhere discerned. It is seen that there are no fickle whims, no arbitrary volitions, no incalculable tricks and fetches in nature; but that all is in order of cause and effect. Before the broad, shining, penetrative daylight of this discovery, physical superstitions, the dark and timid delusions

once so common, are fast dying out from the belief even of the ignorant multitudes. Astrology, sorcery, every old shape of supernatural jugglery, is tumbling into hopeless discredit.

The triumph thus achieved in the realm of science helps the approach of a similar triumph in the realm of ethics and religion. In this province of faith, Superstition, driven from other fields, still maintains a stand. But she holds a divided and struggling empire, into whose affrighted darkness the arrows of light are showering, and the regiments of truth are marching with all their banners spread. The instructive conquests of physical science have been followed by a corresponding improvement in philosophical thought. People are getting to see that the same regular succession, or uniform operation of cause and effect, universal prevalence of law, already acknowledged in the material, also holds equally in the moral and spiritual world,—is as true in the forces of character, the elements of experience, and the issues of human destiny, as it is in the processes of chemistry and among the moving bulks of astronomy.

In proportion as this fact is appreciated, the Popular Religion must go down before it. For the essence of that scheme of doctrinal faith is a reliance on arbitrary effects, on magic. The dogma of the resurrection of the dead at the blast of a trumpet when Christ comes, is, in its veritable basis and idea, but the resuscitation and enlargement, on an awful scale, of the old notion of *necromancy*. We mean, the same style of thought which produced the latter doctrine, supports the former. To believe that a trust in the blood of the atonement can cleanse a corrupted nature, and redeem a lost soul from hell to heaven, is to believe in sorcery. The compelling of supernatural regenerative grace, by muttering a creed or observing a ceremonial, is the conjuring of a pagan deity into his shrine by a spell, the commanding of a genie by rubbing a ring or saying *Abracadabra*. To say that the sprinkling of a person with a few drops of water, in the name of the Trinity, secures his otherwise forfeited salvation, is to assert the grossest form of magic. Yet it is said by the Popular Religion. Dr. James W. Alexander preached a sermon, but a few years since, in which he drew the following scene. A child, which

has been baptized in the faith of the atonement, lies dying. The Justice of God comes, and with gathered fury and uplifted arms prepares to spring upon the parting soul; but suddenly, seeing the mark of the sacrificial blood upon it, the disappointed avenger starts back, disarmed and baffled, and flees away! Such notions once found favor, but they must ere long disappear; for ignorance is a dark, hungry chasm in the mind, which superstition formerly fed with deluding phantoms and magic, but which education now enlightens and fills with truth. Every step of emancipating knowledge in science and philosophy pioneers the resistless coming and sway of a purer form of the Gospel than the one now commonly acknowledged.

Furthermore, Liberal Christianity has an ally, of as yet untested strength, in what may be called the Spirit of the Age. The foremost characteristics of the present period are essentially antagonistic to the Popular Religion, and in affinity with the contrasted system of belief and feeling, the Liberal interpretation of life and of its ends and means. There was an age when the world was hated, and the best thing a man could do was to bury himself in a monk's cell; but that age has gone. Never before was asceticism so much out of fashion as now, never monasticism so little in repute. To a degree hitherto unrivalled, dogmatic systems and metaphysical quibbles are contemptuously neglected, while common sense and practical morality are deferred to and are demanded. The most marked feature of the times is the absorption of people in industrial enterprises, business toils, and social plans; in scientific discoveries, mechanical inventions, and international communications. The railroad, steamship, electric telegraph, incessant travels, and a thousand allied forces, conspire to draw all mankind into one great family, knit by universal sympathies and common aims. These influences of the illumined and progressive world are more and more enlisting men in the fascinating labors, aspirations, and enjoyments of the present life. Less ghostly, less abstract, less remote, become the schemes and ideals of men. It is felt that the highest wisdom and the truest religion for man are the loyal use of his faculties, and the earnest

improvement of his opportunities in time and nature. He is to win his salvation, not by retiring to a hermitage, scorning the world, and engaging in miraculous spasms or Sibylline incantations; but by plunging into the round of active duties, with resolute fidelity and a philanthropic spirit, and bearing away from the arena of temptations the prize of cultured integrity. The liberal believer thinks that God made the world, and orders the course of affairs; and that he placed men on earth to work and be blessed here and now, as well as elsewhere and hereafter. God does not hold Eternity as a hostage for Time; for Time too is within his camp.

The consistent devotee of Calvinism or Catholicism — a man like Hopkins in the last century, or Newman in the present — has no part or lot, takes no interest, in the world, save as his theology touches the scene, making it the theatre of a forensic redemption, where he is forced to await the scenic winding up of all things. In the eyes of such a one, the squalor, hunger, ignorance, abject slavery, unimproving beggary, and boundless superstition in which the Italian lazzaroni exist, are far better than the ungodly education, liberty, wealth, refinement, progressive independence, and happiness of a high Protestant civilization. For does not that degradation lead up to Paradise, and this bright dignity plunge down to Purgatory? The earnest adherent of the popular theology, whether Papal or Protestant, is a stranger on the earth, hurrying to get into heaven. He has nothing to do here, except to hate the universal depravity, and receive a vicarious ransom. Sequestering his sympathies from miscellaneous humanity to the narrow household of the saints, he sighs for the blessed consummation of deliverance and the climax of time. This, — to quote one of his best representative writers, — this is what he says: “O most tender heart of Jesus, why wilt Thou not end this ever-growing load of sin and woe? When wilt Thou chase away the Devil into his own hell, and close the pit’s mouth, that Thy chosen may rejoice in Thee, quitting the thought of those who perish in their wilfulness? But oh! by those five dear wounds in hands and feet and side, — perpetual fountains of mercy, from which the fulness of the Eternal Trinity flows, ever fresh, ever powerful, — *if the world*



*must still endure*, at least gather 'Thou an ampler proportion of souls out of it into Thy garner!" But the real nineteenth-century man is not so, feels not so, believes not so. And all this must by and by be swept away by the mighty tendencies and spirit of the age, which so persuasively, with wedded motives of duty, reason, and interest, exhort men to make the most and the best of their present life, aiming by exhaustion of its natural possibilities to conquer a worthy inheritance in the immortal hereafter. The Liberal Christian who has attained to a just and wholesome interpretation of God's government, the world's purpose, and life's business, will not say, in the language of Dr. Johnson, "Standing on the earth, and looking up to heaven, I am always to feel that my chief duty *here* is to strive to get *there*." No, but he will feel that, while here, he is simply to fulfil the will of God as indicated in the constitution of things, doing the tasks laid on him, enjoying the good within his reach, with a glad and humble heart, making the best of himself and the present, letting the future take care of itself under the disposal of God. Not to get into a snug, luxurious heaven, but to grow for ever in spiritual nobility, is the glorious and never-flagging destiny of man. God is love, and man is the child of God. He too, then, is love; and

"Love is born of fire, fitted with mounting wings,  
That at his highest he may winde him higher."

The heart is bursting from its superstitious swaddling-clothes, the conscience asserting its rightful supremacy, the intellect casting off its priestly fetters. Healthier forms of love and nobler forms of thought are emerging upon the stage. Men are neglecting metaphysical creeds and outgrowing sacerdotal puerilities. And we cannot help looking to the democratic genius of American civilization, especially to our great, new, free West, to see ere long an unparalleled development of this tendency, and in a less negative form than thus far appears. Emancipated as our people there are, so generally, from kingcraft, priestcraft, tradition, and establishment, — living and laboring under the most equal circumstances, in the freest conditions, with the most inspiring motives, between all the instructions of antiquity and all the incentives

of posterity, illimitable possibilities before them,— will they voluntarily reorganize the old sacramental and dogmatic theology, which makes salvation depend on a ceremony or an abstraction in the keeping of a priest or a book,— which, with its gloom of the Fall and its glare of the Pit, takes the smiling sunshine of God off from the meadow, and his brooding blessing out of the sky, converting human existence into a frightful probation, on a bridge of sighs, between a palace and a prison? Believe it not. Rather will they turn life itself— inspired by love, ruled by justice, and crowned by piety— into an all-convincing and universal religion, whose temple shall be floored by their prairies and its walls over-arched by their blue dome, whose hymns shall be the joys of a free nation, whose ever-repeated litany their industrial routine, whose altar the Rocky Mountains, the canopy of clouds its hung drapery, the sun and stars its candle-lights, the smoke of ten million hearths its incense, the Missouri and the Colorado its libations.

The final element of strength in Liberal Christianity, and of weakness in the Popular Religion, considering them as rival systems soliciting the allegiance of mankind, is contained in the easy and harmonious applicability of the former to actual experience and life, and the absolute impossibility of reducing the latter to practice and carrying it out consistently in life. That fits the working facts of man and the world; this is an impracticable theory, when tried jarring at every point, and refusing to make music with the necessities of the present state. It is difficult to estimate sufficiently the multiform modes and the vast importance of the influence thus indicated. Let us get at least some hasty glimpse of the fact, and of its chief manifestations. God, says Liberal Christianity, is the Author and Ruler of the present system of the universe, in all its spheres of nature, morals, and religion; the evil in it resulting, not from Satanic interference, or a Divine curse, but from the contingencies of finite things and the variable conduct of free beings. Man is the subject of an immortal destiny, which he is freely to fulfil in its first stages by the use of his natural faculties and opportunities in this world-theatre of time, and afterwards by a similar improvement of

God's gracious boons in another realm of existence. The practical inferences from these propositions are, that we should resist temptation, cultivate our powers, enjoy our blessings, love our fellows, and co-operate in all good enterprises, make the best of our chances, and, by draining the uses of the present, fit ourselves for the future. This view obviously harmonizes with our situation, and is the tacit theory according to which civilized mankind really aim to live. To apply this theory to life, saving the limitations of our weakness and sin, is as natural as for water to run down hill.

But the established theology teaches that the world, in consequence of the Fall, is an accursed scene of evil, deserving only contempt and rejection, and mankind a mass of total depravity, worthy only of absolute hatred, even as God hates it. Now it is not in man to regard the world with disliking scorn, and his great brotherhood with utter loathing. He can only pretend to do it; and that pretence has to be kept alive by a constant effort unnaturally made, as water is elevated by a force-pump. The first consequence of the violence done to the facts by the common interpretation of life and duty, is that human nature stubbornly refuses to credit it in truth, only *shamming* a belief in hollow profession, while acting in direct contradiction to it. A careful observer must have noticed how sometimes the most scrupulous and pretentious "Orthodox" believers lead two irreconciled lives, holding one set of principles and sentiments in theory and ritual, carrying another into their ordinary practice, wearing long faces and droning doleful confessions in the vestry and the church, but eager and plotting, shrewd and ambitious, in the market and the caucus. The legitimate inferences from the popular creed cannot be really accepted, that is, lived out. By the doctrine of election, men have nothing to do here; they are merely puppets moved across the stage by the wires of predestination, into heaven or into hell. So horrid is the alternative of the helpless transit, that the soul is paralyzed with an anguish of terror, and cannot try to do anything; and should it try, is bound by fate. Now man knows better than this. He irresistibly feels that he has a multitude of duties in life, and ability to do them; and he cannot help undertaking them.

Again, by the doctrine of free will, supernatural grace, and eternal judgment, men have nothing else to do but to secure their salvation by the appropriation of Christ's atoning merit. Suppose a man to be placed, for five minutes, in a situation where it depended wholly on the care of his steps whether he should slip into a caldron of molten iron or pass into a garden of delights. Under circumstances of such terrific exposure, such climacteric agony, would he do anything else, think of anything else, except take heed how he was stepping? Well, according to the usual doctrine, heaven is above, hell is beneath, the fleeting hour of life is intermediate here. If men acquire an interest in the redemption offered by Christ, they shall inherit an eternity of inconceivable bliss in heaven; if not, they shall suffer an eternity of inconceivable agony in hell. If a man believed that, would he not, in his frantic intensity of desire to make sure of the infinite boon, put aside and forget everything else? Would he not wrestle and agonize, in all-absorbing penitence, and prayer, and tears, until he was certain that the white robe washed in the blood of the Lamb was on him? And yet how is it? Are not such men quite rare? Yes, the loudest professors take these infinite terrors and splendors quite coolly; find ample time to attend to other matters; and plainly care a thousand times more for making money, building houses, acquiring office and honor, moving in good society, marrying their children into fashionable families, than they do for acting consistently with their church belief. What would be thought of a peasant at the base of Vesuvius, who, beholding a flood of lava rushing down the mountain, should quietly busy himself in planting trees and trimming vines, instead of gathering his family and fleeing for life? What would be thought of a man, who, from the summit of a cliff, seeing hundreds of men, women, and children drowning in the waves below, instead of throwing over the life-preservers scattered around him, or lowering the strong rope with which he is provided, should amuse himself with drawing a picture of the struggling wretches, or, turning from them, should proceed complacently to regale himself with fruits and wine? Yet multitudes of people profess to believe that this life is an instant of probation, wherein they may

snatch an infinite prize beyond, or incur an infinite woe ; profess to believe that millions on millions are momentarily drifting into the endless lake of fire over which all are suspended, only those who lay hold of the atonement being saved ; and, instead of concentrating all the thoughts and energies of their souls upon getting a firm hold of that heaven-hung cord, and striving to toss it within reach of others, they laugh as merrily as any at the comic features and incidents of the times, find leisure to slander and pick flaws in the unbelievers, engage strenuously in the scramble for wealth and reputation, and, indeed, are as much taken up as most of their neighbors with the common labors and damnable vanities of the world ! By force of tradition and fashion, they talk one thing ; by force of truth and nature, they live another. It is often said of Unitarianism, that "it is a good doctrine to live by, but a poor doctrine to die by." And accordingly few "religious" phenomena are more frequent than for good Calvinists to live according to the Unitarian view of life, and then, at the last moment, hastily gather up the shreds of their "Orthodox" belief to die in. Which system is most complimented by the practice may safely be left to the decision of that common sense which teaches that a wise life is the real preparation for a becoming death, and a holy character the genuine condition of an auspicious entrance into eternity.

This gross inconsistency between doctrine and life is a fatal weakness in "Evangelicism," and the opposite harmony is an equal strength in the rival system. The world, seeing this war between profession and character, secretly laughs to scorn the creed which produces it. What a world of meaning is contained in the following graphic description, by Horatio Greenough, of a not uncommon character, — a character begotten between the severity of a conventional theology and the ease of a luxurious life ! "I have seen," — writes our great sculptor, who was not more gifted as an artist than he was remarkable as a thinker, — "I have seen a clergyman of the Established Church, who long appeared to me an over-grown automaton, in which the digestive apparatus was exaggerated. He was an incarnation of *vicarious* being. He seemed to have been taken into the world and done for. Inoffensive was he

and respectable; for he had been educated among scholars, — dressed by a tailor, and dressed well, — shaved by a barber, and well shorn, — insured by a solvent company here below, — saved by his Saviour in the world to come, so that one saw no obstacle to his translation to another sphere, except — his weight. Yet was all this only apparent; for no sooner was a trout-stream mentioned than the kaleidoscope revolved, the fog rolled from before his eyes, and he became animated and alert." Such a man is no more conscious of the contents of his creed, or the sentiments of his ritual, than a Congo chief; no more ruled and characterized by the distinctive principles of "Evangelical Christianity," than Alcibiades and Cæsar were.

The theology embedded in the common creed of the Church, save in the rarest instances, is not believed and cannot be believed; is not reduced to practice, and cannot be reduced to practice. If it were really credited and acted out, the course of civilization would stop, the development of mankind cease, and the world become a cursed wilderness of misery. For who would populate the everlasting fire-gorges of hell with his children? The Popular Religion, considered as a set of doctrines, is mostly a hollow shell, devoid of vital sincerity. Considered as a body of persons, its church-life is, for the most part, a ritual of conformity. At least four fifths of its professors in this country, if approached with a clear statement of the cardinal principles of Liberal Christianity, would confess their belief in them, and their honest rejection of the contrasted dogmas. If the "Orthodox" congregations do receive the system of doctrinal faith inculcated upon them, why do they not live in consonance? How happens it that *not one in fifty of their whole population ever pretends to experience saving grace, or to join the church*? If they believed that, unless they experienced saving grace and joined the church, they must roast in hell eternally, would they not experience saving grace and join the church, the means being always freely offered them? They do not believe it: it is a formality. The plain fact is, that the popular "Orthodoxy" is no longer an intelligently and earnestly accepted creed, but a respectable establishment, a hardened institution of traditions and rites, which people fall in

with as a matter of course. One important qualification is to be made to this statement; for justice demands, and we rejoice, in the very interests of our argument, to give our acknowledgment, that unquestionably a large class of devoted persons remain within the "Orthodox Church," making use of it as a working instrument of practical Christianity, for helping the poor, supporting missionaries, aiding good reforms, regardless of theoretical dogmas. But it is philanthropy and piety, worship and good works, that retain the presence and support of these persons; not any credit or care for the special theology to which they are treated, and which may all the time be extremely distasteful and false to them. An experienced and sagacious old Brahmin, a resident of Calcutta, has recently said, in a conversation reported for the London Times: "The great mass of the Hindoo population have no intelligent persuasion as to the principles of their religion. It is with them a matter of immemorial tradition, mythological legend, outward forms, civil and social usage." Precisely so is it also in "Orthodox" Christendom.

In this vast, old, dead, doctrinal institution — aside from the religious life and the practical virtue nourished within it by the spirit of God, through the order of nature and of grace — a process of undermining and decay is going on, which will inevitably overthrow it. The doctrine of the Trinity as three unconfounded Persons in one undivided Substance — once the most central and living doctrine of the Church — has quite deceased from debate and regard. The doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement, which shocks ethics as much as that did reason, is destined to share the same fate. The doctrine of the Plenary Inspiration of Scripture has suffered damage in all quarters, from which it can never recover. The doctrine of Infant Damnation, once fulminated from almost every village pulpit, would not be tolerated now, save in exceptional instances, although it is an unavoidable inference from the logic of the creed. We say this doctrine, that an infant is as damnable as an adult, is contained in the creed; for, to quote fresh "Orthodox" authority, "is not a serpent a serpent at the earliest stage of its existence?" The ablest scholars, thinkers, and preachers of the day, even within the "Orthodox"

churches, have made softening innovations and modifications of the old theology, fatal to its integrity, and fatal to its permanence. From turret to turret the alarm-cries of the ancient watchmen are heard. How significant is the movement recently set on foot in the capital of New England to found an organ for Old Orthodoxy,—the “*Puritan Review*,”—to serve as a battery against the fearful heresies of Young Orthodoxy! The expressive plan is to secure its support by a joint-stock company of a thousand owners, “devoted to the advocacy of the true Puritan theology, as held by really sound men of different schools, in opposition to the latitudinarianism, new speculations, and new fellowships, by which it is believed the spiritual welfare of our churches is threatened”! Vain are all such attempts to check the course of fate. Liberal Christianity is destined to supplant the Popular Religion, as the Gospel supplanted Paganism; because it is a truer Thought, a kinder Sentiment, a healthier Motive, a more natural and genial View, a better Working System, in the long run, and for educated minds. The indications of its advancing victory, visible on every hand to an observant eye, are as numerous and striking, and are increasing as rapidly, as could be expected. There is every reason for courage and joy.

The one want of Liberal Christians, for the fresh speeding of their conquering cause, is courageous *consistency*. Cowardice, incoherence, incompleteness, are their chief enemies and ruinous weights. Aristocratic fastidiousness, squeamish taste, a tamed wisdom, are their bane, their impediment, their false gods. They have not spoken in the burning vernacular of the people on the hearty level of the average breast. Their tone, aim, and method are often the same as those of the “*Orthodox*”; while, in consequence of their sheer contrast of religious philosophy, they ought to be very different. Their instruction and exhortation in the Sunday school, the Bible class, the conference-room, the pulpit, are very much what they should be if they accepted the ruined ascetic philosophy of the Westminster Catechism, instead of the cheerful Gospel of Christ. We cannot rightfully expect any swift advancement of our great cause of an harmonious religion of truth, until we get rid of the cruel, diseased, magical Calvinistic and Sacer-



dotal mind, method, and aim,—discordant rudiments and vestiges of which yet linger injuriously among us. In place of these we must elaborate the costly results of Christian experience, criticism, and study into a complete system to work by. Then we must consistently work by it, willingly permitting any who are among us, but not of us, to drop away, if they are offended, and can find more congenial home and labor elsewhere. The loss of such persons would, as we regard it, be a gain; for the trimmer to popularity is a traitor to God. His presence destroys unity and zeal of action. Despised by all loyal minds, the farther he goes from them, the better it is for them and for their cause.

The teaching system which we want, as an unhampering alliance and an organizing instrument, is not a body of fine-spun dogmas, but one made up of the cardinal principles of common sense, devout faith, and brotherly works. Its characteristic key-notes should be filial worship and practical goodness,—in distinction from the crouching fear and exclusive bigotry to which the temper of "Orthodoxy" is often tuned. Such a system should draw into friendly league and effort, not only Unitarians, Universalists, and Christians, but all truly liberal believers; who, forming the genuine Broad Church of Christ, overlooking differences of opinion, cheerfully allowing individual liberty in such matters, each being responsible solely to his Master, should go forward in one spirit, for one work, on the common ground of experimental virtue and piety, subsidize the theological and moral energies of the age, and take benign possession of the religious world.

In fine, then, the strength of the Popular Religion and the weakness of Liberal Christianity consist in the strength and weakness of the appeal they make to the love of artificial logical system, to fancy, to the sensational feelings, to the indolent desire of escaping from personal responsibility, to selfishness, to party spirit and pride, to the liking for mechanical tangibility and ostentation, to the inclination to receive what is socially established in conformity with the fashion of the majority, and to the accumulated power of religious experience and prejudice educated for ages in accordance with the "Orthodox"

dogmas. On the other hand, the strength of Liberal Christianity and the weakness of the Popular Religion consist in the strength and weakness of their appeal to the conclusions of reason, to the dictates of conscience, to the sentiments of the heart, to the advancing results of scientific achievement, to the composite social influences and traits designated as the spirit of the age, and to the actual conditions and necessities of human experience in the present life. The strength of the Popular Religion obviously lies in historical causes, social accidents, factitious forces ; its weakness, in its violent discord with truth and normal experience. But the strength of Liberal Christianity lies in the order of God's works, the laws of man's constitution, the inherent power of reality and harmonious experience ; its weakness, in its unfitness to satisfy the morbid cravings engendered by perverse traditional education. It is plain enough which system possesses the intrinsic and enduring conditions of final victory.

We rejoice to admit that, among the earnest members of the "Evangelical" sects, there are a profound inward experience and outward practice of the religious life. But we must frankly question the right on their part — a privilege so often assumed by them — of denying in return the existence of anything of the sort among us. In all humility, but with firmness, we must be permitted to claim that there are Liberal Christians, too, who have felt something of renewing grace and known something of the divine life. Because we believe that God is one, and not three, are we therefore unable to love him when we contemplate him in his infinite perfections as our Father? Because we regard Christ, not as a sacrificed deity, but as the delegated revealer of God's truth, the loving Saviour, and the perfect ideal of humanity, is it therefore impossible for us gratefully to revere him, and to strive with a tender consecration to press after his steps in the keeping of his commandments? Because we accept the Bible as a heavenly treasure in an earthen vessel, a human medium and depository of divine truth, and not as the pure and direct "Word of God," are we therefore incapacitated to study its contents with conscientious docility, to lay its promises humbly upon our hearts, and take its warnings solemnly to

our souls? Because we do not think that regeneration is solely the sudden and miraculous result of a long-awaited touch of ictic grace, are we therefore shut out from all possibility of repenting of our sins, weeping over our folly, with pangs and vows turning away from selfish ambition and every pleasant vice, rising above the world in an anguish and ecstasy of new convictions and purposes, to devote ourselves to the disinterested service of God and man? Because we do not imagine the Almighty as a selfish and jealous taskmaster, nor anticipate a scenic judgment-seat and a pit of endless fire, is it therefore inconceivable that we should ever be so moved by the manifest certainty that guilt will always meet retribution and virtue always wear a crown, by the present horrors of sin and glories of goodness, by the startling glimpses of God's attributes vouchsafed on every hand, by the mysterious wants and intimations of the soul in all life's deeper hours, as to seek with unutterable yearning for pardoning grace, for an assuring sanctification, for the mystic fellowship of the Holy Spirit?

It is, to say the least, hardly modest in our "Orthodox" brethren to claim, as they constantly do, a monopoly of earnestness and piety, of penitential tears, self-renunciation, and love of God, charging us with "inconceivable shallowness," "unregenerate pride," "rebellion against God," and "utter destitution of all experience of vital religion," granting us only a fair seeming of "outward righteousness which God hates." There are, as we gratefully believe, Unitarian and Universalist Christians, the richness, purity, health, and earnestness of whose religious experience — unreserved surrender to God and joyous communion with him — will bear a favorable comparison with any examples which the Calvinistic Churches furnish. There is no form or ingredient of healthy religious life which the doctrines of Liberal Christianity, in conjunction with the grace of God, are not amply competent to produce and nourish. The advantage possessed by the Popular Religion, through its dogmatic peculiarities, is in fostering, by help of traditionally educated sensibilities, exceptional instances of diseased modes and abnormal degrees of "religious" experience. Herein, in spite of the

temporary disadvantage, lie our ultimate strength and the ultimate weakness of our opponents. We say thus much, not in any spirit of boasting or of complacency, but simply in self-defence. Our prayer is, that the theological doctrines of our antagonist brethren, and our own religious experiences, equally guided by Christ's truth and love, may keep pace in approaching the standard of God's will.

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#### ART. IV.—BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

*History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.  
Vol. I. London. 1857. 8vo. pp. xxiv, 854.

THIS is the most important work, in its line, from a British hand, which the world has seen for many a year. The theme is one of the greatest in the world. The author has treated it better, with more learning and profound comprehension, than any of his English predecessors. Who is Mr. Buckle? We know not. The name is new; this is his first work, as he thus tells us: "To my mother I dedicate this, the first volume of my first work,"—a pious and appropriate dedication, which promises other things to come.

No Englishman has written a more elaborate book in this century. It is learned also, though not so comprehensive in its erudition as we might wish. The list of "authors quoted" occupies fifteen pages, and comprises about six hundred titles and perhaps three thousand volumes. Half as many more are referred to in the copious and well-studied notes, which enrich the volume. Notwithstanding the imposing array which this catalogue presents at the first glance, its deficiencies, in a writer who thinks so meanly of the labors of his predecessors, are more remarkable than its seeming completeness. Not to speak of ancient writers, of whom only three are referred to, no mention is made of Grotius, Prideaux, Vico, Creuzer, Du Cange, Duchesne, Malte-Brun, Becker, W. v. Humboldt, Wachler, Hegel (*Phil. d. Gesch.*), Müller (J. v. and 20\*

C. O.), Fichte (*Grundz. d. gegenw. Zeitalt.*), Schelling (*Phil. d. Myth.*), Boeckh, Wachsmuth, Eichhorn, Savigny, Raumer, Heeren (*Gesch. d. Syst. d. Eur. Staat.*), Thierry, and a host of others whose writings bear more or less directly on the subject of this volume. The author speaks in the highest terms of the works of German philosophers, but names but four or five German books in his catalogue, — none of which are the works of the masters in the philosophy of history.

This volume is but half of the Introduction to the History of Civilization in England. How many volumes the history itself shall contain, we are not told. It is so bulky that we fear it will not immediately be reprinted here. The great cost of the original will prevent it from circulating much in a country where a laboring man may buy him his week's reading for a quarter of a dollar. But its contents are so valuable, that we shall make a careful analysis of the most important, though perhaps not the most interesting parts, and lay it before our readers, with some additional comments of our own. The paper will consist of two parts, — an abstract of the work itself, and some criticisms thereon.

The volume contains fourteen chapters: the first five are general, and relate to the development of mankind under various circumstances friendly or hostile thereto, — to the method of inquiry, and the influence of various causes upon civilization. The sixth is a transitional chapter, in which the author leads his readers over from his general laws to their particular applications. The other eight treat mainly of the development of civilization in England and France.

In Chapter I. he tells us that history is the most popular branch of knowledge; more has been written on it than on any other, and great confidence is felt in its value. It enters into all plans of education; materials of a rich and imposing appearance have been collected; political and military annals have been compiled; and much pains taken with the history of law, religion, science, letters, arts, useful inventions, and of late with the manners and customs of the people. Political economy has become a science; statistics treat of the material interests of mankind, their moral peculiarities, the amount of crime, and the effect of age, sex, and education thereupon.

We know the rate of mortality, marriages, births, deaths, the fluctuation of wages, the price of needful things. Physical geography has been studied in all its details; all food has been chemically analyzed, and its relation to the body pointed out. Many nations have been studied in all degrees of civilization. Put all these things together, they seem to be of immense value.

But the use of these materials is less satisfactory: the separate parts have not been combined into a whole; while the necessity of generalization is admitted in all other great fields of inquiry, and efforts are made therein to rise from particular facts to universal laws, this is seldom attempted in the history of man.

“Any author who, from indolence of thought or from natural incapacity, is unfit to deal with the highest branches of knowledge, has only to pass some years in reading a certain number of books, and then he is qualified to be an historian; he is able to write the history of a great people, and his work becomes an authority on the subject which it professes to treat. The establishment of this narrow standard has led to results very prejudicial to the progress of our knowledge. Owing to it, historians, taken as a body, have never recognized the necessity of such a wide and preliminary study as would enable them to grasp their subject in the whole of its natural relations; hence the singular spectacle of one historian being ignorant of political economy; another knowing nothing of law; another nothing of ecclesiastical affairs and changes of opinion; another neglecting the philosophy of statistics, and another physical science: although these topics are the most essential of all, inasmuch as they comprise the principal circumstances by which the temper and character of mankind have been affected and in which they are displayed.” — p. 4.

Accordingly, in the whole literature of Europe there are only three or four really original books, which contain a systematic attempt to investigate the history of man in the scientific manner belonging to other departments. Yet in the last hundred years there has been a great gain, and the prospects of historical literature are more cheering than ever before; but scarcely anything has been done towards discerning the principles which govern the character and destiny of nations. “For all the higher purposes of human thought, history is still miserably deficient, and presents that confused

and anarchical appearance natural to a subject of which the laws are unknown, and even the foundation unsettled." Auguste Comte, "who has done more than any man to raise the standard," contemptuously notices "the incoherent compilation of facts hitherto called history." The most celebrated historians are manifestly inferior to the great men of science; none of them is at all entitled to be compared with Kepler and Newton. Yet the study of history requires the greatest talents, on account of the complication of its phenomena, and the fact that nothing can be verified by experiment.

Hence the scientific study of the movements of Mind, compared with that of the movements of Nature, is still in its infancy. So in physics, the regularity of events and the possibility of predicting them are always taken for granted, while the regularity of history is not only not so taken, but is often denied. It is said, in the affairs of men there is something mysterious and providential, which hides their future from us, and so history has never become a science, but only an empirical narrative of facts. But the question comes, Is it so? Are the actions of men and societies governed by fixed laws, or are they the result either of blind chance or of supernatural interference?

In regard to all events there are two doctrines which represent different stages of civilization;—(1.) that every event is single and isolate, the result of blind Chance; or (2.) that all events are connected, and so each is the result of Necessity.\* An increasing perception of the regularity of Nature destroys the doctrine of Chance, and replaces it by necessary connection. Out of these two doctrines of Chance and Necessity come the dogmas of Free-Will and Predestination.

As soon as a people has accumulated an abundance of the means of living, some men will cease to work; the most of those who are free from labor seek only pleasure, but a few endeavor to acquire knowledge and diffuse it. Some of the latter will study their own minds; such of them as have great ability will found new philosophies and religions, which often exercise an immense influence over the people who receive them. But these great thinkers are affected by the character

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\* He means *Necessitudo*, we take it, not *Necessitas*.

of their age, which accordingly appears in their philosophy and religion. Thus the doctrine of Chance in the outer world corresponds to, and occasions, that of Free-Will in the inner world; while the doctrine of Necessary Connection in nature corresponds to that of Predestination in man. Predestination is founded on the theological hypothesis that all is regulated by supernatural interference. Among the Protestants, this doctrine, accompanied with that of the eternal damnation of the non-elect, acquired influence through the dark and powerful mind of Calvin, and among Catholics from Augustine, who seems to have borrowed it from the Manicheans; but it is a barren hypothesis, lying out of the province of human knowledge, and so it cannot be proved either false or true. Free-Will is connected with Arminianism, and founded on the metaphysical hypothesis that all happens by chance; it rests on the supremacy of human consciousness, a dogma supported only by the assumption, (1.) that there is an independent faculty called consciousness; and (2.) that its dictates are infallible. But the first has not been proved; the second is unquestionably false, for though consciousness be infallible as to the *fact* of its testimony, it is fallible as to its *truth*. The present uncertainty in regard to the matter of consciousness shows that metaphysics will never be raised to a science by the ordinary method of observing merely individual minds; but that its study can be successfully prosecuted only by the deductive application of laws, which must be discerned by historical induction from the whole of those great phenomena which the human race presents. Homer, Shakespeare, and other great poets, have hitherto been the best investigators of the human mind; but they occupied themselves mainly with the concrete phenomena of life, and if they analyzed, as is probable, they concealed the steps of their process.

“The believer in the possibility of history is not required to hold either to Predestination or Free-Will, only to admit that, when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the result of some antecedents; and that therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents and with all the laws of their movements, we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results.”



Now, as men's actions are determined by outward things, those actions must be uniform, and the same results must always follow from the same circumstances. All the progress and decline of men must come from the action of external phenomena on the mind, or that of the mind on the phenomena. On the one side is nature, the world of matter obeying its own laws; on the other, man obeying his laws. By their mutual action each modifies the other. A philosophical history can be made only on the knowledge of this action and mutual modification of man by nature and nature by man. The problem of the historian is to discover the laws of this twofold modification. First, he must inquire whether man affects nature most, or nature man; that is, whether physical phenomena are more affected by man than man by physical phenomena, or the opposite. That which is most active and powerful should be studied first, for, being the most conspicuous, it is easiest known, and when its laws are generalized, the unknown to be accounted for will be smaller than if the opposite course be pursued. But before he enters on that work, the historian will prove the regularity of mental phenomena, not by deduction from an assumed hypothesis, either metaphysical or theological, but by induction from almost innumerable facts, extending over many centuries, gathered and put into arithmetical tables,—the clearest of all forms,—by government officials who had neither prejudices nor theories to support.

The actions of men are of these two classes,—Virtues or Vices. If it can be shown that the vices vary according to changes in surrounding society, then it is clear the virtues vary also in like manner, though inversely. But if there be no such variations, then it must follow that men's actions depend on personal caprice, free-will, and the like,—on what is peculiar to the individual.

At first thought, it would appear that, of all vicious or virtuous actions, the crime of murder was the most arbitrary and irregular. But experience shows that it is committed with regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain circumstances as the movement of the tides or the rotation of the seasons. Thus it was observed that from 1826 to

1844 the number of persons accused of crime in all France was on the whole about equal to the male deaths in Paris; but the annual amount of crime in France fluctuated less than that of male deaths in Paris; the same regularity was observed in each separate class of crimes, all obeying the same law of uniform and periodical repetition. In other countries, also, variations of crime are less than those of mortality.

Suicide seems the most arbitrary and capricious of all murders, but this also observes a constant law. The average annual number of suicides in London is about 240. It varies from 213 to 266. In 1846, there was a great railway panic, the suicides rose to 266; in 1847 there was a slight improvement, and the suicides fell to 256; in 1848 there were 247; in 1849, 213; and in 1850 they rose again to 229. This crime, like many others, depends somewhat on the season of the year, and is more common in summer than in winter.

Facts of this kind "force us to the conclusion, that the offences of men are the result not so much of the vices of the individual offender as of the state of society into which he is thrown." And this induction cannot be overthrown by any of those hypotheses with which metaphysicians and theologians have perplexed the study of past events. This is the great social law, that the moral actions of men are the product of their antecedents, not of their volition. But, like other laws, it is subject to disturbances proceeding from minor forces, which meet the larger at particular points and cause aberrations. But these discrepancies are trifling. Hence "we may form some idea of the prodigious energy of those vast social laws, which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle, and which, when examined by the aid of large numbers, scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation."

Marriage has a fixed relation to the price of corn; in England, the experience of a century has proved, that, instead of having any connection with personal feelings, marriages "are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people; so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food or the rate of wages."

The aberrations of memory also follow a general law. At London and Paris, the same proportionate number of persons drop undirected letters into the post-office. These things are so plain, that in less than a hundred years it will be as hard to find an historian who denies the regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the uniformity of nature. This regularity of human actions and its dependence on certain conditions is the basis for scientific history.

In Chapter II. Mr. Buckle states the influence of physical agents on the organization of society and the character of individuals. The most powerful agents are food, soil, climate, and the general aspects of nature. The latter excites the imagination, and so sometimes produces superstition, which is the great obstacle to progressive knowledge, and imparts ineffaceable peculiarities to the national religion. The three former affect the general organization, and cause those large and conspicuous differences between nations which are often ascribed to some fundamental difference in the various races into which mankind are divided. But these ethnological differences are altogether hypothetical, while those caused by climate, food, and soil are not only real, but also capable of a satisfactory explanation. He condenses these three into one general term, Physical Geography, and tells the effects it produces.

1. The accumulation of wealth must always be the first great social improvement, for without that there is neither taste nor leisure for the acquisition of knowledge. In an ignorant people, — and all must start ignorant, — this accumulation will be regulated solely by the physical peculiarities of the country, that is, by the fertility of the soil, and by the energy and regularity of the work bestowed upon it. This latter depends entirely on the climate, which directly affects man's power of work, by enervating or invigorating the laborer, and also indirectly influences the regularity of his habits. Thus, in Northern countries, cold and darkness interrupt out-door work, and the laboring people are more prone to desultory habits; hence the national character becomes more fitful and capricious than it would be under a

better climate. The Swedes and Norwegians differ greatly from the Spanish and Portuguese in government, laws, religion, and manners, but all four agree in a certain instability and fickleness of character. This peculiarity, common to them all, is caused by the climate, which in the Southern countries interrupts toil by heat and drought, and in the Northern by darkness and cold. This effect of climate has not been noticed by Montesquieu, Hume, and Charles Comte, the three most philosophical writers on climate.

No nation has ever been civilized through its own efforts, unless it had a favorable soil or climate. Thus in Asia, civilization has always been confined to that tract which extends from the south of China to the west coast of Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Palestine, while the barren country in the North has been peopled by rude wandering tribes, who are always kept in poverty by the nature of the soil; but yet, when they migrate thence, they found great monarchies, in China, India, and Persia, and equal the civilization of the most flourishing peoples. In Arabia, the Arabs have always been a rude, uncultivated people, their soil compelling them to poverty; but when established in Persia, Spain, and the Punjab, their character seems to undergo a great change. In the sandy and barren parts of Africa,—the vast plain which occupies the centre and North,—the people are always barbarians, entirely uncultivated, acquiring no knowledge, because they can accumulate no wealth. But in Egypt, the overflow of the Nile makes the country fertile; wealth was rapidly accumulated; the cultivation of knowledge quickly followed, and the land became the seat of a civilization which, though grossly exaggerated, forms a striking contrast to the barbarism of the other nations of Africa, none of which could work out their progress or emerge from the ignorance to which the penury of nature condemned them.

In the ancient world,—Asia and Africa,—the fertility of the soil had more influence than climate in civilization. But in Europe, climate is the more powerful of the two. In the former case, the effect depends on the relation of the soil to its produce, that is, of one part of nature to another; in the latter, the effect depends on the relation between the cli-

mate and the laborer, that is, between nature and man. The first is the less complicated relation, and came earlier into action, and hence civilization began in Asia and Africa, and not in Europe. But that form of civilization which depends on the fertility of the soil is not so valuable or permanent as that which depends on climate, for all effectual human progress depends less on the bounty of nature than on the energy of man which a favorable climate develops. And while the productive powers of nature are limited and stationary, the powers of man are unlimited. We have no evidence which authorizes us to put even an imaginary limit to the human intellect. So a favorable climate which stimulates labor, is a more valuable agent of civilization than fertility of soil, which feeds men with its almost spontaneous bounty.

The next thing to consider is the distribution of wealth,—what portion shall belong to the laboring classes, what to such as labor not. In a very early stage of society, the distribution of wealth, like its creation, is wholly determined by physical laws, which are so active as to have kept a vast majority of the inhabitants of the fairest portion of the globe in constant poverty. An inquiry into the distribution of wealth, therefore, is an inquiry into the distribution of power, and will throw light on the origin of social and political inequality. Wealth will be distributed between the laborers, the more numerous class, who produce it, and the non-laborers, the contrivers,—the less numerous but more able class, who direct the energy of the others. The laborers' share is called wages; the contrivers' share is profits. Wages will depend on the number of laborers, and that on the cheapness of food; so, in a country where food is cheap, laborers will abound and wages be low. Therefore an inquiry into the physical laws on which a nation's food depends is of the greatest importance.

The food of man produces two and only two effects necessary to his existence,—(1.) to supply the animal heat, and (2.) to repair the waste of tissues. The first purpose is accomplished by non-azotized substances containing carbon, but no nitrogen; the second, by azotized substances in which nitrogen is always found. In hot climates men require but little non-azotized food,—for the climate keeps up the temperature; and

less azotized food than in cold ones,—for, as they exercise less, the body has less waste to repair. So the inhabitants of hot countries will require less food than those of cold ones, and population will increase with corresponding rapidity. But the inhabitants of colder countries consume not only more food than those of warm countries, but more animal, carbonized or non-azotized food, which is more costly than is the other kind, for it is not, like vegetables, thrown up by the soil, but consists of the bodies of powerful and often ferocious animals, and is procured only with great labor. So, when the coldness of the climate compels men to use carbonized or animal food, even in the infancy of society, the men are bolder, more adventurous, than the vegetable-eaters of warm climates, gratuitously fed by the bounty of nature. Thus there is a constant tendency for wages to be low in warm countries and high in cold ones. In hot climates, food will be abundant, population will increase rapidly, and wages be low; while in cold countries the opposite result will follow.

In Asia, Africa, and America, all the ancient civilizations were seated in hot climates where food was cheap, the wages low, the profits high, and the laborer depressed. In Europe, civilization arose in a colder climate, where food was dearer, wages consequently higher, profits lower, and the laborers in a better condition. The Irish are the only great European people fed on cheap food; and the consequences presently appeared in the rapid increase of the laborers, their low wages, and miserable squalid condition, though in a country which has greater natural resources than any other in Europe. The matter of food and wages may be thus summed up: when the wages are invariably low, the distribution of wealth being very unequal, the distribution of political power and social influence will also be very unequal.

Civilization is old in India. The climate requires men to feed on vegetable, non-azotized food, on rice, the most nutritive of all the grains. Food is cheap, laborers abundant, wages low, profits high, in the shape of rent of land and interest of capital, the laboring people much depressed, the ruling class rich, insolent, and despotic. It has been so these three thou-

sand years, as appears from the ancient laws and maxims which determine the condition of the workingman.

These laws of fertility, soil, food, and climate are so invincible, that, wherever they have come into play, they have kept the laborers in perpetual subjection; the people have no voice in the management of the state, no control over the wealth they have created; they have always been tame and servile, their history recites no instance of their turning upon their rulers, no war of classes, no popular insurrections, not one great popular conspiracy, no revolutions among the people. Similar causes were at work in Egypt, in Peru, in Mexico, and produced the same results as in India: the date, the banana, and the maize were to the latter what rice was to the former. In all these countries civilization depended on the fertility of the soil, food was cheap, laborers abundant, wages low, profits high, the working class poor and enslaved, the rulers rich, insolent, and despotic. We have not space to follow the author in the interesting details of this part of his work, but only remark, in passing, that he does not seem to be entirely familiar with the aboriginal civilization, and is sometimes mistaken in his statements; but his grand inductive generalization remains secure.

He thus sums up the result for Asia, Africa, and America:—

“The great physical laws which, in the most flourishing countries out of Europe, encouraged the accumulation of wealth, but prevented its dispersion, secured to the upper classes a monopoly of one of the most important elements of social and political power. The result was, that in all those civilizations the great body of the people derived no benefit from the national improvements; hence, the basis of the progress being very narrow, the progress itself was very insecure. When, therefore, unfavorable circumstances arose from without, it was but natural that the whole system should fall to the ground. In such countries, society, being divided against itself, was unable to stand. And there can be no doubt that, long before the crisis of their actual destruction, these one-sided and irregular civilizations had begun to decay. So that their own degeneracy aided the progress of foreign invaders, and secured the overthrow of those ancient kingdoms, which, under a sounder system, might have been easily saved.”—p. 107.

In Europe, civilization depended less on the fertility of the

soil, giving man its cheap spontaneous bread, more on the climate, which stimulated him to vigorous and regular activity, demanded a more costly food, and so prevented the too rapid increase of population. As a natural consequence, in Europe alone a permanent civilization has been established, and society so organized as to include all the different classes; and though the scheme is not yet sufficiently large, it leaves room for the welfare of each, and so secures the progress of all.

Having thus disposed of the influence of food, soil, and climate, which directly affect the material interests of man, in the accumulation and distribution of wealth, he next examines that of the general aspects of nature, which affect his intellectual interests in the accumulation and distribution of knowledge. The aspects of nature may be divided into two kinds,—such as affect the imagination by exciting feeling, terror, or great wonder, and such as affect the understanding, and excite men to study the details and causes of the phenomena about them. In all civilizations hitherto, the imagination has been active to excess. This appears from the superstitions of the ignorant, and the poetic reverence for antiquity which blinds the judgment of the educated and limits their originality. It is possible that the understanding may in turn tyrannize over the imagination. All the great early civilizations of Asia, Africa, and America were situated within the tropics, where nature is most dangerous to man, and its aspects most sublime and terrible, both in the constant phenomena, such as mountains, and the occasional, such as earthquakes, tempests, hurricanes, and pestilences, which powerfully affect the imagination.

This general statement is illustrated by examples of the superstitions generated by earthquakes and pestilences. The illustrations are not happy, they are almost puerile. He thus generalizes his conclusions: "There are certain natural phenomena which excite the imagination, incline man to superstition, and hinder the progress of knowledge. These phenomena are much more numerous out of Europe than in it," and give a peculiar character to Literature, Religion, and Art. To prove this, he compares the productions of a typical



Asiatic with a typical European country. India with Greece, — both “flagrant instances.”

The literature of India shows the most uncontrolled ascendancy of the imagination. There is little prose composition; works on grammar, law, history, medicine, mathematics, geography, and metaphysics are nearly all poems. The matter corresponds to the form; imagination, luxuriant even to disease, runs riot on every occasion. This appears in great national works, the Ramayana Mahabharata and the Puranas, and in geographical and chronological systems; in the exaggerated respect for past ages, which is “repugnant to every maxim of reason, and is merely the indulgence of a poetic sentiment in favor of the remote and unknown.” “It gave theologians their idea of the primitive virtue and simplicity of man, and of his subsequent fall from that high estate.” It “diffused a belief that in old times men were not only more virtuous and happy, but also physically superior in the structure of their bodies,” and lived to a greater age than is possible for their degenerate children. Thus the Hindoos say that in the most flourishing periods of antiquity the average age of common men at death was 80,000 years, and of holy men 100,000 years; but some early poets lived about half a million, and one king — his title is too long for our space — lived 8,400,000, of which he reigned 6,300,000. To glorify the Institutes of Menu, which are really less than three thousand years old, the native authorities declare they were miraculously revealed to man more than 2,000,000,000 years ago. The same characteristics appear in the Indian religion. Its mythology, like that of every tropical country, is based upon terror of the most extravagant kind. The most terrible deities are also the most popular. The same thing appears in the Indian Art, which is an expression of the monstrous.

Now in Greece the aspects of nature were quite different, nay, almost opposite; they gave a healthy stimulus to the imagination and the understanding, which led to the elevation of man. The Indians had more respect for superhuman powers, and turned men to the unknown and mysterious; the Greeks had more respect for human powers, and turned to the known and available. This peculiarity appears in the Litera-

ture, Religion, and Art of Greece, which are so well known that we need not follow Mr. Buckle in the details of his learned and careful comparison. The Greek literature was the first in which a systematic attempt was made to test all opinions by human reason, and vindicate the right of man to judge for himself on matters of supreme importance.

In Chapter III. he examines "the method employed by metaphysicians for discovering mental laws." Studying the whole of human history, he finds that, out of Europe, the tendency has been to subordinate man to nature, but in Europe to subordinate nature to man. So he divides civilization into two parts, Non-European and European. To understand the first, we must begin with the study of nature, the stronger force, while to comprehend the European civilization, which is characterized by a diminishing influence of physical agents and an increasing influence of mental agents, we must begin with man, who continually and progressively overmasters nature;—so that the average duration of life becomes greater,—the number of dangers thereto is lessened; the curiosity of men is keener, and their contact closer, than at any former period; and a more just distribution of wealth has taken place than in other countries. It is only in Europe that man has succeeded in taming the energies of nature, and compelling them to minister to him. He has extirpated ferocious beasts, overcome famine and the most frightful diseases, bridged the rivers, tunnelled the mountains, reclaimed land from the sea, and fertilized the barren spots of the earth. The most advanced nations of Europe owe comparatively little to the original forces of nature, which had unlimited power over all other civilizations.

European civilization differs from all others in this. It is characterized by the "diminishing influence of physical laws,"—he means *forces*,—"and an increasing influence of mental laws." The proposition will be proved in future volumes, but will be admitted in advance, he thinks, by all who attend to these two fundamental propositions: (1.) that the forces of nature have never been permanently increased, and never will be; and (2.) that the forces of man continually become more powerful by the acquisition of new means, either to control

the manageable operations of Nature, or to avoid dangers from those consequences which we can foresee when we cannot prevent them.

To discover the laws of European civilization, we must first know the laws of mind, which will afford the ultimate basis of history. The metaphysicians claim to have done this work; so it is necessary to ascertain the value of their researches, the extent of their resources, and the validity of their method. The metaphysical method consists in each observer's studying his own mind, while the historical method consists in studying many minds. The metaphysical method is one by which no discovery has ever yet been made in any branch of knowledge, as it is impossible for the metaphysician to isolate his mind from disturbing forces, and his method does not allow him to enlarge his survey, so as to correct the individual disturbance by the general fact gathered from many particulars.

Besides, there is yet another difficulty. There are two applications of this metaphysical method; with one the inquirer begins by examining his Sensations, with the other by examining his Ideas. Hence there are two classes of metaphysicians, the Sensationalists and the Idealists, who adopt different methods and arrive at opposite conclusions; the further they advance, the more they differ; they are at open war in every department of morals, philosophy, and art. They know no other method; no other application of it is possible, and so they cannot reconcile their antagonistic conclusions. Meaning by metaphysics "that vast body of literature which is constructed on the supposition that the laws of the human mind can be generalized *solely* from the facts of individual consciousness," Mr. Buckle says, "If we except a very few of the laws of association, and perhaps I may add the modern theories of vision and touch," — he refers to Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, and Brown, — "there is not to be found in the whole compass of metaphysics a single principle of importance, and at the same time of incontestable truth." This defect in the conclusions comes from the fault in the method, — metaphysicians first raise a cloud and then complain they cannot see. Metaphysics can be successfully studied only "by an investigation of history so comprehensive as to enable us

to understand the conditions which govern the movements of the human race."

In Chapter IV. he compares the moral and intellectual forces or agencies, — he calls them *Laws*, — and inquires into the effect of each on the progress of society. In this investigation, he tries to avoid the method of the metaphysician, who derives his knowledge of men from the study of his own consciousness, exceptional, perturbed, and abnormal as it may be; and follows that of the naturalist, who takes so large a number of facts that the individual perturbations are but an infinitesimal quantity; and thence induces his general laws.

The progress of mankind, he says, is twofold: moral, relating to our duties, and intellectual, relating to our knowledge. This double increase of knowledge and virtue is essential to civilization: To be willing to perform our duty, is the moral part of progress; to know how to perform it, the intellectual. It is possible that there is a progressive increase of man's natural powers, intellectual and moral; but the fact has not yet been proved, and we have no decisive ground for saying that natural faculties would be greater in a child born in the most civilized part of Europe, than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country. We have no proof, he thinks, of the existence of hereditary talents, vices, or virtues, hereditary madness and disease. There is no progress of capacity, only of opportunity.

The moral powers — that is, in our philosophy, the power to know duty and the will to do it — have an extremely small influence over the progress of civilization. The great dogmas of morals, which are "the sole essential of morals," have been known for thousands of years, not a jot nor tittle has been added to them, while there is a continual increase in the knowledge of intellectual truths. The most cultivated Europeans do not know a single moral truth not known to the ancients, while the moderns have made most important addition to every department of ancient knowledge, and have created new sciences which the boldest thinkers of old times never thought of. So it is plain man's progress depends on the intellectual, which is the progressive agent, not on the moral, which is but stationary.

Besides, intellectual achievements are permanent; they are put in the terms of science, and, in immortal bequests of genius, become the heirlooms of mankind. But good moral deeds are less capable of transmission, less dependent on previous experience, and cannot well be stored up for future men. So, though moral excellence be more amiable than intellectual, it is less active, less permanent, and less productive of real good. The effects of the most active philanthropy, the most disinterested kindness, reach but few, do not last long, and the institutions they found soon fall to decay. The more we study, the more we shall

“see the superiority of intellectual acquisition over moral feeling. There is no instance on record of an ignorant man, who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power very extensive, the evil has been enormous. But if you can diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil which he works. If he is selfish, as well as ignorant, it will often happen that you may play off his vice against his ignorance, and, by exciting his fears, restrain his mischief. If, however, he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him; you have no means of preventing the calamities which, in an ignorant age, an ignorant man will be sure to inflict.” —pp. 166, 167.

To prove this discouraging proposition, he cites the case of religious persecutors, who are not bad men, nor bad-intentioned men, but only ignorant of the nature of truth, and of the consequences of their own actions. It was the most moral of the Roman Emperors, Aurelius and Julian, who persecuted the Christians; and in Spain, “the Inquisitors were remarkable for an undeviating and incorruptible integrity.”

Religious persecution is the greatest evil man ever inflicts on man; “all other crimes are of small account” compared to this. It is intellectual, and not moral, activity which has ended it. The practice of war is the next great evil, and in diminishing that, the moral feelings have had no share at all, for the present moral ideas relating to war were “as well understood and as universally admitted in the Middle Ages,

when there was never a week without war, as they are now, when war is deemed a rare and singular occurrence." It is intellectual, and not moral, actions which have done this great work. For every addition to knowledge increases the power of the intellectual class, and weakens the military class. It is a significant fact, that the recent Continental war was begun by Russia and Turkey, the two most barbarous nations in Europe. The military predilections of Russia are not "caused by a low state of morals, or by a disregard of religious duties," but by ignorance; for as the intellect is little cultivated, the military class is supreme, and all ability is estimated by a military standard.\* In England, a love of war, as a national taste, is utterly extinct; this result has not come from moral instinct or moral training, but from the cultivation of intellect, and the rise of educated classes, who control the military. As society advances, the ecclesiastical spirit and the military spirit never fail to decline. Thus, while, in Greece, some of the most celebrated poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen were also warriors, since the sixteenth century Europe has not produced ten soldiers who were distinguished either as thinkers or writers. "Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon are perhaps the only first-rate modern warriors" who were competent to govern a kingdom and command an army.†

Three things have weakened the power of the military class,—the invention of gunpowder, the discoveries of political economy, and the application of steam to the purposes of travel. We have no space for an analysis of his argument here.

Hitherto Mr. Buckle's remarks have been general, and belong to what may be called the universal part of transcendental history; but in Chapter V. he turns his attention more especially to England. He selects this as a typical country,—an *instantia flagrans*,—in which the universal laws of human development are interfered with less than elsewhere, and where for some centuries the people have not been much

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\* In sustaining his assertions here, Mr. Buckle should take comfort from the somewhat celebrated preamble of our Congress in 1846, "Whereas war exists by the act of Mexico,"—she being the less intellectual power of the two.

† His contrast here of Marlborough and Wellington is well put, and worth remembering.

troubled by the two great disturbing forces, the authority of government and the influence of foreigners. England has borrowed nothing by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered, and affords the best example of the normal march of society, and the undisturbed operation of those agencies which regulate the fortunes of mankind.

Germany and the United States are not typical countries, like England. In the first, the philosophers are at the head of the civilized world, but the people are more prejudiced, ignorant, superstitious, and unable to guide themselves, than the people of England or France. The great authors write books for each other, not for the people, and the dull, plodding class remains uninfluenced by the knowledge of the great thinkers, and uncheered by the fire of their genius.\*

"In America we see a civilization precisely the reverse of this; . . . . a country of which it has been truly said, that in no other are there so few men of great learning, and so few of great ignorance. In Germany, the speculative classes and the practical classes are altogether disunited; in America, they are altogether fused. In Germany, nearly every year brings forward new discoveries, new philosophies, new means by which the boundaries of knowledge are to be enlarged. In America, such inquiries are almost entirely neglected: since the time of Jonathan Edwards, no great metaphysician has appeared; little attention has been paid to physical science [!]; and, with the single exception of jurisprudence, scarcely anything has been done for those vast subjects on which the Germans are incessantly laboring. The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is spread through all classes; the stock of German knowledge is immense, but it is confined to one class." — p. 220.

The progress of European civilization depends on the accumulation and distribution of knowledge; and so he must take a country in which knowledge is both normally accumulated and diffused. These conditions are happily united in England, which he will portray as the central and heroic figure in the historic group, but sketch in the other nations, who play special and subordinate parts in this great drama of civilization. He will study Germany for the laws of ac-

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\* This sweeping remark of Mr. Buckle is founded probably on his impressions of Southern Germany. It is not true of Prussia or of Saxony.

cumulation of knowledge ; America, for those of its diffusion ; France, for the political form of the protective spirit ; Spain, for its religious form. Thence he will induce the general laws, and, in subsequent volumes of the history itself, apply them deductively to England.

The progress of a nation depends partly on the method its thinkers pursue in their investigations, whether it be deductive or inductive. The Germans favor the first, the Americans the last. The English thinkers are inductive, the Scotch deductive ; — Simson, Stewart, Hutchinson, Adam Smith, Hume, Ferguson, Mill, all pursue the deductive method. No country possesses a more original and inquisitive literature than Scotland ; but in none equally enlightened does so much of the superstition of the Middle Ages still continue. There is hostility between the speculative and practical classes.

By Religion, he means the theological ideas and the ritual service ; by Literature, " everything which is written " ; and by Government, not the complex of institutions, laws, and modes of administration, but simply the privileged classes who rule officially. He says a nation's progress does not depend on its religion, literature, or government. This proposition he defends at length : a nation's religion, literature, and government are only effects of its civilization, not also causes thereof ; no progressive country voluntarily adopts a retrogressive religion ; no declining country ameliorates its religion. Savages are converted to Christianity only by becoming civilized. A religion too much in advance of a people can do no present service, but must bide its time. Thus the Hebrews continually relapsed from the monotheism which Moses taught. The Romans, with rare exceptions, were an ignorant and barbarous race, ferocious, dissolute, and cruel ; polytheism was their natural creed ; they could not comprehend the sublime and admirable doctrines of Christianity, and after that seemed to have carried all before it, and received the homage of the best part of Europe, it was soon found that nothing was really effected. Superstition but took a new form ; men worshipped the Virgin Mary instead of Cybele. The Catholic religion is to Protestantism what the Dark Ages are to modern times.



Accordingly, the most civilized countries should be Protestant. In general, it is so; but sometimes a foreign force fixed the religion of the people, which does them small service. Thus Scotland and Sweden are Protestant countries, but more marked with superstition, intolerance, and bigotry than Catholic France. The French have a religion worse than themselves; the Scotch have one better than themselves; and in both cases the characteristics of the people neutralize those of their creed, and the national faith is altogether inoperative.

"Literature in itself is but a trifling matter." (!) Its value depends on its communicating real knowledge, that is, an acquaintance with physical and mental laws. To look upon an acquaintance with literature as one of the objects of education, is to make the end subordinate to the means. Hence there are "highly educated men," so called, whose advance in knowledge has been retarded by the activity of their education. They are burdened with prejudices which their reading only renders more inveterate; for literature is not only full of wisdom but of absurdities also; so the benefit of literature will depend on the skill and judgment with which books are selected and studied. Europe would have made more rapid progress in the seventh and eighth centuries, if all knowledge of the alphabet had been lost. For the noble works of antiquity thereby preserved were not used at all, and letters helped only to spread the superstitious regard men so much delighted in at that time.

Government is still less the ally of progressive civilization; for "no great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, has ever been originated in any country by its rulers." Able thinkers find out the abuses, devise the remedy, convince and persuade the people, and force the rulers to adopt the improvement; and then, the people are expected to admire the wisdom of the rulers! Thus, the repeal of the Corn Laws in England was not the work of the ministry in Parliament, but of the political economists, who proved that protective restrictions were absurd; and thus the repeal of the Corn Laws became a matter, not of party or of expediency, but merely of knowledge: when the diffusion of knowledge reached a certain point, the laws must

fall. Besides, all great reforms consist in undoing an old wrong, not in enacting a new right; the tendency of modern legislation is to restore things to that natural channel whence preceding legislation turned them away. The ruling classes have interfered so much with the development of mankind, and done so much mischief, that it is wonderful civilization could advance at all. In England, for the last two centuries, they had less power than elsewhere, but have yet done such a great amount of evil as forms a melancholy chapter in the history of the human mind; excepting certain laws necessary to preserve order and prevent crime, nearly all has been done amiss. All the most important interests have been grievously damaged by the rulers' attempt to aid them; thus, the effort to protect trade nearly ruined trade itself, which would have perished had it not violated the laws by smuggling. The economical evils of this protective system, its injuries to trade, are surpassed by its moral evils,—the increasing of crime. The attempt to protect religion increased only hypocrisy and heresy,—he might have added cruelty and atheism; the effort to keep down the rate of interest on money has always raised that interest. Still more, all the great Christian governments have made strenuous efforts to destroy the liberty of the press, and prevent men from expressing their thoughts in Politics and Religion, the most important of all subjects. Even in England, the rulers tax paper, and make the very thoughts of men pay toll.

“It is truly a frightful consideration that knowledge is to be hindered, and that the proceeds of honest labor, of patient thought, and sometimes of profound genius, are to be diminished, in order that a large part of their scanty earnings may go to swell the pomp of an idle and ignorant court, minister to the caprice of a few powerful individuals, and too often supply them with the means of turning against the people resources which the people called into existence.”

In England the rulers have less power than elsewhere; and the progress has been more regular, more rapid, and less violent and bloody. She has shown the world “that one main condition of the prosperity of a people is this,—that its rulers shall have very little power, and exercise that little very sparingly.”

So the growth of European civilization is not due to Religion, Literature, or Government, but only to the progress of Knowledge, which depends on the number of truths known, and the extent to which they are known,—the accumulation and distribution of knowledge.

In Chapter VI. Mr. Buckle treats of the origin of history, and the state of Historical Literature during the Middle Ages. In this History of History, he finds that, in the last three centuries, historians have shown an increasing respect for man's mind, and have more than ever attended to the condition of the people and the diffusion of knowledge. His sketch of the progress of history from the oral ballad, up through all stages of monkish absurdity, is amusing and curious. We must pass it by, however, to speak of what seems more essential to the understanding of his positions.

In Chapter VII. he gives an outline of the History of the English Intellect, from the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. To escape from the melancholy condition of the Dark and Middle Ages, there must be an increase of doubt. Knowledge is the condition of progress, doubt of knowledge. Scepticism is "hardness of belief," an increased application and diffusion of the laws of evidence and the rules of reasoning. "In physics, it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration," — and, he might have added, of truth.

"To scepticism we owe that spirit of inquiry which, during the last two centuries, has encroached on every possible subject, has reformed every department of practical and speculative knowledge, has weakened the authority of the privileged classes, and thus placed liberty on a surer foundation, has chastised the despotism of princes, has restrained the arrogance of nobles, and has even diminished the prejudices of the clergy."

No single fact has so extensively affected the different nations as the duration, amount, and diffusion of their scepticisms. In Spain, by means of the Inquisition, the Church prevented the publication of sceptical opinions: there, knowledge and civilization are stationary. But scepticism first began in England and France, and was most widely diffused; and there "has arisen that constantly progressive knowledge to which these two great nations owe their prosperity."

Mr. Buckle then shows the growth of doubt in England, and, as its consequence, the increase of religious toleration, and the decline of the old ecclesiastical spirit. It is the authority of the secular classes which has forced toleration on the Christian clergy. Elizabeth at first balanced the Catholics and Protestants, allowing neither party the preponderance; in the first eleven years of her reign, no Roman Catholic was put to death for religion, and afterwards, though men were undoubtedly executed for their opinions, yet none dared state their religion as the cause of their execution.

Jewel's *Apology* was written in 1561; Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* in 1594; Chillingworth's *Religion of Protestants* in 1637: each is typical of its time;—in Jewel, ecclesiastical authority is the basis, and reason the superstructure; in Hooker, reason is the basis, and authority the superstructure; while with Chillingworth, authority disappears, and "the whole fabric of religion is made to rest upon the way in which the unaided reason of man shall interpret the decrees of an omnipotent God." This fundamental principle was adopted by the most influential writers of the seventeenth century, all of whom insisted on the authority of private judgment. The ecclesiastical spirit declined; able men devoted their talents to science.

"What used to be considered the most important of all questions is now abandoned to men who mimic the zeal without professing the influence of those really great divines whose works are among the glories of our early literature." "Theological interests have long ceased to be supreme; and the affairs of nations are no longer regulated according to ecclesiastical views."

Sir James Mackintosh said, that unless some revolution, auspicious to priestcraft, should replunge Europe in ignorance, "church-power will certainly not survive the nineteenth century."

"In England, where its march has been more rapid than elsewhere, this change is very observable. In every other department, we have had a series of great and powerful thinkers, who have done honor to their country, and have been the admiration of mankind. But for more than a century we have not produced a single original work, in the whole field of controversial theology."

For more than a century no valuable addition has been made to that immense mass of divinity which continually loses something of its interest among thinking men. Both military and ecclesiastical power decline before the progress of civilization.\*

In the reigns of James I. and Charles I., great attempts were made to restore the fading power of authority; but the dead could not be revived. Even the Puritans were more fanatical than superstitious.

We have not space to examine Mr. Buckle's profound investigation into the reign of Charles II., when so severe a blow was struck at the tyranny of the Church and of the nobles. In those few years, clerical property was made amenable to Parliamentary taxation; the clergy were forbidden to burn a heretic, or make a suspected person criminate himself in the trial. It was fixed that all money bills must originate with the House of Commons; that the Peers have no original jurisdiction, only appellate, in civil cases. The prerogatives of purveyance and pre-emption were abolished, and the king could not vex the property of his subjects; the Habeas Corpus Act made their persons also secure; general impeachments fell to the ground, and the liberty of the press became a fixed fact; the feudal incidents which the Norman conquerors had imposed, military tenures, wardships, fines for alienation, forfeiture for marriage by reason of tenure, aids, homages, *escuages*, *primer-seisins*, and other mischievous subtilties, all went to common ruin. This was done in the age of Charles II.: the king was incompetent, the court profligate, the ministers

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\* In his summing up on this point, the author gives the following explanation of his use of the word *scepticism*. "By scepticism I merely mean hardness of belief,—so that an increased scepticism is an increased perception of the difficulty of proving assertions; or, in other words, it is an increased application, and an increased diffusion, of the rules of reasoning, and of the laws of evidence. This feeling of hesitation, and of suspended judgment, has, in every department of thought, been the invariable preliminary to all the intellectual revelations through which the human mind has passed; and without it there could be no progress, no change, no civilization. In physics it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration. These are the three leading forms of scepticism: it is therefore clear, that in religion the sceptic steers a middle course between atheism and orthodoxy, rejecting both extremes, because he sees that both are incapable of proof." — p. 327.

venal,—all these in the pay of France; there were unprecedented insults from abroad, frequent conspiracies at home, a great fire and a great plague in London!

“How could so wonderful a progress be made in the face of these unparalleled disasters? These are questions which our political compilers are unable to answer; because they look too much at the peculiarities of individuals, and too little at the temper of the age in which those individuals live. Such writers do not perceive that the history of every civilized country is the history of its intellectual development, which kings, statesmen, and legislators are more likely to retard than to hasten; because, however great their power may be, they are, at best, the accidental and insufficient representatives of the spirit of their time; and because, so far from being able to regulate the movements of the national mind, they themselves form the smallest part of it, and, in a general view of the progress of man, are only to be regarded as the puppets who strut and fret their hour upon a little stage; while beyond them, and on every side of them, are forming opinions and principles which they can scarcely perceive, but by which, alone, the whole course of human affairs is ultimately governed.” — p. 358.

Even the vices of the rulers served the people's cause.

“All classes of men soon learned to despise a king who was a drunkard, a libertine, and a hypocrite; and who, in point of honor, was unworthy to enter the presence of the meanest of his subjects.”

His reckless debaucheries made him abhor all restraint, and to dislike the clerical class, whose profession at least presupposes more than ordinary purity. From the love of vicious indulgence, he disliked the clergy; and he conferred the highest dignities of the Church on feeble or insincere men, who could not defend what they really believed, or did not believe what they really professed. Such were Juxon, Sheldon, and Sancroft, Archbishops of Canterbury, and Frewen, Stearn, and Dolben, Archbishops of York. But Jeremy Taylor, who married the king's illegitimate sister, daughter of Joanna Bridges, and Barrow, both men of great talents and unspotted virtue, were treated with neglect. In consequence of this filling great ecclesiastical offices with little, and sometimes wicked men, and banishing the noble men to obscure positions, the power of the Church continued to decline, and religious liberty to increase. The clergy attempted to retrieve their power, by re-

viving the doctrine of Passive Obedience, and Divine Right; but this only increased the opposition of the people. The Anglican clergy were friendly to James II. before he came to the crown, using all their strength to defeat the bill which excluded him from the succession. They rejoiced in his elevation. They sustained him, while he persecuted the dissenters, but when he issued his Declaration of Indulgence, which nullified the Test and Corporation Acts, the established clergy broke from him, and dissolved this "conspiracy between the crown and the Church." They looked on, in silence, while the king proposed to turn a free government into a despotism. They saw Jeffreys and Kirke torture their fellow-subjects, the jails crowded, the scaffolds running with blood. They were well pleased that Baxter should be thrown into prison, and Howe driven into exile. They insisted on passive obedience to a Lord's Anointed, because these victims opposed the Church. But when James attempted to protect men hostile to their Church, the guardians of the temple flew to arms. They refused to obey the order, united with the dissenters, and overturned the throne. The only time when the Church made war upon the throne was when the crown declared its intention of tolerating, and in some degree of protecting, the rival religions of the land. When James subsequently promised to favor their order, they repented of their work. They opposed William, "that great man, who, without striking a blow, saved the country from the slavery with which it was threatened." They continued to intrigue for the restoration of the dethroned tyrant, because his successor was the friend of religious liberty.

The power of the Church continued to decline.

"Under two of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century, Whitfield, the first of theological orators, and Wesley, the first of theological statesmen, there was organized a great system of religion, that bore the same relation to the Church of England that the Church of England bore to the Church of Rome." "In the eighteenth century the Wesleyans were to the Bishops what in the sixteenth century the Reformers were to the Popes."

But after the death of their great leaders, the Methodists produced no man of original genius, and, since Adam Clarke,

none of their scholars has had a European reputation. In the time of William, the dissenters were estimated as about one twenty-third part of the population; in 1786 they were one fourth; in 1851 they were two fifths of the whole.

The advance of the sceptical spirit, and the triumph of religious liberty, are shown by yet other things,—the separation of theology from morals and politics. The one was effected late in the seventeenth century, the other before the middle of the eighteenth; and both were begun by the clergy themselves. Cumberland would construct a system of morals independent of theology; Warburton taught that, in dealing with religion, the state must look to expediency, not revelation; Hume, Paley, Bentham, and Mill have carried their doctrines much further. The Catholics are already admitted to Parliament; the Jews will soon be there. The power of clerical oppression was still further weakened by the great Arian controversy, “rashly instigated by Whiston, Clarke, and Waterland,” by the Bangorian controversy, by Blackburne’s work on the confessional, the dispute on miracles, the exposure of the gross absurdities of the Fathers, the statements of Gibbon relative to the spread of Christianity, — “important and unrefuted,” — the “decisive controversy between Porson and Travis respecting the text of the heavenly witnesses,” and the “discoveries of geologists, in which, not only was the fidelity of the Mosaic cosmogony impugned, but its accuracy was shown to be impossible.”

This spirit of inquiry reached classes hitherto shut out from education. In the eighteenth century, for the first time, schools were established for the lower classes on the only day they had time to attend them, and newspapers on the only day they had time to read them; circulating libraries first appeared in England; printing began to be established in country towns. Then, too, for the first time, were efforts made to popularize the sciences; literary reviews began then; book-clubs, debating-societies amongst tradesmen, date from the same period. It was not till 1769 that the first public meeting assembled in England, where an attempt was made to enlighten Englishmen respecting their political rights.\* Then the proceedings

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\* For the author overlooks the political preaching of the Puritans.



of the courts of law and Parliament were published, and political newspapers arose. The great political doctrine that persons, not land or other property, should be represented, was then promulgated, and the people, for the first time, were called on to decide the great questions of religion, which they were not consulted on before.\* The word "independence," in its modern acceptance, does not occur till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Authors began to write in a lighter and simpler style, which all men could understand. Literary men found a wider public, and were no longer dependents on the caprices of the privileged class.

Our author then traces the reaction against this spirit of civilization, and thinks it fortunate that, after the death of Anne,—a weak and silly woman,—the throne was long filled by the two Georges, "aliens in manners and in country, one of whom spoke our language but indifferently, and the other not at all,"—"and both profoundly ignorant of the people they undertook to govern." The crown and the clergy could not work together to resist the progress of mankind. But the reactionary movement was greatly aided by the character of George III.; despotic and superstitious, he sought to extend the prerogative and strengthen the Church. Here is the picture of that monarch, such as our fathers, looking across the ocean, saw him.

"Every liberal sentiment, everything approaching to reform, nay, even the mere mention of inquiry, was an abomination in the eyes of that narrow and ignorant prince. Without knowledge, without taste, without even a glimpse of one of the sciences, or a feeling for one of the fine arts, education had done nothing to enlarge a mind which nature had more than usually contracted. Totally ignorant of the history and resources of foreign countries, and barely knowing their geographical position, his information was scarcely more extensive respecting the people over whom he was called to rule. In that immense mass of evidence now extant, and which consists of every description of private correspondence, records of private conversation, and of public acts, there is not to be found the slightest proof that he knew any one of those numerous things which the governor of a country ought to know; or, indeed, that he was acquainted with a single duty of his position, except

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\* For the author overlooks the theological preaching of the Puritans.

that mere mechanical routine of ordinary business, which might have been effected by the lowest clerk in the meanest office in his kingdom." — pp. 405, 406.

During the sixty years of his reign, Pitt was the only great man he willingly admitted to his councils; and he must forget the lessons of his illustrious father and persecute his party to death. George III. looked on slavery as a good old custom, and Pitt dared not oppose it. The king hated the French, and Pitt plunged the nations in a needless, wicked, and costly war. He corrupted the House of Lords by filling it with country gentlemen remarkable for nothing but health, and lawyers who rose to office chiefly through the zeal with which they favored the king and repressed the people.

Mr. Buckle gives a nice and discriminating account of Burke, "one of the greatest men, and the greatest thinkers, who has ever devoted himself to the practice of English politics." We have seen no picture so just of this great man when sane, and also when madness had made him the most dangerous of lunatics. But we must pass it by, — and also his account of the American Revolution, and the reaction in England occasioned by the troubles in France.

Chapter VIII. relates the history of the French intellect from the middle of the fifteenth century to the reign of Louis XIV. It is one of the most learned, original, and instructive chapters in the book. Great events pass before us, and also great men, — Henry IV., Montaigne, Richelieu, Descartes, and their famous contemporaries. But we have no time to look at them.

Chapter IX. is devoted to the "History of the Protective Spirit and Comparison of it in France and England." We must submit a short analysis of its contents.

Modern civilization began to dawn in the tenth and eleventh centuries; in the twelfth, it had reached all the nations now civilized. The people began to rebel against the clergy, who had once protected them against the military rulers. This is the starting-point of modern civilization. Then the clergy began systematically to punish men for heresy; inquisitions, torturing, burnings, and the like, became general. Then began an unceasing struggle between the advocates of Inquiry and the advocates of Tradition. Then the feudal system

began, and set the example of a large public polity, in which the clerical body, as such, had no place. Accordingly there came a struggle between feudality and the Church. European aristocracy began, and in the organization of society took the place of the Church. William the Conqueror brought feudalism to England, but made each vassal dependent on the king, not merely on his feudal superior; while in France the great lords and their vassals were independent of the king. Hence arose the great difference between the English and French aristocracy. The former, being too feeble to resist the king, allied themselves with the people to uphold their common right against the king; the people acquired a tone of independence and lofty bearing with the habits of self-government, and founded their great civil and political institutions. In France, the great lords resisted the people. Hence, when the feudal system declined in the fourteenth century, in one country the French king took the authority, and power became more and more centralized, while the English people took it in the other, and power became progressively diffused. When evil days set in, and the invasions of despotism have begun, liberty will be retained, not by those who show the oldest deeds and longest charters, but by those most inured to independence, and most regardless of that insidious protection which the upper classes throw around them. Men can never be free unless they are educated to freedom, and that training is by institutions, not books,—by self-discipline, self-reliance, self-government.

The protective spirit was strong enough in France to resist the Reformation, and preserve to the clergy the forms of this ancient supremacy; in England it was opposed by the great nobles,—who are to politics what the priests were to religion,—but carried by the people. At the accession of Elizabeth there was an intimate connection between the English nobles and the Catholic clergy; she therefore must choose her ministers from the commoners; hence came the two Bacons, the two Cecils, Knollys, Sadler, Smith, Throgmorton, and Walsingham,—the most eminent statesmen and diplomatists of her reign. The Pope taunted her with excluding the ancient nobility, and raising obscure people to honor; the rebellion of

1569 was the rising of the great families of the North against "the upstart and plebeian administration of the queen." At first, James and Charles tried to revive the power of the two great protective classes, the nobles and the clergy; but they could not execute their mischievous plans, for there arose what Clarendon called "the most prodigious, the boldest rebellion that any age or country ever brought forth." This was an outbreak of the democratic spirit; the political form of a movement of which the Reformation was the religious form.

In Chapter X. Mr. Buckle makes a comparison between the English Rebellion and the contemporary Fronde, and shows that the energy of the protective spirit in France caused the failure of the latter. In France, the people, not accustomed to self-government, intrusted the conduct of this rebellion to great noblemen; in England, they took the matter into their own hands, and carried it through.

Chapters XI. and XII. treat of the age of Louis XIV. and his successor;—of the protective spirit applied to literature, of the consequences of the alliance between the intellectual and the governing classes, of the reaction against this spirit, and of the distant preparations for the French Revolution. Both chapters are well studied, rich in learning, in critical judgment on men and things, and full of original opinions. No writer, we think, has given so just an account of the good and ill of Louis XIV., and surely none, of the progress of the French mind during that period. We are compelled to pass them over. No man has given so careful and exact an account of the character of Voltaire, and the good services he rendered to the world.

In Chapters XIII. and XIV. Mr. Buckle discusses the historical literature of France, from the end of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, and the proximate causes of the French Revolution, after the middle of the eighteenth century. They are learned, exact, and profound. But we have no space for an analysis.

The plan of Mr. Buckle's book is quite faulty, both confused and defective. When he began to print, we doubt if

he knew exactly what he would do. At first he appears to intend writing a Universal History of Civilization; he lays down his rules accordingly, and begins his work. But finding at length the difficulties greater than he imagined, he says he has abandoned his original scheme, and reluctantly determined to write, not the history of the civilization of mankind, but that of a single country (p. 210); and accordingly selects England as the best type of normal developments (p. 221).

He has no preface or special introduction to this volume. He does not, at the outset, tell his readers what he intends to do, on the whole, and how many volumes he designs to regale them with; and then distribute the work into its several parts, and lay before us a plan of the entertainment, with a bill of fare, showing what we are to feast upon, and when each special dish is to appear. In various parts of the volume he hints at his plan, rather vaguely intimating what he intends to do. Thus the Introduction is scattered piecemeal throughout a volume of nearly a thousand pages.

On his title, the book is called "History of Civilization in England," but the "running-title," at the head of each page, is "General Introduction," of which it seems this volume is but a part,—one or two more on the same preliminary theme being hinted at. Only the first six chapters are, properly speaking, Introductory to the History of Civilization; the rest are the actual History of Civilization in England and France.

The volume is divided only into Chapters, not also into Books, and the arrangement of the Chapters is not very good; so the author is often forced to repeat what had been sufficiently said before. As the work is not completed, perhaps it would be excessive to ask for an index,—such as generous Mr. Macaulay so kindly throws in with his magnificent composition; but we think the reader of so big a book has a right to claim a copious table of contents at the beginning, and a descriptive "heading" on each of the nine or ten hundred pages. But Mr. Buckle gives us neither the one nor the other. Besides, the titles of the chapters do not always sufficiently indicate the contents.

But these faults can be easily corrected in the next edition, which is sure to be called for, when the public recovers from

this painful but healing panic. We would modestly hint to the author the following scheme for his grand work.

A Preface, setting forth the purpose of the work and its probable extent. The volume itself might thus be divided into Books and Chapters. Book I. Transcendental History. Chap. I. Resources and Purpose of the Historian; Chap. II. Regularity of Human Actions, and the Causes thereof; Chap. III. Influence of Physical Forces on the Development of Man, on the Organization of Society and the Character of Individuals; Chap. IV. Examination of the Metaphysical Method of Investigating the Spiritual Faculties of Man; Chap. V. Comparison of the Power of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties, — their relative Influence on the Civilization of Mankind; Chap. VI. The Effect of Religion, Literature, and Government on that Civilization.

Book II. Origin of Historical Literature in general, and its Progressive Development in Europe, from the Decline of the Classic Nations to the end of the Middle Ages.

Book III. Outline of the Intellectual History of the English, from the end of the Middle Ages till the end of the Eighteenth Century.

Book IV. Intellectual and Moral History of the French, from the end of the Middle Ages to the end of the Eighteenth Century. Chap. I. General Outline thereof, till the Accession of Louis XIV.; Chap. II. General History of the Protective Spirit, and a Comparison of its Special Effects in France and England; Chap. III. Comparison between the French and English Rebellions of the Seventeenth Century; Chap. IV. Reign of Louis XIV., — Effect of the Protective Spirit on Literature, and of the consequent Union of the Intellectual and the Governing Classes; Chap. V. Reaction against the Protective Spirit, — Remote Preparation for the French Revolution; Chap. VI. Progressive Developments of Historical Literature in France, from the end of the Middle Ages to the end of the Eighteenth Century; Chap. VII. Proximate Causes of the French Revolution, after the middle of the Eighteenth Century.

We do not say this is the best possible arrangement of the valuable matter which Mr. Buckle spreads out before us, but

one better than the present; and likely to save some confusion, and to spare both writer and reader some repetitions which now embarrass the development of his great thoughts.

There is a little confusion in his use of terms. Thus he uses the word Law, when he means Force, Power, or even a special human faculty. We take it, a Law is not a force (or power), but the constant mode of operation in which that force acts: it is the manner of a cause, not the cause of a manner. He often speaks of the progress of mankind, or a nation, but does not tell what it consists in. Speaking generally, we suppose the progress of mankind may be summed up in these three things: — 1. The development of man's natural faculties. 2. The consequent acquisition of power over the material world. 3. The organization of men into small or large companies having corporate unity of action for the social whole, and individual freedom for the personal parts. It would be an improvement if the author would favor us with a definition of Civilization, which might properly be made in the Preface.

The author's style is clear and distinct, not ambitious or ornamented. We often pause to admire a great thought, a wide and felicitous generalization, or a nice account of some special detail, nay, to question the truth of a statement of fact, or of a philosophic induction; we never stop to puzzle over a difficult sentence. Now and then he rises to eloquence, — the elevation of his language coming from a moral, and not a merely intellectual cause. We do not always agree with the argument, but remember no instance in which he uses a sophism, or practises any trick on the mind or emotions of his readers; he never throws dust in their eyes. Sometimes the evidence he offers is obviously inadequate to convey the writer's certainty to the reader; then he confesses the fact. We remember no ill-natured line in all the book, no ungenerous sentiment. It is written in the special interest of no class, nation, or race, but in the general interest of mankind.

We must now mention in detail some things which seem to require a little further notice at our hands.

He says (p. 3) we are enabled to compare the condition of

mankind in every stage of civilization, and under every variety of circumstance. We think the collection of facts is not yet quite adequate to convey an idea of the lowest stage. Man's existence may be divided into six periods, — the wild, savage, barbarous, half-civilized, civilized, and enlightened. Scholarly men know little of the first; for many years it has not been a favorite subject of research. Lafitau, Monboddo, Meiners, and others, have collected important facts; many more still lie unused in the works of travellers, geographers, and naturalists. Within a few years Colonel Sleeman related some exceedingly interesting particulars which came under his notice in India;\* we refer to the children brought up by the wolves in Hindustan, and subsequently reclaimed. Captain Gibson of New York has told some things highly important if true. Scholars know little of the condition of the wild men who are below the savage, though now and then one of that class is exhibited in our great towns as a show. But, as mankind started from this primeval condition, it becomes important to study those tribes which have advanced least from it, and such isolated persons as Colonel Sleeman speaks of, who occur, from time to time, even in Germany and France, and to gather together the facts scattered in the works of ancient and modern writers, from Herodotus to the travellers in the American interior. The cannibals of Polynesia may shed much light on the historical development of the human race. Writers make great mistakes through their ignorance of the primitive condition of mankind.

Mr. Buckle says we cannot make experiments in civilization, and thereby determine either facts of man's nature, or laws of his developments, and thus it is more difficult to master human history. This is true; but at this day so many human experiments are taking place spontaneously, that a philosopher need hardly ask for more, even if he had power to make them directly. Thus we have all the five great races before us, — to adopt that convenient division, — living separately in some places, and mingling their blood in others. There are nations in all the six stages of development, except the lowest, and perhaps some even in that condition, or very near it; it is a wide range from the Dyaks of New Guinea to the Royal

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\* See Sleeman's Rambles, noticed elsewhere in this volume.



Academy of London. There are five great forms of civilized religion still in the full tide of experiment,—the Brahminic, Buddhistic, Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan,—not to mention Mormons. Catholicism and Protestantism stand side by side in Christendom; there are many Protestant sects experimenting on mankind. The three great forms of government, and many transitional forms, may be studied in their actual works. The experiment of labor is tried in many forms, from slavery to entire unrestricted freedom. Polyandria still prevails as an institution in Siberia, and other parts of Asia,—nay, in all the great towns of the world as a profession; what is the instancial life of the tribe in Tartary, as it once was in Scotland, is the exceptional life of the individual harlot in London and Boston. Polygamy can be studied in Turkey and Utah, where it is a lawful institution, and in many places in its unlawful forms. In the United States we have three races of men, Ethiopian, American, Caucasian, here living separate, or there mingling their blood. In one part of the Union the public takes great pains to educate and foster the laboring people; in another, the public makes it penal to educate them. There are few experiments a philosopher would wish made with mankind, which mankind is not making without his advice. We think, however, of two not yet attempted. One is to allow women the same political rights as the men; the other, to put honest men in political office. Neither has been tried as yet.

Mr. Buckle denies that there is any original difference in the faculties of different races of men.

“Original distinctions of race are altogether hypothetical.” “We have no proof of the existence of hereditary talents, vices, or virtues; we cannot safely assume that there has been any permanent improvement in the moral or intellectual faculties of man, nor have we any decisive ground for saying that these faculties are likely to be greater in an infant born in the most civilized part of Europe, than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country.”—p. 161.

We are surprised at this statement, coming from a man of such a comprehensive mind, and one so exceedingly well read in many departments of human thought. Looking at the matter on a large scale, it seems to us that the difference in the

natural endowment of different races is enormous. All the great, permanent, and progressive civilizations are Caucasian. The Mongolian in China is no longer progressive; — no other race has reached the enlightened state. All the six forms of civilized religion, Brahminic, Hebrew, Buddhistic, Classic (Greek and Roman), Christian, Mohammedan, are Caucasian. All the great works of science, literature, poetry, eloquence, and the fine arts are from the same race. So are all the liberal governments, — the democracies, republics, aristocracies, limited monarchies. No other race ever got beyond a despotism limited by fear of assassination. Surely the inductive philosophy would compel an inquirer to infer an original difference of faculties in the races themselves. What odds betwixt even the Greeks and the Romans, the French and English, the Irish and the Scotch! In America the original difference of faculties in the African, the Indian, and the Caucasian springs into the mind as readily as the difference of color comes up before the eye. The obstinate and ferocious Indian will fight, he will not be a slave. He may be broken, not bent. The pliant and affectionate African seldom fights, and rarely takes vengeance, and is easily sent into slavery. The Indian boy and girl refuse education, or take it unkindly. How many experiments have been made in Massachusetts and New York! They all came to nothing.

Look at the matter on a smaller scale. The individual inheritance of qualities, we had thought, was abundantly made out in the case of man, as of the humbler animals. The same historic face runs in the family for generations, the same qualities appear. Genius appears to be an exception to this. Writers on phrenology we thought had proved this long ago. We can hardly suppose Mr. Buckle ignorant of any important work, but this matter of inheritance has been lately discussed with great learning by M. Prosper Lucas.\*

We find national character as the result of three factors. There is a geographical element, an ethnological element, and an institutional element. Mr. Buckle admits only two, the geographical and institutional. If, in the Middle Ages,

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\* In his *Traité philosophique et physiologique sur l'Hérédité Naturelle*. Paris. 1850. 2 vols. 8vo.

the Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Norsemen had settled in France instead of England, and there mixed their blood, does any one think this Teutonic people would have now the same character which marks the Celtic French? What a difference between the Spanish and English settlements in America! Is there no odds in the blood? What a difference between the Greeks of the age of Pericles and the mongrel people — part Greek, but chiefly Roman, Celt, and Slave — who occupy the same soil to-day! Climate, soil, aspect of nature, is still the same; what an odds in the men!

“ Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;  
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields;  
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,  
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;  
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
Still in his beams Mendeli's marbles glare;  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.”

The difference between the mythology of India and Greece, we think, was caused more by the ethnology of the people than the geography of their lands.

Mr. Buckle assumes that the Swedes and Spanish are a fickle people, inconstant and unstable, and finds the cause of that peculiarity in their climate, which renders out-door work irregular. We have found no proof of national fickleness in either people.

He gives a terrible portrait of the destructive deities of the Hindoos. Siva is represented as a hideous being, encircled by a girdle of snakes, with a human skull in his hand, and wearing a necklace composed of human bones. He has three eyes; the ferocity of his temper is marked by his being clothed in a tiger's skin; over his left shoulder the deadly cobra di capello raises its head. Dourga, his wife, has a body of dark blue, while the palms of her hands are red with blood: she has four arms, one holding the skull of a giant; the hands of victims are round her waist; her tongue lolls out from her mouth; her neck is adorned with a ghastly row of human heads, which hang dangling there. Mr. Buckle attributes this horrible deity to the effect of the aspect of nature, filling

the mind with terror, and forcing it to call up "shrieks and shapes and sights unholy." But, alas! these Hindoo conceptions of God are less hideous than the Deity set forth by our own Jonathan Edwards. No Hindoo could believe in eternal damnation. Siva and Dourga would have shrunk from the thought of tormenting new-born babies for ever and ever.

Mr. Buckle speaks of the regularity of crime, the certainty of its annual amount. But he fails to notice some other important facts connected with crime. Such offences as theft, violence to the person, beating of women, and the like, are confined, almost entirely, to the poorest class of the community. A more careful inquiry shows that the criminals of this class either have a bodily organization which impels them to crime, or else have been exposed in early life to influences of education which incline them that way: so that, with many, crime is either organized in them, or institutionized upon them.\*

What we most object to in Mr. Buckle's *Transcendental History* is his estimate of the moral powers; he thinks they have little to do with the progress of mankind. He says (pp. 158, 159) there is a twofold progress, moral and intellectual; to be willing to perform our duty is the moral part; to know how to perform it is the intellectual part; the influence which moral motives, or the dictates of the moral instinct, have exercised over the progress of civilization, is exceedingly small, while the intellect is the real mover in man's progress.

Here we differ widely from him. It seems to us that a man must know his duty, be willing to perform it, and also know how to perform it; and that there has been a continual progress in these three things. He says, quoting from Sir James Mackintosh, *Morals have hitherto been stationary, and are likely for ever to continue so* (p. 164, note 15). But, if we read history aright, there has been a continually increasing knowledge of natural right, a continual spread of knowledge

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\* What Seneca says of man in general, is mainly true of these unfortunates. "*Fata nos ducunt; et quantum cuique restet, prima nascentium hora disposuit. Causa pendet ex causa, privata ac publica longus ordo rerum trahit.*" — *De Prov.*, V. 6.

among larger and larger masses of people; and more and more are animated by moral motives,—the desire to do a known right. He says the great moral systems were the same three thousand years ago as they are now; we think this statement greatly deceptive. Take an example. Did the Hebrew Law say, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor"? It restricted neighborhood to men of the same country. When Jesus explained the word as meaning whoso needed the aid a man could give, he represented a great moral progress since the Law was written. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself": these words are adequate to express the moral feelings of a good man to-day, as well as when first uttered; but how much more they include now than then!—removal of the causes of poverty, drunkenness, crime,—protection to the deaf and dumb, the blind, the crazy, and the fool. There has been no change in the multiplication-table since the days of Pythagoras, there will be no change of it; but the knowledge of it has been spread among many millions; that knowledge has been applied to many things he never thought of; and there has been a great development of the mathematical faculty in mankind.

Mr. Buckle says the influence of a man of great morality is short in time, and not extensive in space. In both statements he is mistaken. For the good man directly incites others to imitate and surpass his excellence; the tradition of it remains long after he is dead, and spreads over all the civilized world. Besides, the moral idea becomes an institution or a law, and then is a continual force in the new civilization itself. A moral feeling can be organized, as well as an intellectual idea. The law forbidding murder, theft, the slave-trade, piracy, and a thousand other offences, was a moral feeling once. So a hospital, an almshouse, a school, a college, was once only the "dictate of the moral instinct." He says, "The deeper we penetrate into the question, the more clearly shall we see the superiority of intellectual acquisitions over moral feeling," (p. 167.) He should invert the sentence. He says the Spanish Inquisitors were highly moral men, no hypocrites, but remarkable for an undeviating and incorruptible integrity; with conscientious energy "they

fulfilled their duty." Now it is quite clear that the leaders of the Spanish Church were men of large intellect, carefully cultivated, learned, adroit, familiar with the world. But we should say they were men of very little morality. The conscience, the power to discern right, was so little developed, that, if they were learned, they did not know it was wrong to tear a girl to piece on the rack, because she could not believe that the Pope was infallible. We should not say a man's mind was well developed, who did not know that one and one make two; should we say a man's conscience is well developed, who does not know it is wrong thus to torture a girl?

He says (p. 220), "The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is spread through all classes." If by knowledge he means "an acquaintance with physical and mental laws," as on p. 246, it is not true that the amount is small in comparison with other countries; though acquaintance with literature is certainly quite rare. But when he says "little attention has been paid to physical science," we think him much mistaken. He thinks philosophical inquiries are "almost entirely neglected." It is not quite true. If no great metaphysician has appeared since Jonathan Edwards, as he truly says, how many has England produced since Berkeley? Dr. Hickok's "Rational Psychology" is a more profound book than that of Jonathan Edwards. Three things go to make a great metaphysician;—power of psychological analysis; intuitive power to perceive great truths, either by a synthetic judgment *a priori*, or by a comprehensive induction from facts of consciousness or observation; power of deductive logic. Jonathan Edwards was great only in the last, and least of all. America is more devoted to practical affairs, and certainly has done little in metaphysics. But from the death of Newton, in 1727, till the end of that century, how little England did in mathematics! We wish it were true that knowledge is so widely diffused as he says. But alas! there are four million slaves who know nothing, and as many "poor whites" who know little.

We shall not pursue these criticisms.

"Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

Mr. Buckle has given us one of the most important contributions which any Englishman has yet made to the philosophy of human history. We wish we had adequate space to point out its excellences in detail; but the analysis and the extracts we have given must suffice for the present. We congratulate the author on his success. We are sure the thoughtful world will give him a thoughtful welcome, and if his future volumes, which we anxiously look for, shall equal this, he is sure of a high place in the estimation of mankind.

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#### ART. V.—PHYSICAL AND CELESTIAL MECHANICS.

*Physical and Celestial Mechanics.* By BENJAMIN PEIRCE, Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University, etc., etc. *Developed in Four Systems of Analytic Mechanics, Celestial Mechanics, Potential Physics, and Analytic Morphology.* Vol. I. *Analytic Mechanics.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 4to. pp. xxxix, 496.

WE have recently spoken of the testimony borne by zoology to the doctrines of Christian faith. We are now called upon to welcome a contribution from the opposite end of the hierarchy of natural science to the riches of our spiritual domain. The volume on Analytic Mechanics, which has been so eagerly expected by the small circle of mathematical readers in our country, has been published, and will raise still higher the reputation of its author, who already stands at the head of mathematicians on this continent. It is not to be expected, that, in a journal of this character, we should give any account of the mathematical contents of such a book, consisting as they do, in great part, of a purely technical handling of the purely physical problems of the universe. But there are, scattered throughout it, hints and suggestions that come precisely within the scope of these pages. It will be seen that Professor Peirce announces three other volumes as in preparation. The three as yet unpublished proclaim,

in their very titles, their relation to theological science; but one would not expect from the simple title of *Analytic Mechanics* any reference to spiritual things. Yet the mind of our author is ever rich in suggestions upon every topic, and he has too much intellectual honesty to conceal any of his views. The problems of the universe might have been approached as simple questions of motion, under which form they would require only *Geometry* and *Algebra* for their solution. But our consciousness of power invariably interprets motion as a phenomenon of force. A purely geometrical view has seldom been taken of any question of mechanics. In the opening chapter of his treatise, Mr. Peirce gives us his views of the nature of force, as always residing in a will. The conception which the Positive School call childish, and declare to be outgrown with increasing culture, has, it thus appears, not been outgrown by the first mathematician in America, any more than by the first zoölogist in the world. He is unable to separate the perception of motion from his conception of cause, or to disjoin his conception of efficiency from that consciousness of power whence it sprang. It is only through the consciousness of efficiency in himself, that he can interpret motion as an effect of force; nor can he separate his conception of force, which lies outside himself, from the conception of a Will in which that force resides as a power. He deems it no more childish to believe in a personal God who sustains the motions of the heavenly spheres, than to believe in the existence of men as the cause of the motion of a train of cars, which he might see by chance on looking from his study window.

To this Boscovichian view of the immediate action of the Divine Will in producing the physical changes of nature, there can be but two objections, — one arising from the immense multitude of volitions requisite at every instant; the other, from the invariability of law to which the changes are subject. The striking lines of the poet, —

“ Ever fresh the broad creation,  
A divine improvisation,  
From the heart of God proceeds,  
A single will, a million deeds,” —



do not express the immense and overpowering number of the deeds; which at each instant are not only a million, or a million times a million, but are more numerous than it is possible for any arithmetical skill to express. And those who have been ready to acknowledge that all things proceed from a single Will, have sometimes shrunk from the conception of such infinite power of omnipresent attention. Yet surely this is a reasonable view, and there is no real difficulty in conceiving the absolutely Infinite One as the author of an infinite number of volitions at each instant. The other objection is equally void of weight. So long as force is under the control of will, it is true that it is free from the necessities of law. But what is law, except the embodiment of thought? And what is there unreasonable in this supposition, that will may be guided by wisdom? A reasonable man acts according to a plan, and subjects himself voluntarily to rules, because he knows that in obedience to wise law is alone found a true liberty. Now the Divine Wisdom, seeing all things from the beginning, sees what rules for his own action will best accomplish the end which he proposes. The law of gravity, being the best of all possible laws for the purpose of an organized creation, will be adopted and adhered to by the Power that created and upholds all things. If it be asked where is the necessity for the adoption of any law at all, we answer, that there is a double necessity, arising from the spiritual and from the physical universe. The simple physical order of the universe cannot be maintained without the establishment of law, for that order is simply synonymous with the action of law. Nor would the physical creation be, as it was designed to be, the great school-room of the human race, were it not subject to laws at once invariable in their execution and simple in their terms. The fact that these laws of the universe are simply the modes in which a Divine Will acts, is not only made plain in the volume before us from a metaphysical stand-point, but, as we have shown in a recent article, may be proved from the fact that the order has been repeatedly interrupted, and a new order commenced, in a manner that clearly indicates an intelligent Will, as the cause of the state before and of the state after the change, as well as of the change itself.

So far from keeping out of view his belief in what the Positive School term the childish conception of a personal God, Mr. Peirce acknowledges still further his conviction that the material universe was made for the instruction of man, and was formed with reference to man's intellectual powers. And it is certainly a striking fact in the history of science, that the various departments of human knowledge have advanced, with a pace not only inversely proportioned to their intrinsic difficulty, but in direct proportion to the attention which they would attract from an unlearned eye.

The economical needs of the farmer and the sailor forced the attention of the world, in early ages, to the study of astronomy and of geometry. For centuries these two branches were pursued, and independent progress made in each. The Greek mathematicians pursued the investigation, for example, of the conic sections, altogether independently of any physical considerations. The ellipse was to them a purely theoretical curve, and the immense amount of labor and the wealth of genius bestowed upon the investigation of its properties (an amount and a wealth which few of our contemporaries appreciate) seemed, to the men of that age, to be wasted upon idle speculations. Meanwhile the facts of the planetary positions were more and more carefully studied, and became better and better known, until Kepler grouped all the observed facts under his three simple laws. But in the expression of one of those laws he finds himself obliged to use that very ellipse whose properties had been demonstrated two thousand years before. Galileo at nearly the same time resumed the investigation of the laws of mechanical force, and that, too, without the least reference to the motions of the heavenly spheres. But Newton, taking Galileo's laws, Kepler's laws, and Apollonius's doctrine of the conic sections, combined thus the contributions of two thousand years of mathematical and astronomical study into the one simple law of gravity.

Up to this period, mathematics and astronomy were almost the only natural sciences; and simple as the laws of astronomy are, they had tasked the genius of our race for twenty centuries before they were fully understood. They had fur-

nished a stimulus to mathematical inquiry, and, in return, had rewarded the geometrical student with new facts in astronomy.

And now it seems as though the purpose of the great Teacher of our race in making the heavens conspicuous and glorious were becoming manifest. It would be easy to imagine an earth on which perpetual clouds should by night conceal the starry hosts. But from our earth the stars are brilliantly visible, and the study of their motions has developed mathematical science to a degree that renders it possible for man to investigate the more intricate departments of the physical world; to trace the laws of light, of heat, and of magnetism. The laws of planetary motion, although they required two thousand years of study for their discovery, are simplicity itself in comparison with the intricate laws that govern the motions of these subtile agents. What then shall we say of those geometrical problems which are suggested by the phenomena of organized life? It is certain that everything which is manifested in space and time must be subject to mathematical law; and if we admit, as we are forced to do, the existence of a Being whose wisdom devised and whose will carries into execution the laws of all the physical universe, we must perceive that, in placing us upon this planet, he has given us a virtual command to study all his works, and to discover all their laws which are within the grasp of our understanding. What endless tasks of patient mathematical investigation are to be found in the forms of plants and animals! Agassiz may instinctively seize the form, and reproduce it upon the blackboard, with his magic crayon. But this will not satisfy the soul which feels that there must be, in each form of beauty, a law of formation, capable of being expressed in the language of analysis. The geometer will hold it as a sacred duty not to rest content until he has unfolded, as far as his power permits, the divine symmetry and beauty of the laws which produce the symmetrical and beautiful forms of the organized creation. He feels, so long as flowers and plants are before him, that he has not yet read the most attractive treatises upon his science, contained in the "elder Scripture writ by God's own hand."

Taking this view of the nature of force, — namely, that it is the interpretation which the consciousness of freedom can alone suggest for the phenomena of the universe, — Mr. Peirce must, of course, look for intelligent purpose in every manifestation of force. But he will not look for it as a critic and observer, but as a sympathizing reader. So long as we study anything merely as critics and observers, there is danger lest we fall into a habit of fault-finding. In order to understand any work of art, we must behold it from the same point of view which the artist took. Indeed, we do not fully understand such a work, a play of Shakespeare for example, until we try to construct it for ourselves. Nor does it follow, that, if we succeed in reconstructing it, we are at all equal in genius to Shakespeare. There is no comparison between doing a thing without a model, and copying it from a model. The intellect of him who copies, and even copies well, may be infinitely lower than that of the original artist. No man understands why the plans and persons and details of plot were introduced in a play of Shakespeare, until, educated and inspired by the reading of the play, he endeavors to rewrite it, puts himself into Shakespeare's place, forms the plot, imagines the characters, and tries whether he can develop it with better details, and make the characters act and speak more consistently with their types of human nature. Then will he find out how great a work it is, and how wonderful the genius which has written it in its present form; but in no other way can he attain the highest appreciation of the genius of that master poet of our race. Thus would Mr. Peirce reverently endeavor to form the material world anew, to put himself in the Creator's place, and rewrite the dramas of creation, and of history, well assured that in no other way could he attain such an exalted conception of the Creator's mind, so just an apprehension of the creative plan. Now this, it may be observed, is a larger view than that of Paley, and wider even than that of Agassiz. Paley compares the world to a watch, and says, as the adaptation of the wheels and pinions to each other, and to the main purpose of moving the hands at a given rate, proves the existence of a watchmaker, so the numerous adaptations of means to ends in the physical world

prove the existence of a designing Creator. This is, as we have said in speaking of Agassiz's Contributions to Natural History, a correct formula of logic. The marks of design in the world do prove the existence of a designer. But, says Mr. Peirce, this is not the highest mode of proof, the highest way of approaching the subject. Look at a work of art, the Apollo Belvedere, for example, and we do not find in its connection of parts, and their adaptation to each other, any system of means and ends, or marks of design. Yet upon every limb and feature there are stamped the marks of great intellect, and great power in the sculptor's mind. In the subservience of every part to one æsthetic effect, in the harmonious fitting of all the parts to produce one beautiful whole, there is a higher proof of the action of mind than there would be in any adaptation of parts in a scheme of mere usefulness; and a proof of a higher order of mind. Now there is this subservience of all the parts to one æsthetic effect in the universe. The material world is not only a work of use, of a connection of parts to produce required physical results, but it is a work of art, a magnificent work of art, producing æsthetic effects of the utmost grandeur. When we look at the universe in this light, we shall see that it is more remarkable as a work of intellect, than if we examine it merely with regard to its adaptation to uses, its mechanical connection of causes and effects.

But, continues our author, the universe is not to be regarded merely as a work of art of any kind, either useful or æsthetic, but as a most remarkable philosophical combination of the highest ideas that our intellect can grasp; such a combination as the best mind in its highest state of activity would form, if it were unlimited in power. It is when we look at the universe in this light, not as a creation so much as a development of thought, that it assumes its most wonderful aspect. It is by taking this point of view, that we are enabled to solve some of the most difficult problems which have ever been proposed to the human mind. This is most truly taking the position of the Creator, and endeavoring to create the world anew.

But let us go back for a few moments to Paley's view of the adaptation of means to ends. Maupertuis, in his cele-

brated principle of the least action, has given us the most exhaustive statement from this point of view. It is, says this celebrated philosopher, unworthy of the Divine Mind to suppose it using any more force than is absolutely requisite to fulfil its purposes; hence, in every operation of nature, we may safely take for granted that there is a minimum expenditure of power. But, inasmuch as grace consists in acting with the least exertion, it follows that every work of nature is the perfection of grace. Thus from an axiom of mechanics, we pass to an axiom of art, that what is natural is most beautiful. In regard to the mechanical axiom, it can be justified by a direct appeal to observation, and to those laws of space and time concerning which there can be no doubt. Maupertuis's principle of least action bears the most rigorous examination, whether from the observations of physical science or from the deductions of mathematics; but corresponding axioms of optimism in other departments are not capable of such a test. But let the establishment of the principle of least action strengthen the faith of practical men in those truths which to the man of poetic insight need no confirmation,—that what is natural is most beautiful, and that what is natural is, in all instances, what is wisest and best.

It is in the third and fourth volumes of this series that we shall receive the richest suggestions for the theologian's thought. These volumes are to be devoted to topics which have been handled by no other writer than Peirce,—Analytical Morphology, upon which he has read papers at several scientific meetings, and Potential Physics, upon which he gave a course of lectures for the Smithsonian Institution. Analytical morphology treats, by means of the highest calculus, of questions that pertain to form,—to form as adapted to the embodiment of thought, or to the fulfilment of functions. To this department belong those discussions, to which we have often alluded, concerning the forms of organized beings, scarcely a step in which has yet been taken. How rich the promise from this quarter is, may be inferred from the results of the one or two investigations already made. To one of these we have already twice alluded,—the remarkable coincidence between the arrangement of buds on plants, and the order of time in the revolution of

the planets ; the same numerical law, expressed geometrically in plants, and algebraically in planets. Another has reference to embryology. Mr. Peirce has shown that the form of a fluid enclosed in a perfectly elastic sack floating in another fluid, can be expressed always by one formula, but will assume four different forms, from a variation of the "constants." And these are the very forms assumed by the embryos of the four branches into which the zoölogist divides the animal world. Is it not an irresistible conclusion, that this algebraic formula was known to the Divine Mind, and that an equivalent formula was actually the thought upon which the animal world was patterned ? It does not follow, when we have discovered a formula expressing a natural form, that it was the formula upon which the Divine thought acted, — since we do not know all the formulas which may be made to embrace the same truth, and of course do not know which formula is absolutely the best ; but a simple extension of Maupertuis's doctrine gives us assurance that, in the Divine thought, every form must be expressed by the simplest possible formula.

In the volume entitled *Potential Physics*, the author proposes to develop a train of thought which, we suppose, is entirely original with him. How, he asks, should we make a world, if we had no pattern to guide us, and no material out of which to form it, except the power of our own minds ? What else could we do than endeavor to clothe each attribute of our thought with power, and to learn in what variety of independent forms we could manifest power ? We will, as an example, consider the elements of number, of time and space, and endeavor to put into popular form some of the views of the Smithsonian Lectures, which our author proposes to clothe with scientific language in his volume on *Potential Physics*. How should we combine these simple ideas, of number, space, and time, with the idea of power ? How has power been manifested in connection with these ideas in the actual creation ? The element of number consists in the power of counting units ; the first element of this power is the power of forming units, and of separating the things that we can count. The simplest type of this separation is in chemical differences. If the creation of a world had been intrusted to

us, and we had received no hint from the examination of an existing world, we might have begun by making simply one substance, one set of atoms. But with the combinations of one kind of atoms, it is evident that we could have made but a small variety even of apparent differences. In order to increase the variety, we should have made new substances, and then, by the combination of those originally different substances, we could readily form a great variety of compounds, from a comparatively small number of simple elements. With one unit of hydrogen, and one unit of oxygen, we might form a third compound unit, that would be neither oxygen nor hydrogen, but a new substance. When two units are different and combined, the result is not an enlargement of either unit, but the formation of a new one, a couple. Add to this couple one of the original units, and you evidently have a triplet, an entirely new unit. On taking the couple, and adding the other original unit, you would get a different triplet, a fifth unit, formed from simply two. Thus, with a small number of original units, we might form an almost endless set of combinations, that is, an endless list of new substances. Thus, with a very few original elements, we should be at no loss for a very great variety in the world which we were forming. Now this very simple process is that which was actually employed in nature. When men discovered it, they made a great discovery, which marked the age, and made a new era in science. If a man had created anything in which he had embodied this idea, it would not be considered a great discovery in another man to detect the law by which he had framed it. But this discovery of definite proportions in chemistry was a great discovery, because it proved that the Mind which made the chemical differences of nature had the same perception of the relations of number that we have. This idea of numbers combining to form new units, would lead to other curious results of a somewhat similar kind, such as have been developed in the investigation of the theory of numbers.

Suppose we should combine A and B in such manner that B should always follow A. Suppose, now, we should make another combination, in which B always preceded A. It is



manifest that this might be considered a different substance. Now in nature we actually find that it sometimes is a different substance. A different position of the atoms changes very frequently the chemical character of the substance. This has been particularly noticed in vegetable chemistry ; plants, for instance, formed of chemical triplets differ in their botanical character from those formed of doublets ; and, what is more precisely to the point, those formed of two triplets are entirely different from those composed of three doublets. Even when the six elements are the same, it makes a difference whether they are arranged in three pairs or in two triplets, — a difference not only in chemical character, but in botanical character. The difference between three times two and twice three is purely an intellectual difference, and yet it leads in vegetable chemistry to a botanical difference. Now we should have made such differences in our creation of a world, for we should not otherwise embody our intellectual conceptions of number ; and since we find that it is also so in the universe about us, is not that a proof that the Mind which constructed the universe has the same perception of the law of permutations that we have ?

But these permutations would in some cases extend further. The unity of progression is an element of our intellectual action ; and if we change the triplet  $A B C$  to  $B C A$ , the law of progress leads us to make another change to  $C A B$ , and then again to  $A B C$ . Now this law of alternate generation of one couplet from another, or of three triplets from each other, is found actually embodied in the universe ; as is the case in the alternate generation of plants, and of some animals. A seed, says Professor J. D. Dana, produces a bud, a bud a flower, and again a flower a seed. In like manner, there are worms, whose children are an entirely different worm, but their grandchildren are like their grandparents again ; and thus these two kinds of worms spring alternately from each other.

How far we might be induced, in our imaginary creation of a world, to extend all these laws of number, it is hard for us to say ; but we should, merely from the inherent desire of our minds for unity and correspondence, introduce the same num-

bers into different parts of our creation. Thus, an architect, having introduced certain numbers and proportions into one part of his building, will, simply for the reason that he has introduced them there, use them in every other part of the structure to which they are applicable. And we find that this very thing has been done in the universe, in the correspondence, for example, between the planets and plants. A certain series of numbers not remarkable in themselves, 1, 3, 5, 8, 13, have been introduced into the arrangement of the times of revolution of the planets about the sun; and precisely the same numbers are to be found also in the arrangement of leaves about the stems of plants,—a part of the universe so removed from the planetary arrangement, that there can be no doubt that the correspondence of the astronomical and botanical numbers arose simply from the fact, that it was the same Mind that superintended all the work of creation.

To Pythagoras, who first saw this idea of the embodiment of number in the universe, it seemed as if this were the whole secret of creation; as if from number alone he could form the universe. But we now know that, although a widely pervading and valuable element of thought, it is not the sole key to the mysteries of nature; that, there are other fundamental ideas embodied in the physical world. Such, for instance, is the element of time. How should we introduce this into our proposed creation? What is it in its simplest form? It is partly opposed to number. Number exists in isolation, in separation, in the individuality of parts. But time is conceived of only as continuity, as uniformity, as a perfect connection of parts, indissoluble even by Omnipotence. Now in what way, and under what laws, could we introduce this law of time into the creation? There are but two conceivable modes. One is the necessity of continued progress, of an unceasing flux of all things. The other is, that this progress and flow should be continuous and inseparable, so that the state of to-day shall exactly replace that of yesterday, and be exactly replaced by that of to-morrow,—so that each moment of the flow shall be the precise equivalent for the preceding; in other words, that the effect should be the measure of the

cause, the cause the measure of the effect. Thus the metaphysician has made this the definition of a cause, that it should be an invariable antecedent. This idea of time is thus embodied in the universe, and pervades the whole. But it is not, any more than number, the whole idea. We should, in our creation of a world, naturally have introduced this succession of cause and effect. Constituted as our minds are, we could not have avoided it. We could not have done otherwise than to have made to-day the child of yesterday and the parent of to-morrow,—the effect the measure of the cause, the cause the measure of the effect. Now since we find in the universe this remarkable and beautiful dependence of effect upon cause, we know that the mind of the Deity conceives of time as our finite mind conceives it. Yet those philosophers greatly err, who suppose that cause and effect are all that is to be found in the universe; who think that there is nothing but logic to be consulted in our examination of nature; who think that there is no other way of discovering truth and beauty than by a logical investigation. Invaluable as our powers of logic are, they are among the least of our powers. And if we have found our ideas of number and time embodied in the universe, we shall find here also the highest ideas which we should embody in our imaginary world. Let us, however, dwell for a moment on the mode in which Mr. Peirce would combine the simple idea of space with that of power, in his *Potential Physics*. We cannot, of course, give it in the perfected form in which it may appear in the promised volume, nor even in his own words before the Smithsonian Institute; but only as we have gathered it from the reports of the Institute Lectures, and from papers with which he has favored the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Space differs from time in one important particular; like time, it has continuity, and cannot be conceived of as separated; but, unlike time, its continuity does not depend on progress, its continuity is fixed. A still more important difference between time and space lies in their dimensions. While time flows in but one direction, space extends in all directions. Now in what way should we introduce this ele-

ment of space into our proposed universe? We cannot answer this question without first analyzing our idea of space, that we may attach our idea of power to the parts of our ideas of space. Space has two elements, distance and direction; and its laws must be of two kinds, one depending upon distance, the other upon direction. So far as distance is concerned, there is nothing arbitrary; all is fixed and rigid. But in direction we have an infinite variety among which to choose. In time we can only go up or down the stream, to a later or earlier period. In algebra, therefore, which is the science of time, we can treat only of two directions, the positive and its reverse. Multiplying by a negative multiplier gives, in algebra, a product lying in a direction the reverse of that of the multiplicand. Or to multiply by a negative unit simply reverses the direction of the multiplicand. Multiplying a second time by the negative unit again reverses the direction and makes it positive. A double reversal of direction is simply a restoration to the original direction, and no better or more philosophical explanation can be given of the product of two negatives becoming positive. It is simply a case of the more general law that two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative. But in space we have a greater variety of elements. In reversing the direction of a line, lying, for example, in a horizontal plane, and pointing to the north, we may turn the north end through the east, or through the west, through the zenith, or through the nadir, or through any intermediate point, and still, when the reversal is complete, find the north end pointing south, the south end north. In the change of direction in space, therefore, there is something arbitrary; an infinite variety of paths through which we reach the same point. Therefore, in our proposed creation, while we may clothe the element of distance with invariable laws, the element of direction will always allow opportunity for the exercise of free will. And we shall introduce free agents into our imaginary creation; we must introduce them; since we have will ourselves, we shall not feel satisfied until we have embodied it in our world. Now, how is it in the actual universe? The great powers of gravity and of statical electricity, which act directly upon the ele-

ment of distance through fixed laws, govern the inorganic world; while the element of direction is connected with dynamical electricity, and the chemical forces, through which voluntary motion is produced. All the voluntary motion of animals is effected through forces whose laws are those of direction, rather than those of distance.

A more intricate and curious argument may be drawn from what is called, in mathematics, the imaginary symbol. A negative or minus quantity, in algebra, is properly a period of time, counted in the opposite direction to that which we were before considering. But a straight line may, by virtue of the continuity of space, illustrate a period of time. A motion in the opposite direction upon that line will measure a *minus* in space, just as a mental transfer in the opposite direction through a period of time measures a *minus* in time. Now, let us suppose that, in space, upward is *plus*, and downward *minus*. If we point a rod upward, and then turn it upon its lower end as a pivot, pointing it downward, we have reversed its direction, thus multiplying it by  $-1$ . But if we make the vertical rod horizontal, and then from a horizontal position turn it to that in which it points downward, we have divided the whole motion of reversing into two equal parts. If the whole reversal is a multiplication by  $-1$ , then the changes from vertical to horizontal, and from horizontal to pointing downward, are two equal multiplications, whose product is  $-1$ . Each of these changes through a right angle is therefore a multiplication by  $\sqrt{-1}$ . Now this quantity,  $\sqrt{-1}$ , has been called imaginary; and in algebra it is imaginary, because reversal in time cannot be divided into parts. But this symbol, in geometry, as we have seen, signifies a real thing. It simply signifies turning through a right angle. Yet how artificial it appears! We feel that we might introduce it into our creation, but perhaps we should not; it seems to us too complicated a thought. In the real creation, however, it is present; and no man, competent to judge, can dispute its presence. Nothing is more certain than that this most transcendental and mystical conception is actually embodied in the physical universe. When a ray of light passes out of water into air, it is bent from the perpendicular; as is well known by all who

have observed the effect of refraction in looking at things under water. Now, by the law which governs this refraction, there must be an angle at which the ray of light, attempting to pass out of the water, shall neither go out nor go in, nor stay between the two. This is physically impossible. What, then, can be the fate of the ray? We find, by experiment, that in this case it does not come out of the water, but is wholly reflected back into the water. Apparently this is a violation of the law of refraction; but the mathematician, computing more carefully the action of the light, finds a more comprehensive law, whose truth is confirmed by a variety of experiments, both upon reflection and refraction, and upon the curious phenomena of polarization, that singular change which light undergoes, to a greater or less extent, upon being reflected, or being transmitted through certain substances. This law of the mathematician is written in an algebraical formula, which, in the case where the light is totally reflected, becomes for the refracted portion imaginary, that is, it contains  $\sqrt{-1}$ . But if we interpret the imaginary symbol to signify revolution through a right angle, the formula will lead us to the same result as experiment; showing that the refracted portion is really reflected into the water. This interpretation of the imaginary has, therefore, been adopted by nature, or rather by the Creator of nature. The intellect that made all things views this mystical and abstruse subject in the same manner in which we view it. At least our view of it is comprehended in the view which is the basis of the formation of light.

Every element of human thought will, according to Mr. Peirce, be found somewhere embodied in the manifestations of the Divine thought. The mathematician, when pursuing his wildest views and speculations upon the most abstruse relations of number, time, and space, is actually exploring, in anticipation of the physical inquirer, some part of the material world. Not only does his philosophy lead him to this result, but the history of science confirms it, in many noted instances. The most familiar, and perhaps the most striking instance, is to be found in the doctrine of the conic sections. The Divine Mind was preparing the world, through the speculative researches of the ancients on the conic sections, for the great

physical questions of astronomy, solved during the last two centuries. In like manner, in the time of the Bernouillis and of Newton, there was a great problem of isoperimetry which engaged much of the time and power of those intellectual giants. It was deemed by their contemporaries the wildest dreaming, the vainest waste of strength. Yet now the whole universe is reduced to a problem of isoperimetry. A wild dream of the eighteenth century is the sober mode of exploration of the nineteenth.

There are important consequences to be drawn from this doctrine that every element of our minds is embodied in the creation. Thus, if all the simple intellectual elements are to be found thus clothed in matter, then also, says Mr. Peirce, our ideas of justice shall be found embodied in history. Our highest ideas, not only of justice, but of love, must find their response, their embodiment, in the actually existing universe. In tracing back the introduction of the successive classes of animals, it is evident that they are all united into one system, not by the law of cause and effect, but by a far higher law, that of intellectual design; so that in the first created animal we can see the plan which was to be completed in the creation of man. When the first animal was formed, the idea of man's nature, the idea of placing man upon earth, was in the Creator's mind.

In this earliest period of creation, he adds, was also foreshadowed the embodiment of our highest ideas of justice and of love. Before the earth had a green thing upon its surface, the creation of the solar system and its arrangements contained the ideas, that the earth was to be the abode of intelligent races, of the children of the Creator. The physical world contains in itself a prediction of the intellectual and moral world, and thus foreshadows all that was to be done in accordance with the moral elements of love and justice. From a scientific examination of the world, we should therefore expect to find, in history, a revelation of God's being, — a revelation of the moral law, and the advent of a Redeemer, who should satisfy our highest ideas of justice and love, by revealing to us the conditions of our forgiveness, and appealing to our hearts through the mighty eloquence of suffering goodness.

From science alone, if our science were wide enough to embrace our moral ideas, and read the moral economy of the world, we should expect to find justice and love exhibited in history, in their highest possible form. And we do find this exhibition, in the revelations recorded in history, and especially shown in the words and acts and suffering of the Saviour of men. Without these manifestations of Divine Love, the world would have been but half a world. The plan announced in the formation of the stars and the earth would not have been fulfilled. Our scientific examination of the universe would have pronounced it defective; and we should have felt the great drama of history to be wanting in unity of plot and of character. Just as surely as the embryo contains the perfect animal, and proves that the perfect animal was contemplated by the Mind that formed the embryo, just so surely does the physical world contain the moral, and prove that the builder of the material universe is the same being who formed man in his own likeness, and planted within us those ideas of holiness, justice, and love, which could be realized only by the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary.

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#### ART. VI.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### “NEW CHURCH” THEOLOGY.

THERE are certainly some very taking qualities in Mr. James's books. You go over them as you go over a very wet meadow,—stepping from one green tuft to another,—keeping your feet dry while you can find tufts to step upon,—collecting charming flowers, often finer than you can find on the upland,—but often stopping to see where in all creation you shall step next,—and often, indeed, compelled to plunge directly into water, slime, or mud,—and to thank yourself, if not the meadow, if you ever come out at all. In such walking, one never arrives at the point he started for. He is, indeed, very apt to go back to the point he started from,—to give thanks that he comes off so safely as that, and to eschew wet meadows till he has forgotten that experience.

In these regards, indeed in most regards, the new book \* is just like the others. There are very good epigrammatic statements in it. But

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\* Christianity the Logic of Creation.



what connects them together, — whether anything connects them together, indeed, — is hard to say. The title is good, though, it must be confessed, different readers would interpret it in different ways. This is the essential statement of the book regarding Christ: "I mean to say that the birth, life, death, and glorification of Christ spiritually imply that infinite love and wisdom constitute the inmost and inseparable life of man, and will ultimately vindicate their creative presence and power by bringing the most degraded and condemned forms of humanity into rapturous, conscious conjunction with them."

The book accepts throughout, and uses the symbolic language of the Swedenborgian theology. Mr. James's position is of a profound admirer of Swedenborg, who profoundly despises the Swedenborgians. He ranks these with the "spiritual jugglers" of the present day, of whom he says some sharp and clever things.

The main argument of the book seems to be the following. Nature is not absolute, but the outer covering of man's spiritual nature, of universal humanity. Nature is to be seen only in a light superior to her own, and is simply a *mirror* of the Divine Creation. The natural world is only the foundation of, and exists for and through, the spiritual world, or the universal mind of man. Nature can never tell us how things exist in themselves, but only how they appear. Nature is no absolute or positive existence, but only the mere inverse and negative aspect of spirit. "Water is the perfect fusion or union of oxygen and hydrogen, just as the living *me*, the conscious individuality, is the perfect fusion or union of the unitary and universal life." God is incarnate in humanity. He loves human nature, and this manifestation of God in humanity itself is the real creation. Hence creation has but just begun. The strictly human life begins only when the animal and moral ends, and to be man is all that the creative Love and Wisdom desires in its creature. This creation of a Divine natural humanity continually proceeds, and the true theatre of revelation is man's *historic* or really human consciousness. "History means nothing else than the evolution of the distinctive human form, and is the gradual vindication of a Divine natural humanity." Christ brought, for the first time, the infinite creative love into perfect harmony with man. The Divine Incarnation is a universal truth, which, though completely revealed in Christ, is not to be limited to his personality, any more than the external revelation of a truth is to be confounded with its interior substance.

IN further illustration of this argument, we publish, at the writer's request, the following letter from a "Student of Swedenborg," for the benefit of those of our readers who may wish to learn the views of a very respectable branch of the Christian Church on one of the main points of Christian doctrine. It is hardly necessary for us to say that these views are not our own. The Christology here set forth is neither that of the Church, as established by her Councils, nor that of the understanding, but that of a third party, represented in the subjoined communication. Its Christ is not the God-man of genuine orthodoxy, — God united with a man in one person, — but God appearing in the

form of man, and human only (apart from the manifestation) in the sense in which God from everlasting, according to this writer, is human. The doctrine, in short, if we understand it, is essentially the Monophysite faith, which vainly endeavored to establish itself in the Greek Church in the sixth century; or the kindred Monotheletism, which both the Greek and the Latin Churches rejected in the seventh.

We are glad to welcome any reverential setting forth of those analogies of the natural and spiritual worlds, which aid us to apprehend how the Divine Spirit is present everywhere in the hierarchy of nature, and especially in the birth and life of the human soul. But the fallacy of any logical process to make evident the dogmatic proposition here urged will be clear, we think, to the intelligent revision of the writer. To attempt a definition of Divinity by abolishing the *differentia* of humanity, and saying that God is "nothing but infinite Man"; to quote the expression that life and power are "given" to Christ, as an evidence that they are "underived"; and to speak of "discrete degrees" as if they differed in any way except orthographically from "differences in kind," — are examples of a loose style of reasoning, which rather mar than help the true interpreting of those analogies. As to the main point, if the argument for the "Supreme Divinity of Jesus Christ" means anything, it means that his will, affection, thought, were absolutely and personally identical with those of God; that he had no individuality as a man, and no human affection other than the love the Infinite feels for all his offspring; that the volition which prompted a word of sympathy or rebuke, at the very same moment, and in the sphere of the same consciousness, was controlling the movements of the stars and the great courses of Providence. For so stupendous an assumption we need quite a different order of proof from anything here attempted, and a degree of evidence from the nature of the case wholly unattainable.

For Emanuel Swedenborg we have an immense respect, founded chiefly on his skill as engineer, and on two publications, — the *Opera Philosophica et Mineralogica*, and the *Œconomia Regni Animalis*. Not that we have read these works, but we believe them, on competent authority, to have been valuable contributions in their day to the sum of human knowledge.

Toward the close of his life he occupied himself with seeing and publishing visions. Some of these we have read, and are indebted to for here and there a pregnant hint of spiritual truth. But, on the whole, we doubt if the man who leads that kind of life is the most reliable authority in matters of religion. From all that we know or can venture to guess of the ways of the Most High, we judge that Divine Wisdom reveals itself by quite other methods and instrumentalities.

With the disciples of "The New Church," as they are pleased to call themselves, we desire to stand in friendly relations, as we do with seekers of truth in all directions. Barring the conceit of packed and portable light, which they share, we fear, with most sects, and their eagerness to methodize spirit by framing it in large and small compartments, we know of them only what is kindly and wise, and can

pardon their proneness to trace every rill of truth they encounter to the Swedish tank.

For us, too, the idea of the "New Church" is a great and precious reality. But whether that Church is likely to be bound to the keeping of a sect, whether Swedenborg had any design of founding a sect, and whether his writings and his credit have gained or lost on the whole by sectarian associations, are questions which we cannot at present undertake to decide. — EDITORS.

### *New Church Unitarianism.*

*A Letter from a Student of Swedenborg to the Editors of the Christian Examiner.*

MESSRS. EDITORS:— Will you allow me to offer, in your pages, a few suggestions, in accordance with the above caption, and for the purpose of cultivating a better acquaintance between two classes of Christians, which, I think, at this day, is demanded for the interests of truth. I am a believer in the "New Church" form of faith, so far as I understand it, concerning the Supreme Divinity of Jesus Christ, as the most essential and vital point of Christianity. But I have been frequently pained at the misconceptions in regard to it, which might, perhaps, be obviated by a simpler and more philosophical presentation of it. I have observed that certain expressions of Swedenborg, taken alone and unexplained, and certain misunderstandings as to the philosophy of this belief, have contributed to perpetuate prejudices where none need exist.

As between Swedenborgians and Unitarians, it is granted that there is but one only God, in one Person. Here is a point of argument, in the outset, very conciliating, it should seem, in any controversy between them. But now the question arises, How can Christ be absolute and supreme in his Divinity? Is he that one God? Is he the Supreme Being, the Infinite One, the Father, &c.?

There is not the slightest objection among Unitarians to acknowledging that God was in Christ, — that the Father was manifested in him, and (with the exception of the merely humanitarian portion of them) manifested differently from any other human manifestation of the Divine. Many of them admit his birth into this world without the instrumentality of a human father. But they will not admit that he was God, the very Divinity, the Father himself, so appearing. Why not? Aside from all Scriptural considerations, I think the most usual objection is, that he appeared in the form of a man; that he was born a child, of a human mother, and grew up gradually to stature and wisdom; and that it is utterly irrational to suppose such a being to be the very God of the universe. Truly, here is a stumbling-block to the natural man, a rock of great offence. But I think it is so only to the natural man. Let us see now if the difficulty is not all in our own minds. We think we are simple sometimes, when we are only superficial, and involved in intricacies which have grown from the mere letter, the mere husk of the Word. What is the difference between Divinity and humanity? We answer, the only difference is the *infinity*, the *perfection*, and the life *underived* of the former. In other

words, God himself is MAN, — infinite and essential Man. Dr. Channing has well said, "Our only idea of God is the idea of our own spiritual nature, perfected and expanded to infinity." Now, why should it be such an insuperable objection to the absolute Divinity of Jesus Christ, that he was such a man? He *ought* to be Man if he is God, if he is Divine, for God himself is nothing but infinite Man. The Lord had indeed, in this world, before his glorification, an imperfect human nature derived from the Virgin Mother, and in *this* humanity was liable to temptations. But as he had no human father, the *inmost* soul of the Lord was Divine and pure from birth; it was the very Divine Essence itself, — Jehovah God, — which was never tempted, and never was anything else than absolute and supreme Divinity.

But, in this sense, is not every man divine? and is not God in every man, as in Christ, the difference being only in degree? Truly, the difference is only in degree, but this matter of degree runs up into a stupendous philosophy. If any man will master Swedenborg's doctrine of degrees, and particularly the distinction between what is termed "Continuous and Discrete Degrees," he will have the whole matter in brief. We cannot undertake to do full justice to the subject here; we simply premise, that in these two kinds of degrees is contained the gist and philosophy of the whole matter.

Let it be admitted, then, that the Deity himself must exist in different and distinct degrees, in his own abstract and vitalizing Essence, independent of any concrete and visible manifestations. If there were not degrees of distinction in the Divine Mind, there could be none in the manifestations of nature. But inasmuch as there are these degrees in nature, they must exist in the Divine Mind. The one is the outbirth of the other. All natural manifestations are but the outbirths and correspondences of the distinct things in the Divinity.

The degrees of which we here speak may be seen in the different kingdoms of nature, — in the mineral, vegetable, animal, human. No one has ever failed to recognize the dividing lines between these several kingdoms, but philosophers have disagreed about the mode and kind of division, and the *modus operandi* of the work of creation. Some contend for a simple continuity of development from mineral into vegetable, into animal, into man, — the ape family being the nearest approximation to the human. Others maintain a distinct line of visible demarcation between the kingdoms, and recognize in the creation of *whole orders at once* a new manifestation of creative power. This last is what we mean by the "*discrete degree*." It is not a degree of mere continuity, — one thing passing into another, — but a degree signalized by a different and greater separation, a *discontinuance* of the former process, a discrete operation and commencement of something new.

We may assume, then, at least three distinct degrees in the Divine Essence, corresponding to the mineral, vegetable, and animal developments in the kingdom of nature. Now, it is not true, not scientific or philosophical, to say that the mineral kingdom was continued up as high as it could be, and then, by the same continuing process, was

merged into the vegetable; or that the vegetable was continued up as high as it could be, and then, by a continuation of the same process, transmuted into animal. Each of these cases involves a new creation. After reaching the climax of mineral and of vegetable existence, another discrete degree of the Divine Essence was made operative, which took effect and form in the matrices of the mineral, of the vegetable world; and vegetable and animal nature were born into being.

Let it be observed that each of these degrees of the Divine Essence was at first *immanifest* in the pure and spiritual Deity, and then manifest in material nature. Thus that degree of the Divine Spirit which may be called the Divine immanifest mineral essence, was afterwards manifest in visible material nature. And that degree of the Divine Spirit which may be called the Divine immanifest vegetable essence, was afterwards manifest in the natural vegetable world. And so with the animal, and so with the human. But let it be distinctly understood that each of these degrees is discrete, and not simply continuous. They are continuous in one sense, for all of nature had its origin in the Divine Essence, and is an outbirth from that Essence. But we must distinguish between simple continuity and compound or discrete continuity. The degrees within a separate kingdom, or within separate parts of that kingdom, are instances of the simple-continuous; the separate kingdoms themselves are instances of the discrete-continuous.

It is just so with man. He was not developed by mere continuity from the animal kingdom; he is not a mere continuation of the oyster or the ape; but, after the animal kingdom had reached its climax, under the divine creative process, another degree of God's divine life, the yet unmanifest *human* essence, was similarly evolved and incarnated, and God was made manifest in man.

I have used the word *matrices* in the above suggestions. I still adhere to it. I do not pretend, in the account I here give of the origin of man, to say that he originated from the womb of any animal. But I believe the analogy hinted in that phrase to be substantially correct. There are male and female principles and substances even where there is no matter, — even in pure spirit, in God. Now then I say, that somehow the first humanity was from the matrices or *feminine receptivities* of the animal creation before it. The animal kingdom was necessarily previous to the human, as the vegetable was to the animal, and the mineral to the vegetable. The one could not exist before the other. The *feminine principle* in each previous kingdom of nature had to be made the receptacle of a new influx, and the instrument of the succeeding one. Creation is a sexual process throughout, a begetting by Divinity, and a bringing forth of Nature. In God himself we recognize the male and female principles. And the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom, which furnish in humanity the male and female distinctions, have also conferred them upon all other existences. Creation is a *conception and a birth*, and in each of the successive processes of the Divine incarnation in nature, it may be said, with philosophic truth and strictness, that God was the Father, and Nature, in her female departments, was the Mother, of each discrete and distinctive kingdom.

And now, what more was ever claimed for Christ? The miraculous birth ascribed to him is precisely that which we have affirmed of the commencement of each of the great kingdoms of nature, namely, that they severally arose without any natural parentage, except on one side, — that the Divine Creative Spirit was the Father, and Nature the Mother, in all these productions. Christ is, in fact, the next ascension into nature of the Divine Principle. It is the Divine itself, as yet unmanifested in the natural world, coming out by an interior way, and taking conceptive effect and form in the human kingdom, and in the female department of it, and thus, again, God was the Father, and Mary the Mother, of the Divine Man, Christ Jesus!

The simple truth is,\* there has been a *constant succession* of "miraculous births," which are capable of being rationalized. And this is the order in which they stand: Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, Human, Divine, — every one of them conceived of God the Father, in the wombs of Nature, and born into the world. Creation has been, from the first, a continual effort to put forth the human form, because God is in that form. This effort is manifest in the most rudimental products of creation, — in the fins of fish, for example, where the five fingers of a man are incipiently shadowed forth. In the higher animals we see more distinctly the approach to the human form. Then man appears, and, lastly, God himself has developed himself, or rather *ultimated* himself in nature, at the summit of all created existence, and above it, inasmuch as the inmost *soul* of the Man Christ Jesus was the pure Divine Essence itself, different from any other man. But how different? Different in nothing, I say, but in the infinity, the perfection, and the life underived. As a seed stops not till it produces a seed, so God ceased not in his divine operations until he unfolded and produced all the Divine qualities, in a perfect GOD-MAN: for as the human being has two natures, spiritual and animal, so Christ had two natures, divine and human.

I trust I have not gone over this matter of the *degrees* of the Divinity to no purpose. The difference between Christ and any other man is only in degree, but the degrees are everything. God himself is nothing but infinite Man, Christ is Man, and man is man. But God and Christ are one as being the essential, creative, underived Essence, and differing only in that Christ was the presentation and embodiment of that Essence to human senses. God and man are one only in the sense that man is a *recipient* of the Divine Life, having the same qualities, but derived and finite. The Lord Jesus Christ had a personal individuality of his own, by which he acted as Deity, and not as man, except in the human nature derived from Mary. God not only dwelt in him, but he was God manifest in the flesh. God himself being nothing but Man, — infinite and essential Man, — Christ is the outward manifestation of that Man; the Divinity brought out to human view; the very Divine Essence itself, in its highest perfection, ultimated to the last natural degree; the Supreme God manifested; not God manifest by

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\* See "Introduction to the Compendium of Swedenborg's Writings."

a miraculous or ordinary *man* in the flesh, but God himself manifest in the flesh, for the great purposes of human redemption and salvation. Not a second person in a trinity of persons, but the one only Divine Person, who, in himself and in first principles, being for ever invisible and immanifest to all created beings, is yet made visible and manifest in this form of himself which he puts forth to human and angelic vision. In the simple language of the Scriptures,—“No man hath seen God [the great divine immanifest Principle] at any time. Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape. The only begotten Son [called the Son by manifestation and apparent derivation], he hath declared him [or brought him forth to view].” And “he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.”

Here arises a question as to the *Personality* of God. Although this is not denied in words, it is denied in thought, by many who would be considered sound and faithful in theology. It is sufficient to remark, that God is Love and Wisdom, and these are personal qualities. They do not pertain to things impersonal. It is the difficulty experienced by the finite mind of conceiving the infinite in person, that leads many to deny strict personality in God, as setting limits to the Divine nature. But herein consists the exceeding value and beauty of the divine manifestation in Christ. The truth is, we can never see the infinite but in the finite. And the Substance of Deity cannot exist unorganized, any more than the spirit or soul of man can so exist, or any more than an angel can so exist. Indeed, it is because God is an organic Man, that every man is so. Man is in God's image, in every sense. In saying this, we would not be understood to attribute material shape to God, but still a functional nature and organism. If God had no organism, he could not create man with one. Man is an *outbirth* from that infinite organism, Christ is the *especial*, the very and divine manifestation of God in his own form. We have no ability to see, or even conceive of God, as a Person, out of Christ, or out of that infinite God-Man of which Christ is the finite presentation. Therefore, in condescension, He so manifests himself.

“But do you,” says an objector, “look upon Christ as the Supreme God?” I answer, I look upon him as the *veriest* supreme, in Essence, so presented to us in Form. “What! as your Heavenly Father?” Yes, all of the Father that we can spiritually appreciate or understand. The Father manifested in the Son, if you please, but that Son the very Divine Essence itself. We can, indeed, suffer our natural thoughts and imagination to go *outside* of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to wander through the universe. And we can see the power and wisdom and beauty of the Divinity everywhere. But where to us is the Father, simplest and briefest, and most supremely? In the Son; and that Son the Divine Form itself.

“So round and round we run,  
And ever the truth comes uppermost.”

And herein consists the glory of the New Church that is to be. It is not *tri-personalism*, but *uni-personalism*. It presents a distinct image

to the eye of the mind, and is a final resting-place for the unsettled affections, and the universe-traversing thought.

Surely we are to have a New Church, but not a bigoted, sectarian one, nor anything which requires a surrender of our own judgment to the mere *dictum* of Swedenborg. But the Church of the Future shall be one of flowing garments, grand and splendid, full of spiritual things, and composed of all who believe in the Lord and obey his commandments. All its truths shall be set in holy light to the God-given reason; it shall descend with a company of angels, four-square upon the earth, — the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven.

#### THE NEW CYCLOPÆDIA.

IN scale of dimensions, it seems to us that the new enterprise of the Messrs. Appleton \* is exactly what it should be, — less cumbrous than the noble quartos of the "Britannica" and "Metropolitana," and far more complete than the excellent compends which have so well served us in the past. The work is clearly needed, and the time for it seems well chosen. A glance at the book-lists of the last few years or months shows how much has been done; by special cyclopædias and dictionaries of science and art, to bring the accumulating mass of knowledge into such shape as to make the task a possible one. Here we have promised fifteen volumes of closely packed columns, of clear enough print for easy consultation, and condensed enough to hold a vast amount of matter, — not too bulky for convenient handling, nor small enough to exclude anything of valuable detail. And this is precisely the most desirable pattern for such a work.

We cannot express quite the same satisfaction with all the mechanical details. We assent half unwillingly, if it must be, to the excluding of all pictorial illustration. The common eye craves here and there at least some simple wood-cut, which might tell at a glance more than a column of description. It seems to us, also, that more use might be made of tabular forms of statement, which are so much better than any other way of condensing information for easy reference. The excellent article on *Anthrax* is an exception, on both these points, enjoying an advantage which we are sorry is not shared by many others. As another deficiency to the eye, we regret the absence of paragraphs, or, still better, the use of bold type here and there, to mark the change of topic. Twenty-eight solid columns on *Agriculture* give us a great mass of information, historical, scientific, and practical, without a single break, and with scarcely a clew to guide one to the special point in the extended treatise which he may be in search of. We trust these defects will be remedied as the work goes on.

The great merit of such a work must be, of course, its completeness as a book of reference. This will depend mainly on its faithful use of

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\* The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. I. A — Araguay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



existing compends and authorities ; and a fair test will be the absolute number of topics which it treats. In this regard, we believe, the present work challenges comparison with every other. More than two thousand works of reference, we are told, were constantly consulted in its preparation. It comprises more than twenty-five hundred separate heads of information, — in precise numbers we reckon 2,531, — varying from the single-line notice of some obscure Pope to the elaborate historic or scientific memoir. This is more than twice the number in the corresponding portion of the “*Americana*,” and nearly a half more than in the last edition of the “*Conversations-Lexikon*.” In general, a due balance and proportion is kept in the allotment of space. The departments of special fulness are what they should be, — practical science and American history. Thus the longest paper is that on *Agriculture*, which, with those on *Agricultural Chemistry* and *Schools*, would make some seventy-five of our pages ; and next to it, that on *John Adams*, equal to thirty-five. Especially, great attention has been paid to the latest discoveries in Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Natural History. We instance *Aluminium* as of peculiar interest just now. In several cases details are indulged in which belong rather doubtfully to a work of this class, and give it a needlessly technical air. Thus, of the eight columns on *Albuminuria*, at least seven belong to a special medical treatise ; and in a “popular dictionary” *Anthelmintics* is surely a very strange and hard way of spelling *Worms*. On the other hand, *Acclimation*, *Aliment*, *Amputation*, *Antidote*, *Appetite*, are lively, brief, and practical, just what such articles should be. Again, the argument for the use of Anthracite in locomotive steam-engines belongs rather to a pamphlet than a cyclopædia, and must be settled by facts before half the volumes can be published. A slight tendency has been observed, as in the titles *Anger*, *Adverb*, and a few others, to make this a dictionary of words, as well as of facts and things. Still it is better to err on the side of abundance ; and we should not mention these instances, or allude to the excessive length in others, but for the extreme and undue brevity given to a class of articles, of which *Algebra* (one column) and *Analytical Geometry* (a dozen lines) may serve as specimens ; and the danger lest the work may be either marred of its just proportions, or swelled beyond its judicious bounds.

Strict originality of information, or felicities of literary execution, are qualities which we are little accustomed to seek or find in an encyclopædia. Such a work is oftener consulted than read ; and has rather to register decisions than to argue cases or bring fresh ones before the court. It is therefore a special praise, and a merit of supererogation, that this work claims independent value as an authority on many topics that it treats, — we may instance nearly every paper on practical science ; and that many of those on other matters are vivacious and entertaining pieces of literary composition, — for example, the articles *Abduction*, *Actors*, *Adventurers*, and *Agapemone*. Justice is done upon Mark Antony in a very brilliant and striking paper, a model, it seems to us, of its class ; and we do not often meet a completer sketch in its way than the capital one of St. Ambrose, or a finer biographical essay than

that on Allston, or a trying topic better handled than the brief yet full account of Major André. A most valuable and "altogether original feature of the plan" consists in the biographies of living persons, — Abd-el-Kader, and the present sovereigns of Russia, Turkey, and Egypt, occur to us as examples, — written with a singular fulness and freshness of information; together with the ample, friendly, and most interesting sketch of Professor Agassiz. The plurality of articles in such a work is necessarily biographical; and we are glad to note the peculiar excellence of this department. It is an example of praiseworthy care in editing, that in almost every instance (the Antonines are the only exception we remember) the dates of a man's birth and death come together at the beginning of his biography, — a convenience for which every reader will be grateful. In most cases, too, but not always, the characteristic anecdotes of eminent men have been preserved. This is right, however brief the notice. Often, all that time has spared of a man is embalmed in some apothegm or anecdote; and this is just what most readers care most for, and should least of all be lost. We are sorry to miss the two which the early historians were fond of recording of St. Ambrose.

One feature of this work may possibly best fit its purpose as a "popular dictionary," but rather impairs its value and interest for scholars. We look in vain for any hint of the results of literary or historical criticism, which, in the present age, are not only curious, but indispensable, even to the general reader. The uncritical, popular point of view is tacitly assumed, and no allowance made for myth or fable. Antæus is as real a person as Alexander; Achilles and Bronson Alcott are dealt with just alike in calm impartiality; Genesis and Chronicles, Homer, Ovid, Thucydides, Plutarch, and Prescott stand apparently on the same even level of authority. There may be good reason that so unsettled a matter as critical erudition should find no place in such a work. Scepticism or speculation once admitted, it might be hard to define its limits; and in details the simplest course seems safest. But we trust that at least the main results of modern criticism will appear under some appropriate head.

We have given the whole volume a careful attention; and we have remarked the various points of merit in it with no undue praise. The best commendation we can bestow upon the skilful and accomplished editors, is to require a high and strict standard of them. This the public is entitled to expect, as they in turn are entitled to the benefit of the general judgment upon their labors. Such a work, to thousands of readers, will be a substitute for libraries, and not a mere addition to them; and its aim must be, to be a faithful and complete register of the gathered treasures of the human mind hitherto. We think this high aim has been kept steadily in view; and that a work has been begun which eminently deserves the gratitude and support of the American public.

## BIOGRAPHY.

WE have already noticed the appearance of Mr. Clapp's "*Sketches and Recollections*,"\* and return to it now in order to exhibit more fully the traits which justify the brief judgment we have given. We have characterized the volume as a book of "confidences,"—not only from a certain likeness in tone to the volumes with which that name has been associated by Lamartine, but because no other word quite so well expresses the mood of personal sympathy which it presupposes, and is tolerably sure to find or beget, in the reader. It is impossible to quarrel with a book whose temper is throughout that of the most bland and genial optimism. The writer finds not only sermons in stones, but good in everything. A universalism so thorough and sincere as his it is a most rare privilege to find. His incidental notices of other men,—his predecessor, the gifted Larned, who died with a brilliant fame for eloquence at twenty-three; Judah Touro, the munificent Israelite; Stephen Poydras, the New Orleans philanthropist,—all are in one style of warm and grateful eulogy. The climate of Louisiana and the character of its people, the Catholic priests and their influence, men of the world and sceptics whom he encounters in his ministry, the English Abolitionist who listens so courteously to his defence of slavery and the English man of letters who adopts it so warmly, the Bishops of the Establishment and the hospitable firesides of Britain, the French fellow-travellers who are so charmed to find he is not an Englishman, St. Peter's and the Alps, the planters and the lazzaroni, all share in the same benign regard. Never was the world seen so widely with so serene a sympathy. The sea has no terrors, a two months' voyage no weariness. Mr. Clapp "should have been a sailor"; no death seems to him so desirable as to perish in the great waters. The ghastly experience of death-beds so constant as to give him scarce three hours' rest, and of burials so incessant as to keep him worn and hungry in the graveyard till nine at night, do not alter his grateful faith that "death is a dispensation of love." A ten years' study of the Bible, verse by verse, satisfies him that in Scripture, as in nature, there is nothing which, rightly read, militates against this affectionate faith. For man's future upon earth he entertains nothing but the benigntest hope; and death, he is sure, is the baptism of the spirit, the great, overwhelming change, which will prepare every human soul for the vaster revelation of life hereafter. Nothing that we remember, from beginning to end of these "confidences," jars this trustful and buoyant equanimity, except the single offence of "political preaching" alone.

To a book of this sunny and unvarying temper, almost any amount of seeming egotism and vanity might be cheerfully pardoned. Now and then a little reticence of personal feeling and personal flattery would have guarded the book from a possible unfavorable criticism; but to us

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\* *Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, during a Thirty-five Years' Residence in New Orleans.* By THEODORE CLAPP. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

the entire frankness of it has proved winning and pleasant in the end. We feel that we owe to it a good deal that is of real value in the experience and the observation of such a life. No account whatever, for example, that we have seen, of either the physical or moral symptoms of a time of pestilence, at all compares in interest or in harmonious impression with this simple relation of a Christian minister's walk in the midst of it. This, indeed, gives a unique and a very high character to the book. Twenty seasons of epidemic fever, three times aggravated by the terror of deadly cholera, — in one case carrying off a number equal to "one sixth of the people in about twelve days," — are such an experience as few men have survived to record. No wonder his life seemed to him to be preserved by special miracle, amid the contagion of sick-chambers and the pestilential air of death; though he afterwards ascribes the mercy to a benignant law that certain constitutions are invulnerable and exempt from plague. We cannot cite the instances or the results; but we refer to this portion of the book as one which must have a high value to the physician, philosopher, and moralist, as well as lively interest for the general reader.

It is possible that Mr. Clapp may have been led, either by personal feeling or else by a consideration of the public for which he writes, to speak overmuch as an apologist or advocate of the community and institutions among which he has lived. For ourselves we are glad of his defence, and gratefully accept his testimony, so far as it goes. But it would have added to the interest of the book, and very greatly to its value, to have registered some more critical and comprehensive judgment — to which his thirty-five years of service so well entitled him — of a state of society made up of such peculiar elements, and one so remote from the knowledge or understanding of most readers, as fills the brilliant metropolis of the Gulf. Perhaps we should not complain at finding, instead of it, the mellowed and sunny recollections of a life; and we do not charge upon him any lack of insight or fidelity. But the book, though pleasing and persuasive, is less instructive than it might have been. We do not think that all Northern readers are to be presumed full of prejudice and hostility, needing to be propitiated by the presenting of one side only; or that a Southern public would take ungratefully the sterner and sadder lessons (if such there were) which life in a great city must everywhere impress on a thoughtful and Christian man. The autobiography has the air of showing only one side of an able and good man's life. And though we are grateful that it is the sunny side, yet we regret that the opportunity is apparently missed of contributing, as the occasion so fairly offered, to the profounder, if even the sadder, wisdom of the time.

Mr. Clapp's experience as a preacher, and his methods of preparation, justified by his long and high success, as also his remarks on the constitution of Protestant churches, borne out by his wide observation (pp. 241–248) of the workings of Romanism, seem to us well worth attending to. We desire to add our cordial expression of honor to his fidelity as a student and a man, in working himself clear of theological trammels, and to the generosity of the public which upheld him so gallantly through

the severe trial of a change of creed. A feature of especial interest and moral beauty is seen, also, in the gradual influence of his pastoral experience among the suffering, tempted, unbelieving, and sinful, to develop the more humane and benignant faith of his riper years. And we close the book, grateful that so valuable and rich a chapter has been added to the literature of the profession he has so faithfully served.

THE long-promised life of Dr. Kane\* in one way disappoints our expectation, and in another more than meets it. The materials of biography are but scanty, and the book adds little to that knowledge of the man which a million readers have already got better from his own words. And it is by painful shifts of margin and digressions and correspondence, and a prodigious appendix of obituary honors, that this book is swelled into a tolerable similitude in bulk to the records of which it is the sequel. A more modest volume of half the cost would have been a more useful and fit memorial. In style and spirit it is a capital model of what such a narrative should be, — free, racy, brilliant, with a marked odor of the stump about it, which to our senses is far better than the odor of the lamp. No style could be more fit for the life of varied and singular adventure which it describes. And as the soberer portion of the story comes, it flows in a serious, affectionate, and religious pathos, in admirable keeping with the temper of the heroic yet gentle-hearted explorer.

Such a life outruns the extravagance of fiction. There is nothing better in Tom Brown of Rugby than the fantastic escapades of Kane's wilful boyhood; no accumulation of peril and adventure heaped upon Tom Thurnall of "Two Years Ago," which is not fairly matched in his valiant manhood. A martyr of hopeless malady from the first, each enterprise seems the conquest of an impossibility; yet into very few lives of five and thirty years has been crowded so much of positive activity and result. A complication of heart-complaint and chronic rheumatism cuts asunder the line of college studies, and the young man devotes himself — *consecrates* is hardly too strong a word — to a life of wandering and celibacy, of science and intense outward activity. Getting a nominal connection with the navy, he visits India, China, and the Eastern Archipelago, is nearly stifled in a volcano, and nearly dies of rice-fever. Up the Nile valley, he imminently risks breaking his neck at Thebes, and then falls sick of the plague at Alexandria. Then, after making the tour of Greece on foot, failing (while at London) of an appointment in Luzon, and exploring Germany and Switzerland, he returns and books himself "under orders" for naval service in prospect of the Mexican war; but is sent, sorely against his will, to the African coast, where he visits the king of Dahomey, toils three months as ship's surgeon in the stifling cockpit, and finally is sent home hopelessly sick of coast-fever. Partly recovered, he seeks new hazardous service under government, fights his way to Mexico, is sharply wounded in

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\* Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By WILLIAM ELDER. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

saving his prisoners' lives at the risk of his own, and slowly rallies after being given up for dead of typhus. At sea he is wretchedly sea-sick always; and on service in the Mediterranean there comes an attack of lockjaw, "as if every flesh-fibre of my body was a fiddle-string, and some hosts of devils were tuning me up," and he has "no more hope of ever seeing home." And then a voyage to Brazil and a fortnight's respite on the Florida coast are the "isthmus of ease smoothly linking two continents of effort, with the most massive and mountainous before him: he had abandoned himself to his fate as his last disappointment had colored it, and was pleasantly relieving its tediousness with the lyrics of elegant leisure, when, 'in such an hour as he knew not,' it sprang upon him like a strong man armed, and carried him into the field of a conflict fitting his necessities and his life." As blow after blow fell upon him, "he rose out of the wreck resolutely, and retrieved his life, in a strength made his own by holding it in fee of chivalrous service. This is the simple mystery of the man through his whole history."

We are glad to find the memory of Dr. Kane vindicated from the surmise which his narrative here and there suggests, that the sufferings of his last expedition were from any lack of forethought on his part. "It was a perfectly thought-out organization, and a wonderfully endeavored preparation." Wonderful indeed are the details here given of his intense activity in providing for it, checked as he was by chronic illness, the fatigues of lecturing, the unwelcome toils of composition, and the weary waiting upon reluctant Senators. And what a picture of intensity of nervous life is this: "When he had something on hand which must be done to time, — as writing his last book, — he worked till three in the morning, and then took out the tuck of the long constraint and relieved himself of its weariness by a dashing ride of five or six miles, or by cracking his dog-whips in the yard for an hour or two, — whips with lashes from sixteen to thirty-three feet long, which not one man in a thousand could unfold; but he could crack them like a pistol."

The traits of character which made Dr. Kane so rare a model to his young countrymen, — his personal habits, "nice even to daintiness"; his purity from all sensual indulgences, amounting even to "a horror of tobacco in all its forms"; his warm love of home and kindred, his gentle, almost feminine temper, such that, though "not incapable of taking human life for cause requiring it," he could never hunt a wild creature for food without some compunctious pang; and his affectionate trust in a living Providence, — these, as well as his heroic daring and untiring energy, give a particular value and charm to this memoir, which unites the fidelity of a biographer to the affectionate and grateful memory of a friend.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE adventurous traveller \* whose name of late has become so familiar from his explorations and discoveries in Central Africa, is publishing the record of his wanderings, extending over a period of nearly six

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\* Barth's Travels in North and Central Africa. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper and Brothers.

years. Three volumes of the five promised have been published in England, which in the American edition make but two. His protracted absence and silence at one time caused most anxious fears for his safety, and he was even supposed to have perished, adding one more to the long list of martyrs to African research.

Barth is a Prussian, the best years of whose life have been devoted to geographical study, especially of the vast and mysterious continent which has tempted so many adventurous spirits, and hitherto to so little purpose. He informs us that he became intensely interested in the plan of penetrating to Central Africa partly from his classical studies connected with the ancient commercial greatness of Carthage, and even more from his conversations with a Háusa slave in Káf in the regency of Tunis, in regard to Kanó, the great emporium of the heart of Africa, whence commerce radiates in every direction. Barth in 1849 accordingly offered his services to the British government, about to send out an expedition under Mr. Richardson. The offer was accepted, and Barth began his travels from Tunis on the 15th of December, 1849. Mr. Richardson fell a victim to the enterprise in March, 1851, and Barth was left alone to pursue his hazardous journey. Starting from the North he proceeded from the settlements of the Arab and the Berber, the wretched remnants of the great empires of the Middle Age, into a country dotted with magnificent ruins dating from the Roman domination, and then journeyed among the wild and savage tribes of the Taraweh, and afterwards through the negro and half-negro hordes to the borders of the South African nations. Scattered through these immense regions he found the greatest diversities of race, language, religion, and industrial culture. He found it impossible to travel without arms, but necessary to observe the greatest discretion in using them. He tells us that he always endeavored to impress it upon those with whom he came in contact that his mission was one of peace; and so successful was he, that in nearly every village he left firm friends behind him, on whom he could rely in case of a retreat.

It gives us pleasure to find, that, while laying aside his European dress, and adopting one suited to the climate and in conformity to the prejudices of the natives, he did not discard his Christian character. He always avowed and defended his faith against the principles of Islam, and only once in the long course of his wanderings did he find it absolutely necessary to pass for a Moslem, without doing which he could not have reached Timbúktu.

Dr. Barth's Preface is sensibly and modestly written, and the principal merit which he claims for himself is that of having carefully noted the whole configuration of the country, being thus enabled to correct many of the mistakes of former travellers. But to us the most interesting and important of Dr. Barth's labors consists in his discovery of the Benuwé, the eastern branch of the far-famed Niger, which is found to be a stream navigable for more than six hundred miles into the very heart of the country, — a region watered by noble rivers and lakes, and densely grown with the finest timber. It also produces in abundance various kinds of grain, rice, sesamum, ground-nuts, &c., to-

gether with the sugar-cane, cotton, and indigo. The whole of Central Africa, from Bagáirmi on the east to Timbúktu on the west, abounds in these products, while the natives weave their own cotton, and dye their home-made shirts with indigo.

The western branch of the Niger he found obstructed by rapids about three hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, but does not consider them absolutely impassable. Above them the river expands into a noble highway for nearly one thousand miles through a region of inexhaustible fertility. We do not question that eventually these vast tracts will become fully open to the commercial enterprise of the Christian world.

Dr. Barth enjoyed peculiar facilities for becoming thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the slave-trade, with its horrible accompaniments of slave-hunting. While the Southern statesmen and Southern journals are clamoring for the revival of the iniquitous traffic, we have here a picture drawn by an intelligent and impartial eyewitness of the misery caused by it even in its present illegal form, among those otherwise happy, and enjoying a humble, "though not at all a degraded, state of civilization."

The style of the work is too diffuse; the three volumes of the American edition might, without loss of interest, have been compressed into two; but we accept it as one of the most valuable additions to geographical and ethnological knowledge of this century; in its thoroughness and originality presenting a strong contrast to the hurried sketches of "white-kid-glove excursions," erroneously styled travels, of many modern tourists who are silly enough to print their observations.

WHILE the Prussian traveller was pursuing his explorations from the North, a brave and energetic Scottish missionary, with the Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other, was penetrating the unknown regions of the South. Dr. Livingstone's narrative,\* aside from its value as a journal of discovery, is one of the most entertaining books of travels that we have met. His course led northward from Cape Colony, first to the Portuguese settlements of Loanda on the west coast, and thence across to the mouth of the river Zambesi, approaching the equator to within about the tenth degree. The most important scientific result of his journey is its testimony to the form of the continent, with the great central basin, which had already been determined by theory. Its most important practical result is the exploration of the Zambesi, which he thinks may be the highway of an important traffic, supplying the world with sugar and cotton in unlimited abundance, and so doing away the commercial justification of slavery. The inhabitants, simple savages as they mostly are, are yet all "fond of agriculture" (p. 521), and take kindly to the tutoring of a more intelligent race (p. 594), to judge from his own influence, which seems to have been most humanely and

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\* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE. New York: Harper and Brothers.



nobly earned. Neither are they destitute of some highly interesting and curious germs of civilization of their own. They practise inoculation, and even something like vaccination (p. 142); they are shrewd judges of work, and have tools of their own, including a hoe, with handles like a plough (p. 442); they have their own notions, no way absurd, however barren, of a God and a future state (pp. 176, 686); they have well-defined methods of their own of enforcing a rude justice; none of them will attack a church; public opinion is a scourge so powerful among them, that by it they drive a wilful homicide insane (p. 665); a sort of moral police among them seems very effective (p. 552); and they understand well enough the stinginess of travellers who take advantage of their supposed simplicity to insult them with childish gifts (p. 644), though they may be too civil to complain of it. Dr. Livingstone seems to have become strongly attached to these poor barbarians; indeed, he grew so wonted to their tongue, that it was only by effort that he recovered the use of his native English. "Yet," he says, "to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties." (p. 246.) "Their disputes are usually conducted with great volubility and noisy swearing, but they generally terminate by both parties bursting into a laugh." (p. 503.) Their fear of white men (too well grounded) is most naïve and ludicrous (p. 502); as also the diversion they find in the grave exercises of religion (p. 175). Still it is an error, thinks Dr. Livingstone, to suppose that the Romish worship has any advantage, even with their untutored minds, over the simpler Protestant form; and his knowledge of them leads him to give the strongest testimony of the indirect value of missions among them, though he severely censures the method of sustaining them (p. 131), and to trust confidently to the effect of civilization and the Bible.

The frequent and intelligent notices of natural history in this volume make not only a very entertaining chapter of themselves, but are a revision of almost all our previous knowledge of these regions. The timidity of the lion, who demeans himself to prey on mice; the prowess of the buffalo, one toss from a bull being enough to "kill the strongest lion that ever breathed" (p. 158); insects that distil from the atmosphere pailfuls of acrid water (p. 452); white ants that swarm from their nest and "unhook their wings" previous to engaging in their terrestrial labors (p. 501); red ants that make incredibly rapid way with all animal remains (p. 467); the horrible fly (tsetse) that stings an ox or horse to death (p. 94); the diseases that afflict wild beasts (p. 150); the bird that serves as guest, guard, and comfort to the buffalo and the rhinoceros (p. 585); the ferocious charge of the elephant, and the roar of an ostrich that cannot be distinguished from a lion's (p. 157); — these are a few points of the diversified and curious picture of this tropic realm, which, if not all quite new, is always first-hand and fresh. Dr. Livingstone is no merciless Nimrod, like Gordon Cumming. There is a touch of fellow-feeling for his fellow-creatures, even when craving

nature drives him to slay them for food. The animal creation is to him a "mantle of happy existence" enveloping the earth; he half sympathizes with the brutes' terror at man, "the horrid animal that disturbs their peace"; and his Christian philosophy finds comfort, from his own experience of being mangled by a lion, in the assurance, that the shock paralyzes the nerves of sensation, so that the victims of the carnivora, once in the fatal grip, feel neither fright nor pain (p. 12).

This volume is another plain testimony to the shocking effect of the slave-trade, and of such degree of servitude as exists among the tribes. We need not enlarge on this testimony, but only refer to it among the tokens of a kindly and just humanity that win our respect and liking. The glimpse we get of the mongrel Portuguese civilization at Loanda, spreading with questionable effect among native or hybrid tribes, makes one of the most curious portions of the book. Though rather bulky, we should hardly know what to spare in it; and though in profession a missionary narrative, it would not be easy to find a volume of travels which is to be more heartily commended to the general reader.

THE latest book of travel which has come to our hand is a beautifully printed English volume, copyrighted in Boston, by O. Prescott Hiller.\* It is made up of "Sketches" of noted places in England and Scotland, disquisitions on things literary and social, and the private experiences of the author. We are informed that "these light papers have been written in intervals of relaxation from graver duties and studies." Yet a solemn necessity is upon the author to speak. Compassionate to the spiritual destitution of those "who have not been favored with the same opportunities of visiting spots hallowed by so many golden memories and associations," and "remembering the delight with which he himself once perused works of this character," he now, in his turn, feels it "to be a *kind of duty* to endeavor to communicate a similar gratification to others." These extracts from the Preface give an idea of the style and spirit of Mr. Hiller's book. It consists of ponderous platitudes, ludicrous criticisms, facts borrowed from cyclopædias and guide-books, and fancies, now sublimed into bathos, and now attenuated into twaddle. The first sketch is an imitation of Irving, and we are treated to Mr. Hiller's emotions when he heard the cry of "Land!" after his ocean voyage, with that remarkable sunset, which he describes positively by superlative epithets, and comparatively, by telling us that "I have seldom witnessed a more brilliant sunset"; and to the reverie into which he falls on seeing Liverpool in the evening, in which he is reminded of Romeo and Juliet. Then comes a minute account of Mr. Hiller's expedition to the "home of a poetess," and the blunders which he made in trying to find the house where Mrs. Hemans lived. Of course it is proper here to think of the Ode on the "Pilgrim Fathers," and Mr. Hiller predicts that, "for years and perhaps for ages to come," this poem, set to music by "*Mrs. Brown*," "clothed in fit strains, will

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\* English and Scottish Sketches. By an American. London. 1857. 16mo. pp. 352.

be heard, on the 22d of December, ascending from all parts of the American continent." In the garden of the house he notices here and there "a brilliant dahlia raising its crimson head, in the midst of other less showy, but not less pretty, daughters of the earth." His interview with the present mistress of the house is not exciting. He asks a few questions, thinks of "The Sunset Tree," takes a sprig of poplar, and then leaves.

Next, we have an abstract of the account of Lindley Murray in the American Encyclopædia, apropos to a visit to his house near York. The remarkable fact is mentioned, that, "from the precepts and example of his parents, Murray imbibed lasting sentiments of morality and religion." Benjamin West comes in for a share of Mr. Hiller's judicious borrowing, though no "pilgrimage to his shrine" is recorded. Next we have a short notice of the tomb of Swedenborg, whose religious views seem to be those of Mr. Hiller. Then we are treated to a statement of reasons why Byron ought not to have a bust in Poet's Corner, along with Ben Jonson, Dryden, and "such as have been an honor to their species." "St. Paul's" pleases this critic, particularly its dingy exterior, though he regrets that it was built "too late."

Mr. Hiller does not like "Nobility," and devotes thirty pages, well spiced by poetical quotations, to an indignant rebuke of aristocracy and aristocratic customs. He ventures the prediction, that, "ere another century has rolled away, a hereditary aristocracy in England will be numbered among the things that were." At Pope's Grotto, he sees a rose-bush, and says aloud to himself, "'T is, indeed, the last rose of summer." Addison's Walk at Oxford suggests some reasons why Mr. Hiller thought at college, and thinks still, that Addison is a "charming writer." He visits the Country Churchyard, and experiences there the proper sensations. The sight of a Sonnet to Channing on the fly-leaf of a volume in the Manchester Library, recalls an interview which he once had with the great American divine, and that leads to a long notice of American authors in England, in which the familiar school-book extracts from Webster's speeches are profusely cited. Mr. Hiller prefers Webster to Burke or Demosthenes. The account of Shakespeare's tomb opens with the singular fact, which Mr. Hiller considers to be "*providential*," that "in visiting remarkable places, in the course of my travels, it has often happened that I reached them just at nightfall." He entered London by lamplight. He first saw Naples by moonlight. The first impression of Niagara was made in the darkness. And he saw Stratford just at dusk. A man that crossed the path just in front of the church he naturally took for the ghost of Shakespeare. In this Shakespeare sketch several notable observations are made. Mr. Hiller's classical sense is scandalized by false quantity of "*Socratem*" in the Latin line below the bust in the church, and he would emend it by substituting "*Sophoclem*," considering Shakespeare rather a Sophocles than a Socrates in genius. He has no doubt that the great poet's brain was "full and round, and developed in every part, for his universality of mind necessitated this." After sending for Irving's "sceptral poker," and suitably marvelling over that "scarred and indented"

piece of steel, he "*flatters himself*" that it has been "treasured up as a precious relic" since it received Irving's "meditative knocks." It is delightful to be assured that Shakespeare was not only Orthodox, but, "on the whole, was, in his own sphere, a man of very estimable character," and that "the two greatest geniuses which England has produced, Shakespeare and Milton, have been on the side of religion, virtue, and good sense." We commend this valuable essay on the great dramatist to Mr. Hudson, Mr. Collier, and all future editors.

The "Times" newspaper Mr. Hiller does not like. He thinks it mean, frivolous, flippant, and about on a par for moral influence with the New York Herald. "Abbey ruins" and "English skies" give him a chance to *ask himself* several questions, which get sentimental answers. The essay on "Anglicisms" successfully shows that the English are greater sinners than the Yankees in the corruption of their common language. Mr. Hiller likes Scotland, the dialect, the wit, the porridge, — all but the whiskey-punch. Wallace, Tannahill, Wilson the ornithologist, Burns, Scott, and Jeffrey are all sketched with discrimination. At Loch Katrine, where they all run up the bank for the best seats in the carriage, he is struck by this new and sad proof of "the miserable selfishness of the human heart." He describes a Scotch election with a quiet amazement that such strange things should be. And he appropriately closes his volume by some magnanimous and condescending remarks as to the forgiving good-will which Americans should return to their former enemies and oppressors. The volume is patriotic, reasonably pious, and very harmless. It lets us into the secret of its author's studies and preferences, literary, social, and astronomical. We are told more than once that Cassiopeia is his "favorite constellation," that Longfellow is his favorite poet, and that he is particularly fond of morality and goodness. We will suggest, however, that this single variation from graver studies and duties is sufficient, and that the public will need no supplement to such sketches of famous places and famous men.

THE last work of Father Huc \* is, in many respects, the best fruit of his researches concerning the nations of Central and Eastern Asia. It is a valuable contribution to religious history. Beginning with the legend of St. Thomas as the Apostle to the Indies, which he vindicates by much curious special pleading, (even arguing that Thomas preached in China,) he brings down the narrative to the middle of the seventeenth century, and the safe establishment on the throne of China of the present Tartar dynasty. Most of the facts in his work are taken from the archives of the Roman Church, and especially of the Dominican, Franciscan, and Jesuit brethren, and a considerable part of them have been printed. But never have facts of such interest been brought together in a form so condensed and readable. The

\* Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. By M. l'ABBÉ HUC, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. In two volumes. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1857. 12mo. pp. 718.

volume has high literary and artistic, as well as historical merit. It is the fashion, indeed, of our Protestant missionaries, to speak contemptuously of Huc, because he does not rate their services among those heathen nations according to their own estimate; but it is much easier to sneer at his credulity than to disprove his statements. Huc is a Jesuit, and cannot of course be expected to tell the whole truth. But he tells more of the truth than we are likely to get from any other source. If he glorifies the men of his own order, he has good reason for his boasting, for the sacrifices and zeal of the Jesuits in China are the finest monument of modern apostleship.

The discussion of the inscription on stone, found in 1625, at Si-guan Fou, is more ingenious than satisfactory. It certainly proves that some kind of Christianity was known in China as early as the seventh century, and confirms the ancient tradition. But we do not see that it proves that Olopen was a specially Christian missionary, or that the faith of the Lord of Heaven had not already been incorporated into a Pagan religion, and so been brought into China. Voltaire's insinuation that the production of the stone was a "pious fraud," is successfully set aside, and the cumulative proof which M. Huc brings turns the absurdity back upon the sarcastic philosopher.

The story of Prester John, of course, comes in for a passing notice. This fabulous sovereign, according to M. Huc, was a real Tartar prince, of immense wealth, unbounded power, and earnest religious faith; fatally weakened, however, by the Nestorian heresy. It is indeed a drawback upon the pleasure with which M. Huc recites the early triumphs of the Cross in Asia, that these triumphs were of error mingled with the truth; that these wandering hordes received the Gospel under false and soul-destroying forms. Yet he never departs from the style of narrative to take up as a Catholic the tone of invective. He submits with a quiet good-humor to the reproach on the early Christianity of these Eastern nations, sure that by and by the labors and sufferings of the true missionaries of the Church will more than make good this defect, and bring the balance right. In this respect his book is a pleasant contrast to Protestant histories of Romanism, in which the bigotry is rarely kept down. Without positively maintaining that the rites of the heathen religions of Buddh and the Lamas have been borrowed from the Christian rites, M. Huc leaves it to be inferred, by an adroit preparation of facts, that such was the origin of this resemblance between Paganism and Popery, of which Protestants have made such parade. He does not deny the striking similarity between the customs of Buddhist piety and the customs of Catholic altars, but he draws from that fact a quite unusual conclusion, and uses it as an argument for the genuine ritual of the early Church. He is glad, rather than mortified, to find these bowings, crossings, washing of cups, and lighting of candles, among the idolaters, since this proves to him that along with their idolatry they have preserved much of the true religion. Even the moral and religious system of Buddh himself, although it dates from a period long anterior to Christ, seems to him to show that Judaism had penetrated to India, and had

influenced the thoughts and speculations of the Indian philosophers. It is the latent purpose, we say, of these volumes of M. Huc, to show that the divinely appointed religion which the Church holds has in some form and to some degree penetrated all nations almost from the beginning, and has not waited for the missionaries of the thirteenth, sixteenth, or nineteenth century first to fulfil the prophetic word. He does not claim for Ricci, Schall, or D'Andrada, great as their services were, that originality of missionary work which Protestants ascribe to Judson, Poor, and Scudder. He would show that from the first the disciples of Christ have obeyed their Master's command, that they have in no age ceased to obey it, and that even before the time of the Saviour there were propagandists in the world of the religion of Heaven.

If our "Spiritualists" share this broad Catholicism of Father Huc, they will be glad to learn from his pages that the phenomena of "table-turning" were well known among the Tartars of the thirteenth century. The Franciscan ambassador at the court of the Mongol King Mangou was permitted to witness a solemn consultation of the spirits, and to hear with his ears the "raps" upon a "table." Perversely he insists on calling this supernatural soliciting a kind of sorcery. The grand religious debate which took place at the court of this monarch was marked by a fairness very unusual on such occasions. The three judges were a Mussulman, a Buddhist, and a Christian. At the opening of the debate, a decree of the Khan was read, forbidding the orators to say abusive words of each other, or to say anything which might raise a disturbance. A Catholic priest and a Chinese Bonze had the first hearing. After a full argument, the Bonze acknowledged himself vanquished. Then the Nestorian tried it against the Mussulman, but they found their faith *so nearly alike*, that they embraced one another and chanted together the same chant. And at the end, like good fellows, all the assembly, Pagans, Mussulmans, Nestorians, and Catholics, drank together. It is to be lamented that some of our controversies cannot imitate the Asiatic pattern.

We regret that we cannot devote a larger space to volumes so full of instruction and entertainment.

DR. BARCLAY'S work on "the Holy City,"\* which has been so long expected, makes at the beginning of the present year its late, but welcome appearance. With all the labor which he has bestowed upon it, the author does not claim that he has made it as complete or accurate as it might have been made; yet his uncommon facilities, his patient investigations, and his excellent plan, are the guaranty of his success. Familiar as we are with works upon Jerusalem, we do not hesitate to say that this is, on the whole, *the best*. Its facts are copious and reliable, its reasonings are candid and earnest even where they are not conclu-

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\* The City of the Great King, or Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be. By J. T. BARCLAY, M. D., Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia: James Challen and Sons. 1858. Royal 8vo. pp. 621.

sive, its arrangement is orderly, and its spirit is reverent without being pietistic. There are some inelegances in style which a nice criticism detects, but these are quite forgotten in the general excellence of the work. The mechanical execution is very fine, both in print and engravings. Most of the last are taken from photographs. The three panoramic views of Jerusalem from the east, north, and west, are as perfect as it is possible for such sketches to be. The chromographs add, by their bright coloring, very much to the effect; and the ground plans are a great assistance in studying the topography of the discussions. No expense has been spared to make the work a standard work, — not merely a book of pleasant reading, but for permanent reference.

We have no space to give even a catalogue of the topics which are treated so fully and carefully in this volume, leaving scarcely anything for future writers. We can only mention the principal discoveries which are announced, and the subjects on which Dr. Barclay gives an opinion different from the opinion commonly received. Under the head of *discoveries*, we may mention the site of Bethphage, — the place of “Ænon, near Salim,” where John baptized, — the “Red Heifer Bridge,” which crossed the Kidron Valley, and connected Moriah with Olivet, — the caverns and quarries under Mount Bezetha, — the substructions in the enclosure of the Temple, which he measured carefully, — and a large number of sites of pools and fountains. Of controverted subjects, he especially discusses the site of the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, which he locates northeast of the city, in the valley of Kidron, — the valley of Gihon and its pools, which he changes from the west side of Zion to the east side of Akra, — the “Tombs of the Kings,” on which he differs alike from Robinson and from the Catholic tradition, — the position of several of the gates, — the place of Bethesda, and the details of the Temple. His statements and arguments on all these points are well worthy of attention.

Dr. Barclay is at once a physician, an artist, and a preacher, — a volunteer and devoted missionary, whose whole soul is given to the work of converting the Jews in the Holy City, and restoring it to its ancient piety and beauty. His popularity in Jerusalem is confined to no class. He is respected alike by Christians, Jews, and Moslems, and his kindness is known to every American stranger within the gates of Zion. Such a missionary is worth more than any pompous “bishop,” presiding in an empty cathedral.

#### NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

THE most interesting work which the busy press of Didot has lately issued is an elaborate treatise on the “Basque Country,”\* that region of France and Spain which is traversed by the western Pyrenees. Several eminent philologists (a Bonaparte among them) have busied

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\* *Le Pays Basque, sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature, et sa Musique* Par FRANCISQUE MICHEL, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, de l'Académie Impériale de Vienne, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de Turin, des Sociétés des Antiquaires de Londres et de l'Ecosse, etc. Paris: Didot Frères. 1857. 8vo. pp. 548.

themselves with the tongue and manners of this primitive people; but it has been reserved for Michel to make a book on that subject at once scientific and entertaining. It is amazing that he has been able to compress into a single volume such a mass of curious information. He gives an analysis and a key to the language, abundant specimens of the proverbs, an account of the provincial drama, tragedies, comedies, and farces, the games of the people, with special description of the bull-fights; paints for us Basque smugglers, blackguards, and sorceries, fishermen, navigators, and adventurers; descants upon all that is quaint and odd in the national manners; and makes us acquainted with the remarkable poets, orators, preachers, novelists, musical composers, and singers of that secluded region. Such a volume creates the country anew, and is a surprise as great as if one should discover a Tuscany in Calabria, or an Attica in the Caucasus. Brittany, that birthplace of poets and philosophers, has now a rival, and Michel has done for the peasants of the Pyrenees a service as important as Chateaubriand for his countrymen.

The learning and research of this writer are extraordinary. He even quotes from American authorities, and it is pleasant to see the publishing house of our G. P. Putnam mentioned in a note. Greek and Russian references are very frequent. Nevertheless, Michel is very modest, and uses his authorities only to fortify his statements, not to parade his erudition.

M. RÉMUSAT's last philosophical work,\* if not his ablest, is certainly his most readable work. As a criticism of the Baconian theory, it is by no means perfect or exhaustive; but as a candid, liberal, and clear exposition of that theory, setting aside all irrelevant details, it is most satisfactory. The sagacious Frenchman is a discriminating eulogist of the father of the Inductive method, separating in his estimate the man from the philosopher. His biographical notice, which fills a third of the volume, while it rescues the memory of Bacon from the unjust stigma of Pope's epigrammatic line, does not conceal or palliate the actual iniquity of the venal Lord Chancellor. Rémusat justifies the sentence of the judge who took bribes, but does not find that he was led by bribery to pervert justice, or that he deserves the name of "the meanest of mankind." His baseness seems worse, only because his genius was so great. He was not more servile or more cowardly than many great men who have escaped such condemnation. The spirit of the age, the needs of a courtier, and the habit of profuse expenditure, furnish ample reason why a lofty virtue might not be expected from one in Bacon's position. M. Rémusat is a strict moralist, but he makes large allowance for circumstances and for temperaments in the application of his moral verdicts. He is not more lenient to the sins of Bacon than to the sins of Abelard, but he tells their extenuation.

In his frequent mention of Bacon's religious principles, M. Rémusat

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\* Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, et son Influence jusqu'à nos Jours. Par CHARLES DE RÉMUSAT. Paris: Didier & Co. 8vo. 1857. pp. 480.



shows his own broad religious sympathies. He takes pains to mention that Bacon's mother translated the sermons of Bernard Ochius, a distinguished preacher of the Socinian sect, and intimates that the leanings of the mother may not have been without influence in the training of the son. "It is rare," he remarks, "that *liberty of thought in religion* has not penetrated at some point the education of modern philosophers." He steadily insists that Bacon was a Christian, and that his philosophy is Christian, though he allows that it has not the same starting-point, nor does it lead to the same results, as the creeds of the Church. He admits that the Baconian method has wrought changes in philosophy which orthodoxy condemns; yet he does not condemn these changes. The closing chapters, which treat of the influence of Bacon upon succeeding ages, are masterly in their precision of thought and their breadth of judgment, and show that the French Academician is more than the peer of the Dublin Archbishop.

It is pleasant to know that the party of liberal Christian thinkers have so accomplished a representative of their opinions in the chief city of Catholic Europe. Not accepting the Unitarian name, Rémusat is certainly doing the best Unitarian work.

No French romance since *The Wandering Jew* has excited so much interest, called forth such variety of criticism, and been so universally read, as the singular work of M. Gustave Flaubert.\* It is a romance which has nothing romantic about it, neither idea, nor character, nor scene, nor position. Not an individual of the book enlists the sympathies of the reader. All the personages, male or female, are commonplace, and most of them absolutely vulgar. Even the smart sayings, and the "glittering generalities," which usually enliven the pages of French fiction, are here utterly wanting. Judged by the ordinary rules, "*Madame Bovary*" ought to be dull, and a failure. Yet the almost universal verdict has pronounced it a success. Its success may be accounted for by remembering the causes of the success of *Jane Eyre*, to which, in many respects, it has a resemblance. It has the same boldness, fearlessness, and defiance of public opinion, the same honesty of expression, the same clearness of style, — a vocabulary as rich and as choice, a mastery of materials as perfect. Its pictures of life are as faithful and finished, its analyses of character as close and powerful. The provincial manners of Normandy are to the full as rude and disgusting as those of Yorkshire, and the scenery of such villages as "Tostes" and "Yonville" has scarcely any advantage in picturesque beauty over the scenery of the Haworth moors. But the one and the other are glorified by the Dutch accuracy with which they are transferred to the canvas of the novel. M. Flaubert is, in his way, a rival of Teniers and Ostadê. Nothing escapes him in a description; and the objects which most writers would reject as superfluous or as repulsive in a graceful story, he makes, by his ingenious handling, to be necessary.

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\* *Madame Bovary, Mœurs de Province.* Par GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Paris. 1857. 16mo. 2 vols. pp. 490.

Half the personages are such as Lamartine or Dumas would have never introduced ; but these are the very personages which can least be spared.

The novel was commenced in the "Paris Review." But after a few issues it was found to be too frank and too dangerous in its free exposure of provincial morality, and the censors forbade it. Of course it was read all the more, and the fashionable world wondered at the fit of prudery which could proscribe this story of real life, yet allow such fictions as those of Sand, Balzac, and Sue. Its morality, certainly, is not of the Puritan kind, nor is its fastidiousness that of Chateaubriand or St. Pierre. Yet it is quite as decent as many productions which find a place in the "select library" of the Harpers. It is not likely to be translated, chiefly because the best part of it is untranslatable. It would be as hopeless a task to make English out of these singular idioms, as to make French out of the "Pickwick Club." There are hundreds of words in the book which are not to be found in the dictionaries in common use ; and this, if nothing else, tempts an impatient reader to fling it aside before he has got through fifty pages.

One of the strange things about this author is, that he can have patience to finish with such care pictures of a life so uninspired, — a country doctor, a stupid priest, a linen-draper, a lame hostler, a foolish law-student, and a sensual squire. The spectacles which he gives are a cattle-show, a cheap opera, the daily trips of a stage-coach, and other equally exciting scenes.

M. DELESSERT's lively narrative of his journey around the western and southern shores of the Dead Sea \* furnishes us with all that is valuable in De Saulcy's much vaunted expedition to the site of the accursed cities. Geography and natural history gained something from that expedition, and the chart of the region is now more accurate than it was as figured by Irby and Mangles. A good many insects were caught and impaled, very numerous specimens of flowers and shrubs were safely boxed, fragments of all kinds of rock and mineral, clay, sulphur, and salt, were carefully preserved, times and distances were noted, and the true place (as M. Delessert thinks) of Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, Adamah, and Zoar was fixed and established. In regard to the site of Zoar our author differs from Dr. Robinson. The scientific results of the expedition, nevertheless, hardly pay for the risk and the expense.

The risk of such a journey is very great. There are mountains to be crossed of terrific steepness ; precipices which threaten alike those who pass above and those who pass beneath ; ravines which are labyrinthine in their windings ; a frightful volcanic bog at the end of the sea, three miles in length, which can be traversed only by persevering and desperate flounderings ; — scarcely any water to be found, except the bitter slime of fetid pools ; a succession of Bedouin tribes, the most rapacious, ferocious, and villanous, to be encountered ; poisonous in-

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\* *Voyage aux Villes Maudites.* Par EDOUARD DELESSERT. Paris : Librairie Nouvelle. 1857.

sects, scorpions, snakes, and panthers, which infest beds, tents, and culinary stores; the broiling heat of that great natural caldron, which rains down fierce as the fire which the Lord sent upon the cities of the plain, varied by such frequent showers of water as realize the legend of the Noachian deluge; the danger of thirst, starvation, assassination, suffocation, — from treachery, from ambush, from the air, the earth, and the people; — all this may well deter even an enthusiastic naturalist from attempting such a voyage. In the case of M. Delessert and his party, it was accomplished without any serious injury greater than that of severe pecuniary suffering. The helpless party were victimized by the Arab Sheiks in the most distressing manner. Such abominable exactions are rarely recorded in the stories of Arab levies on credulous travellers. The party were only too glad to get away from such expensive hospitality. To be spit upon occasionally was an additional pleasantry which they dared not punish.

M. Delessert has a true French humor, and loses none of the amusing absurdities of the way. He refutes the notion that no living thing is to be seen on the shores of the fatal sea, and represents the frequent oases as luxuriant in their beauty, the grass and reeds as of extraordinary rankness, the waters as vexed by flocks of ducks and smaller birds, and even fruits as not wanting. We have a description of the Jericho rose, with the legend of its opening when placed in the water, however withered it may seem, — of the apples of Sodom, fair without, but ashy within, — of "hasheesh" and its singular effects, as experienced at Jerusalem by a company of jolly Frenchmen, — of the famous salt mountain, where our friend did *not* see the statue of Lot's wife, — of everything, in fact, except the water of the sea itself, which is hardly alluded to. This traveller does not mention that he drank the water, or that he bathed in it.

PASTOR REX\* came to America determined to be pleased with everything in this happy land, and he is pleased accordingly. He enjoys what other foreigners abhor, he praises what other foreigners ridicule, and his panegyric upon the temporal and spiritual progress of this latest marvel of Protestant civilization is shaded only by such criticisms as his theological antipathies suggest. It was his fortune, soon after his arrival, to taste the hospitalities of the excellent Dr. Baird; and his estimate of Unitarians and heretics generally may be judged from that early acquaintance. "The Unitarian doctrine" he is pleased to call "the residue, the *caput mortuum* of evaporated Christianity, a philosophic deism, *poor in works*, passive, like Mahometan deism, of which it is the brother." "Christ is to these Unitarians," he remarks, "only an embarrassing teacher, whom they would like to set aside; and they betray their embarrassment by putting him to secondary uses, such as naming churches, which they call 'Church of the Saviour,' 'Church of the Messiah,' &c." He assigns their origin to *worldliness*

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L'Amérique Protestante. Notes et Observations d'un Voyageur. Par WILLIAM REX. 2 vols. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1857. 16mo. pp. 704.

and *excessive riches*, and states that aristocracy, and not piety, sustains them. He is glad to learn that their numbers are diminishing, and that the Gospel is gaining ground on this fatal form of heresy. He quotes from a speech of Rev. Charles T. Brooks, to prove that the Unitarians are the natural allies of Mahometans and of the Hindoo Pagans. Their "*works*" he limits to four missionaries, a few agents, and a Quarterly Review. Dr. Channing, he says, has made the fortune of Unitarians in Europe, "*of whom there are an abundance, under the cover of the Established Churches, both Catholic and Protestant.*" We have a pleasing sketch of one of our May "Collations," where the nature of the beverage forestalls undue excitement, where laymen make profane jokes about the Lord's Supper, and a brass band plays between the speeches. The Unitarian talk about their *liberality*, he adds, dates from their loss of power. When they were strong, they were most arrogant and exclusive; "the sons tell still what their Evangelical fathers suffered in Boston at the commencement of this century." They have been fortunate, he admits, in inheriting from their Puritan ancestry a good personal morality, and this blessing has been their salvation.

The Genevan Calvinist is not so much troubled, however, by the little handful of heretics, whom he quite forgets when he goes away from Boston, as by the growing force of the Roman Church, which he hates with exemplary hatred. This he considers to be a real source of alarm in a God-fearing land. But even here statistics console him, and he is inclined to think that allied piety will prove more than a match for all the wiles of the mother of harlots. Slavery he regrets; but it is easy to see that his Union-saving and conservative Evangelical friends have assuaged his natural indignation at that sin. He is gentle in his remarks about it, and almost avoids the theme until he comes to his closing summary. He has great confidence in the Gospel, and lauds the Southern Aid Society. It is fortunate that his volumes were published so early in the year 1857 that he has nothing to abate from his admiration of the manner in which the affairs of the great Orthodox associations, the Tract Society, the Sunday-School Union, &c., are managed. He can only marvel at what the Lord enables these noble bodies to do. Occasionally there is a hint that Southern Christianity is not all that it ought to be, for Pastor Rey remembers that the members of Churches sell their Christian brethren, sometimes their actual children, and forbid them to read the Bible. His latent antislavery and his Genevan pride are alike gratified in the thought, that, next to the Bible, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation* have the largest circulation of any books in the world. We were not quite prepared for one half of this statement.

For a foreigner, Pastor Rey is remarkably accurate in his details of secular affairs, and his criticisms upon men and measures, upon the arts and sciences, are, in the main, just. It is a little curious, indeed, to find a European preferring the Hudson to the Rhine, for the very reason that an American confesses the inferiority of his own river. The Hudson, says our friend, has none of those old ruined castles and convents which disgrace the landscape on the Rhine, reminding the voyager

of barbarism, feudalism, and superstition. He thinks it a great gain to be out of sight of such ugly blots upon creation. All will not consent to his opinion that Mr. Greenough is "the Michel Angelo of America." *Mosquito bars*, that comfort of the West and South in Summer, he pronounces to be an illusion and a cheat, an invention for keeping the mosquitos *in*, instead of keeping them *out*. Though, as "children of Adam," Americans are "sinful to the core," yet he thinks a large part of their actual sin, their drunkenness and their crime, is of foreign importation. At Saratoga, he remarks, the people take such care of the body that it is doubtful there if *the soul really exists*, and it is not fashionable to take account of it. It is a great cross to him that, as a pious man, he cannot drink anything stronger than water in his visits to religious people, and in his travels; but he makes up for it by more diligent smoking. Alas that he had not seasonably met Brother Trask, or read the caution of Justin Edwards, whose name he mentions as one of the great men of America. It occurs to him as odd that so many persons should take iced water along with hot coffee. Private property in pews he does not like, and he argues the question if the Gospel can best be dispensed by that arrangement. His observations on Western manners are edifying.

The finest chapters in the work are those upon Indian Missions, upon the history of religious liberty, and upon "the shades on the picture of American religion." These shades he presents in their order, to the number of nine. The first is, that American ministers *will* "preach politics"; the second, that they take extreme ground on the temperance question; the third is the slavery question; the fourth, the meagre salary paid to ministers; the fifth, the multitude of sects; the sixth, the great number of Wesleyan Methodists, heretics, and fanatics (here he quotes Parsons Cooke, and describes a camp-meeting); the seventh, Episcopacy; the eighth, Catholic immigrants; and the ninth, rationalism. This classification will give an idea of the work as a survey of American religion.

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#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG new English books, we notice, —

Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary, English, Technological, and Scientific. 2000 Engravings. 2 vols. pp. 2384. With Supplement, pp. 508. London: Blackie & Son.

Also the Imperial Gazetteer. 2 vols.

A translation of Arago's Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. London: Longman.

The third edition, with large additions, of Sir James Stephens's Lectures on the History of France. 2 vols. Same publisher.

Lectures on the Right Use of the Early Fathers, delivered in the University

of Cambridge, by Rev. J. J. Blunt. London: Murray. A theological work of some value, of which a notice will be given in our next number.

A translation of Hegel's *Philosophy of History*. Bohn.

North America, its Agriculture and Climate; including Canada, the United States, and Cuba. By Robert Russell. Edinburgh: Black.

Travels and Researches in Chaldea and Susiana. By W. Kennett Loftus. London: J. Nisbeth & Co.

Oriental and Western Siberia, being a Narrative of a Seven Years' Residence. By T. W. Atkinson. London: Hunt & Blackett.

Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions. By William Smith. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

Works of Dugald Stewart. Edited by Sir W. Hamilton. Vol. X. Being the Memoirs of Stewart. Adam Smith.

An edition of Herodotus is announced, to be edited and annotated by Col. Rawlinson, — a work of high antiquarian and historical interest.

"A Year of Revolution." By Lord Normanby, will be reviewed in our May number.

Cardinal Mai's edition of the *Codex Vaticanus*, in four volumes, quarto, is announced as ready for sale.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The History and Life of the Reverend John Tauler of Strasbourg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons (Temp. 1340) translated from the German, with additional Notices of Tauler's Life and Times, by Susanna Winkworth; and a Preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley; with an Introduction by Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 8vo. pp. 481. (Antique.)

The Tenebaptist: a Discourse wherein an honest Baptist, by a Course of Argument to which no honest Baptist can object, is convinced that Infant Christians are proper Subjects of Christian Baptism. By R. B. Mayes. Boston: John Wilson and Son. 12mo. pp. 172. (But not "carnal infants.")

Gathered Lilies; or, Little Children in Heaven. By A. C. Thompson. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 59.

### SCIENCE, ETC.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Volume I. A — Araguay. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 752. (Noticed, p. 301.)

Physical and Celestial Mechanics. Developed in four systems of Analytic Mechanics, Celestial Mechanics, Potential Physics, and Analytic Morphology. I. A System of Analytic Mechanics. By Benjamin Peirce. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 4to. pp. 496. (Reviewed, p. 276.)

Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany, and Vegetable Physiology, being a fifth and revised edition of the Botanical Text-Book. Illustrated with over thirteen hundred wood-cuts. By Asa Gray, M. D. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 8vo. pp. 555.

The World of Mind. An Elementary Book. By Isaac Taylor. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 378.

## POETRY AND FICTION.

Poems, by Rosa Vertner Johnson. 2d edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 334.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. The Abbot. 2 vols. — Kenilworth, 2 vols. s.

The Poetical Works of James R. Lowell. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 2 vols. 32mo. (Blue and Gold).

The Lost Daughter, and other Stories of the West. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Beatrice Cenci: a Tale of the XVIth Century. Translated from the Italian of F. D. Guerrazzi, by Mrs. Watts Sherman. New York: Mason and Brothers. 12mo. (Paper.)

Poems, by Howard H. Caldwell. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 16mo. pp. 134.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Plant-Hunters, or Adventures among the Himalaya Mountains. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 353.

Lucy Howard's Journal. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 343.

Stories and Legends of Travel and History, for Children. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 290.

The Sisters Abroad; or, An Italian Journey. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 12mo. pp. 267.

European Acquaintance: being Sketches of People in Europe. By J. W. De Forest. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 276.

Fifteen Years among the Mormons: being the Narrative of Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith, by Nelson Winch Green. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 388.

## PAMPHLETS.

Woman in her Relations to Liberal Christianity. A Discourse delivered in the Unitarian Church, Charleston, S. C., by Samuel Gilman, D. D., Pastor, on Occasion of the Anniversary of a Female Society. Charleston: Walker, Evans, & Co. pp. 13.

A Report on a Memorial of the Alumni of Dartmouth College, at Boston and the Vicinity, to the Trustees, on Scholarships and Prizes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. pp. 54.

Second Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, together with the Annual Reports of the Officers of the Institution. Boston: William White. pp. 28.

Sixteenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large in the City of Providence. By Edwin M. Stone. Providence: Knowles, Anthony, & Co. pp. 28.

The Family Relation as affected by Slavery. American Reform Tract and Book Society. Cincinnati. pp. 24.

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large in Lowell, to the Lowell Missionary Society. Lowell: S. N. Merrill. pp. 34.

An Abstract of the 33d Annual Report of the American Sunday School Union. Philadelphia. pp. 36.

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft, and Miracle: a Brief Treatise, showing that Mesmerism is a Key which will unlock many Chambers of Mystery. By Allen Putnam. Boston: Bela Marsh. pp. 74.

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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MAY, 1858.

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ART. I. — HORTENSIUS THE ORATOR.

1. M. TULLII CICERONIS *Opera*. Ed. JOSEPHUS OLIVETUS. Edit. Tertia Emendatissima. Genevæ: MDCCLVII. "*De Oratore*." "*Brutus sive de Claris Oratoribus*." *Orationum* "*In Verrem*." "*Lib. XVI. Epistolar. ad Atticum*," &c. "*Epistolæ ad Quintum Fratrem et ad Brutum*."
2. *The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero*. By CONYERS MIDDLETON, Principal Library-Keeper of the University of Cambridge. Fourth Edition. London: MDCCL.
3. PLUTARCH'S *Lives*, in six volumes. Translated from the Greek. Dublin: MDCCLXIX.
4. MARCUS FABII QUINTILIANUS. *De Institutione Oratoria*. Lipsiæ: MDCCCXXIX.
5. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. London. 1849.
6. *The History of Rome*. By B. G. NIEBUHR. Translated by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. and LEONHARD SCHMITZ, P.D., F.R.S.E. London. 1851. 3 vols.

OF all the Roman and the Latin orators, — of those soldiers whose martial words are their only oratorical records, — of those writers whose orations composed for the subjects of their books reveal their own native eloquence, — of those lawyers whose thoughts have been lost, but the repute of whose rhetoric has floated down on dim traditions, — of all these, no



name but Cicero's rouses such interesting imaginations in the scholar or the speaker as the name of Hortensius. All the rest, save Cæsar only, have sunk below the horizon of even scholars' hearts, and their very names are with difficulty deciphered amid the ruins of the Forum. Cicero stands forward clear and complete in statue and in history, in literature and in orations. We see him standing and speaking there, the foremost man of the world in words, as Cæsar was in arms; but he stands out almost alone, — Cæsar and Hortensius only are not quite eclipsed by him, Cæsar and Hortensius only are not swallowed up in long and undistinguishable night. Cicero loved Hortensius. Cicero was stimulated by him; and how great must *he* have been who could urge forward the strenuous movement of Cicero's passionate ambition! For some time he held the Forum jointly with Cicero, twin sovereigns of that majestic scene.

Æschines was made immortal by his rival, Demosthenes, Hortensius by his rival, Cicero; but in how different a way! The memory of Æschines is embalmed in the orations which annihilated him, as the body of the insect is embalmed in the amber which entombs it; the form of Hortensius is identified, not by the scars of Cicero's blows, but by the affectionate embraces of his admiring love.

In the loneliness of barren exile Æschines devoured his heart, and beheld his acknowledged conqueror the oratorical monarch of mankind. Hortensius, relinquishing the grand scene of his eloquence to the undivided empire of Cicero, looked on with plaudits and with pride as that splendid forensic figure, rounding out into its full proportions before the eyes of the Romans, at length held up before them the sceptre of autocracy, not only over that Forum, but over the field of Roman literature and art and law. Finally, of all men, Cicero was the one who panegyricized him, as Webster eulogized Calhoun, and as Choate in his turn eulogized Webster. There are some remarkable and interesting points in his genius and career, which coincide singularly with similar points in the genius and life of our own orator, Edward Everett. His oratory was *precocious*. At nineteen he pleaded the greatest cases before the highest magistrates then living, and com-

manded instantly a position and a fame. So Everett at nineteen spoke in his pulpit, with admiration almost echoing back the raptures thrilling from his tuneful tongue. Hortensius's *memory* was wonderful. He spoke without notes and at great length, with finished accuracy of composition, and without misplacing or missing a single word. So Everett still astonishes the multitude, by pouring out paragraphs, quotations, facts, and figures for hours together, unaided by a note. In his *attire* he was scrupulously careful, and in all the minutiae of his appearance, — in the "action" of his art. He arranged the plaits of his gown in front of a full-length mirror before he went to the Forum, and confined it to an appearance of unstudied ease by a carefully adjusted arrangement of cords and ties beneath his loosely flowing robe. There was even a story current, that he once instituted an action on the case for damages, as we should call it, in which the gravamen of the charge was, that the defendant had jostled him on the street, and ruffled his toga, when his drapery had been adjusted for a public display in its happiest and most voluminous fall. Finally, he crowned whatever parallelism exists between the ancient and the modern orator, by coming out from elegant retirement at sixty years of age, and speaking in a manner which surpassed all his later efforts and rivalled the best flights of his youthful audacity. So Everett at sixty, after long silence, is amazing America with the varied beauties and exhaustless energies of his fertile brain and captivating speech.

The speeches of Hortensius were published during his lifetime, and were extant long after his death. They have not escaped the ultimate wreck of Rome. But we know, from various sources, enough about him to restore his figure, and to roughly proportion his power. The writings of Cicero, his rival, are our chief source of information. He is referred to in the *Treatise on Oratory*, and is described in the work on *Illustrious Orators*. There are also quite a number of allusions to him in Cicero's orations and pleadings; and quite a number of references in his letters to Atticus and to his brother Quintus. As he was a man of office, as well as of speech, History does not disdain to notice his official career; and there we

can trace at least an outline of his public life, from the time he commanded a regiment, to the time the Capitol was built, in his consulship. But for all the details of his oratory, we must look to Cicero. And Cicero, though a rival, is no unfriendly critic. He evidently felt for Hortensius what Webster said he had always felt for Calhoun, a *tender* friendship. There was a time, indeed, when Cicero suspected him of insincerity. He believed him to be instrumental in driving him into that banishment at Thessalonica which he bore so ill. But Atticus, the warm friend of Cicero, again and again assured him that he was mistaken, and finally reconciled them to each other. And so fully convinced was Cicero of Hortensius's sincerity in promoting his return from the banishment, that he took an early occasion to express publicly his acknowledgments and to apologize for his suspicions. In the "*Brutus*," also, he recognizes the patronage of Hortensius in installing him, by virtue of his superior years, in the College of Augurs. It seems, on the whole, as if Cicero were rather envious of Hortensius, than Hortensius of Cicero. For Cicero certainly refused the earnest request of Atticus to dedicate one of his treatises to Hortensius; and there is no evidence whatever that Hortensius was ever guilty of an unkind act toward Cicero. Whatever transitory feelings may have chilled for a moment their daily greetings, were probably owing to the general suspicion and distrust naturally provoked in Cicero's mind by the falsehood and treachery of so many of the contemporary great toward him; and whatever they were, they were all forgotten when he heard the news of Hortensius's death, and sat down to write his reminiscences of him. Thus beautifully and pathetically he opens the "*Brutus*," or "*Conversations on Famous Orators*":—"When I arrived at Rhodes I heard for the first time of the death of Hortensius. I was more affected by it than, I believe, was generally anticipated; for I can say, with all sincerity, that in his death I lamented, not (as people thought) a formidable rival, who opposed my reputation, but a generous associate, who engaged with me in the pursuit of fame. For with what tender concern should I honor the memory of a man, with whom it is more glorious to have disputed the prize of Eloquence, than never to have

combated as an antagonist! As often as we revive the memory of this illustrious and truly happy man, we should at least appear to have as much affection for him as for ourselves; by remembering how happy he was in dying, after living as long as it was possible to live with honor and renown."

Guided by these lights, then, let us trace and revive his biography. Quintius Hortensius the orator was born in Rome 114 years before the birth of Christ. He was an aristocrat by nature, a democrat by birth. His origin was humble, his parentage plebeian; but he was born noble by Nature's lineage of genius, and he soon showed the Romans his patent. He does not seem to have been animated with ambition, as a master-spring of delightful action in itself; nor did he ever aim at an ideal perfection. He aimed to raise himself, the plebeian, into wealth and place and power; to make the lordly lines of the Metelli and Corneliï admit his equal, if not paramount rank.

Eloquence was then supreme in Rome. The civil wars had not yet set the soldier above the speaker; Law was not yet silent in the midst of Arms. Rome herself, morally speaking, was supreme in the world. The *censeo* of Cato had been accomplished; and Carthage *was* destroyed. Hortensius chose the bar as his ladder by which to mount up among the conquering patricians.

The period was propitious to oratory. It was one long revolution,—a revolution more or less open, but rumbling and quaking incessantly, until the Republic was shaken to pieces, and replaced by the Empire;—an age of stirring thoughts and startling deeds; not the blooming period of a state, but the struggling period of a falling constitution, itself taken captive in the midst of universal conquest. It was a troubled and blood-stained period. Upon a scale of imperial magnitude, it was an age like those last days of Ireland, in the midst of whose legalized murders the great Irish forensic orator, Curran, lifted up the voice of an unstudied eloquence; to which not a dying republic, but a dying nationality, gave ear. It was not like the days of Erskine, the English lord of the Forum,—a time when new principles were being incorporated

into a venerated constitutional fabric; it was a time when an ancient polity was breaking up and an ancient virtue falling into decay. But a period of movement, whether it tends to chaos or to order, is the oratoric hour.

Hortensius applied himself to his profession with amazing ardor. Long afterwards, Cicero said that he never in his life saw any one who took more pains to improve himself. Not a sun was ever suffered to go down that had not seen him at his work, either practising in the Forum or composing in his study, and very often pursuing both means of discipline.

He was only nineteen years of age when he made his decisive *début*. He appeared before the Roman Senate to plead the cause of the African dependencies before the Senators, and to the Consuls. His success was signal. He attracted the ear and the notice of the whole body of the Conscript Fathers. The two Consuls, who happened to be both of them orators,—one of them, Lucius Crassus, the most celebrated speaker, the other, Quintus Scævola, the most celebrated jurist of the day,—were struck with admiration as they listened. The youth descended from the platform which covered the *rostra* a marked and a made man. From that day Rome knew him; and from that day, for forty-four years, he was conspicuous. “The genius of that youth,” said his discriminating rival, “was like one of the statues of Phidias. It was no sooner seen than it received the homage of universal recognition.” All the eminent leaders of the people realized at once that a young, impetuous, and formidable competitor had arisen, to challenge their laurels and contest their authority. For four years, until he was twenty-three, the young advocate continued to be absorbed in this civil strife for honors and wealth. Then he made a sudden deflection and turned into active military life. In all countries the same executive and intellectual qualities which give success in the active combats of the court, give also the taste for martial combats in the field. And in Rome, where every citizen was expected to serve the state,—where there were no secluded book-worms, but where every man displayed his muscle on the Campus Martius or in other manly activities,—the tendency of hot blood and ambition to the army was irresistible.

The champion of courts became the champion of fields of battle, and we find the gallant Hortensius serving in the ranks as a common soldier. It was in the war of Rome with her rebellious neighbors, that hardy tribe of barbarians, the Marsi,—of whom the saying ran that Rome could do nothing with them or without them. Hardly had the young soldier served two campaigns in this brief war, and risen to the command of a battalion, when the fearful cloud of civil strife between Marius and Sylla—the deadly clash of the democracy and aristocracy—enveloped Rome. Into that sad battle-field Hortensius did not go. In the carnage, Eloquence held its breath; and as an orator, he was utterly silenced. In that hour of anarchy, no courts were open. Proscription and assassination were the only law of the land. It was a Roman reign of terror. The knife and the urn were the only advocates, and summarily ended all controversies without judge or jury. Eight years passed by, while the huge frame of Rome was racked by these disorders; then the haughty head of Sylla emerged above the confusion, in the composing majesty of the Dictatorship,—and Rome had laws once more. Hortensius reappeared. But now it was under even brighter auspices than before. His rivals and compeers were no longer in his way. Two of them had been put to death. One, the great Crassus, had died a natural death; another, too old longer to contend with his hardy address and Hotspur courage, speedily withdrew; and Hortensius was left master of the situation. “King of the Courts” was the proud title by which he was rightfully hailed. No one was equal to him,—no one was second to him; but at a long interval came a crowd of competitors, undistinguished and undistinguishable. The youth of thirty-one seemed destined to be the prominent figure in the civil history of the last century of Rome. Marius was dead, and Sylla was dying in the arms of harlots, and Hortensius bade fair to be the uncrowned but real head of that Forum, which gave laws to an omnipotent soldiery.

His oratory was singularly attractive. Never before, since the art of eloquence was brought from Greece, had the citizens listened to such speaking, so abundant, so musical and

magnetic. In many ways it was superior to all that had preceded it. It was at once carefully composed, yet copious; accurately premeditated, yet flowing with torrent-like determination; sprightly and sententious, yet splendid with ornament and burning with passion. In all respects it was a showy style, the showiest style of what was called the "Asiatic" in opposition to the "Attic" manner. When the youth of the city heard this glittering and glowing eloquence of thought, set off by a flowing rhythm and a grateful cadence, the Forum was often wild with sympathetic excitement; and though the old men are said not to have been so much impressed by it, yet then, as now, Youth pronounced judgment; and from the judgment of Young Rome then, as with Young America now, there lay no appeal. In truth, the youthful mind and the feminine mind are the best judges of eloquence on any theatre and with any nation. The orator's laurels are gathered where the rash blood of enthusiasm courses in the veins, and the purest and noblest instincts are active in gentle and impulsive hearts. To this impulsive blood, and to all the perennial fountains of sympathetic excitement in universal human nature, Hortensius made his appeal. Florid, fervid, Asiatic, he shook the Senate in his impassioned moments, and agitated the public assembly with delirious ecstasies. He was happy in the possession of distinguished talents, but he was happier in the possession of youth. This was the climacteric moment of his genius and his life, and he stretched forth his hand to take the prize of the world's homage.

But there was another young man in that world waiting to be heard from. Eight years younger than Hortensius, he had been qualifying himself for his work by incredible toil, and he was now ready to demand audience of men. His ambition was not so much to conquer Hortensius as to conquer his art, in its utmost possibility of perfection; and by it to conquer literature, to conquer law, to conquer the admiration of men, through many centuries of civilization. "For all my toils and pains," said he, long after, "I have no recompense here; but hereafter, in heaven among the immortal gods, I shall look back on my beloved city, and find my reward in seeing her made glorious by my career." This young man, with

wisdom enough beneath his curling locks to have been the slow harvest of many white-haired years, with an unquenchable flame of aspiration in his heart, came rushing into Rome, to contend on its magnificent arena for the forensic leadership of men.

We may faintly imagine at this distance of time, looking back from our cities of warehouses by the ocean to that city of temples by the Tiber, what interest, to the Roman mind, must have gathered about the first shock of forensic arms between Marcus Tullius Cicero and Quintus Hortensius; and we can fancy what agonies of doubt and apprehension must have thrilled the breast of each of them as they closed with each other. For rarely does a great orator put forth the whole secret of his power on any adequate occasion, without a long preliminary and painful trepidation. And to contend for such a prize as this, — the oratoric empire of Rome, — must have stirred every drop of blood in their hearts.

The case which seems to have been decisive as to their relative position, in their own opinion as well as that of the public, was worthy of such an arbitrament. It was in some respects the most celebrated of all the celebrated causes of the Roman courts. In intrinsic importance and dignity, it was fit for the universal stage of nations. Provinces of national importance were its interested audience, and a Proconsul of royal powers was its criminal subject. Well might Edmund Burke in England two thousand years afterwards strive to elevate the impeachment of Warren Hastings in dignity, by comparing it to that great trial of Verres, Prætor of Syracuse, for plundering his province of Sicily.

Upon the side of Verres was arrayed all the indirect influence of power, all the open sympathy and covert aid of the whole aristocracy of the land. All the opulent ex-officials who in a manner less princely than Verres, but according to the measure of their capacity, had glutted their coffers and choked their cellars with the spoils of their several fields of service, — power, wealth, prestige, — all stood by the side of the great Proconsul. On the other side stood Marcus Tullius Cicero, with the experience of only thirty-seven summers in his head. By a concurrence of circumstances, he was led, in



this case, to take the side of the prosecution. He appeared for the government, a position as foreign to his general habits as was Daniel Webster's in the celebrated case of the Salem murder. The issue of the trial was at once fatal to the security of Verres and to the supremacy of Hortensius. By his address in managing the cause, Cicero baffled all the dilatory pleas and numerous devices of Hortensius, who represented the defence. By the diligence and thoroughness with which he had got up his evidence, he left open no possible doubt of the defendant's guilt; and by the eloquence of his opening speech, like a battle-charge, he intimidated, disheartened, and finally trampled down the lordly criminal. As Verres fled into exile from the court-house on that day, Hortensius descended from his oratoric throne. There was no investiture of titular honors for his rival, but that flight was Cicero's coronation.

And now the sweet-blooded nature of Hortensius appeared. He was like the popular Whig leader in England, Charles James Fox, in the sweetness of his disposition, as well as in the volubility of his excited speech. There was no rancor, no manifest heart-burn, nor any furtive hate of rivalry. He acknowledged his dethronement; he applauded his adversary, and made no gesture of disapprobation when, afterwards, in calling the Senatorial rolls, he was named second to Cicero. He had been strenuously ambitious, but he was philosophic. He accepted "the gifts of the gods," and made the best of what he had, without brooding over what he had not. If he was no longer the first, he was indisputably the second man in the Forum. He was very rich, and he moved in the loftiest rank of Senatorial dignity. The Epicurean philosophy was his religion. He had a taste for pleasure and luxury, and he snatched the day, while his sun, though dimmed, was still riding far above its sad horizon.

He was now forty-four years old. From the day when at twenty he had pleaded the cause of the king of Bithynia, he had led the bar. Twenty years more were to round the measure of his life; but the measure of his fame was already rounded. Those twenty years he spent in a manner very different from his previous habits. In his youth he had seen

and known the Dictator Sylla. He remembered his aristocratic tastes and triumphs. He had seen him conquer the rough democracy under grim Marius, and then abdicate his empire and sink back into the lap of lonely and luxurious pleasure. Mirth, banqueting, and the revelry of the senses combined with intellectual delights no less intoxicating, had usurped the great Dictator's mind, and for these he had abdicated the sceptre of his aristocratic ambition. Hortensius would copy his example. The vigil and the toil should all go together with the triumph; he would crown and end his long and well-remunerated aspirations with gay laughter, the delights of pampered appetites, and the splendors of palace-girdled parks.

Upon Mount Palatine he built a palace of stately architecture, magnificent in its appointments, and of extraordinary size. In after years it was destined to become the capital palace of the Empire, and the "Golden House" of the Cæsars stood for many generations the monument of Hortensius's successful career. Here he gave dinners and entertainments of fabulous cost and Eastern luxuriousness to the epicures, the philosophers, the famous lawyers and captains of Rome. Here he indulged with considerable, though not abandoned freedom, in all those sensual gratifications with which the conquered East had avenged herself on her conquerors.

A few years after the fatal case of Verres, he retired from public life. He still continued, however, to practise law, but to the day of his death he was always content to act as junior counsel when Cicero was associated with him.

The sumptuous magnificence of his life may be inferred from the fact, that, besides his palace on the Palatine, he had three villas of vast and varied attractions, at Bauli, at Laurentum, and at that Tusculum which Cicero's academic villa has made memorable. In these villas every growth appropriate to their site, which could gratify and tempt the most refined and costly taste, was cultivated. Olive plantations, nursed with a tender care which even went so far as to moisten and feed their roots with wine; ponds of the rarest and most delicate fish, constructed with curious and costly art, in which the animals, pampered like the owner, were fed with other

smaller fish bought expressly to supply their appetite. Such was the interest of the wealthy lawyer in these pets, that he is said to have shed tears when one of them, a favorite lamprey, suddenly died. But his tastes were not all sensual. Works of the choicest Athenian art irradiated the walls and peopled the niches of these poetical abodes. Music floated through their spreading corridors,—a new joy was invented for every hour. Each villa had its own charm. Bauli had its transparent artificial waters, where the mullet and the lamprey glided before the eyes of gourmands frantic with the sight, whilst the peacock spread his plumage in its grounds. For Hortensius was the first who introduced that bird to the Roman table. Tusculum had its olive-grove, and its cellars stored with ten thousand casks of the rarest wines. There, too, he accumulated treasures of art. He built within the circuit of the villa a hall expressly to display the colors of a painting which represented the fabled voyage of the Argonauts for the fleece of gold. It was painted by Cydias the Greek, and in after years thought worthy, by that Agrippa who built the Pantheon, to adorn the portico of the Temple of Neptune.

It is a curious coincidence between an ancient and a modern lawyer, that one of our own counsellors of high distinction, recently deceased, erected, with a similar taste, a building especially for a great picture, to whose contemplation he devoted much of the leisure of his twenty years' retirement.

But it was at the Laurentine villa that Hortensius had provided the most unique entertainment. There he had established sylvan parks, with lawn and forest interspersed, like the grounds of a modern English barony, and larger by ten acres than the Common in which the city of Boston delights. In this preserve he got together a great variety of animals, tame and wild. They were allowed to run at large, but were all taught to come to the park-keeper at the musical signal of a horn. There on a summer's day he would invite his favorite guests to assemble and sup in a gay pavilion with purple and golden hangings, from which, when the hangings were looped up, and the huntsman blew his horn, they could see troops of fallow deer, light gazelles, and other, fiercer animals, bounding

at once from all the dim aisles of the trimmed woods which girdled their rural banqueting-hall, gambolling and turning their beautiful eyes boldly upon the banqueters. In the midst of this elegant abundance, unagitated by public vicissitudes, undistressed by private toils, Hortensius passed the remainder of his days. To the last he practised his profession, and continued to be a glittering ornament of high society. As, in the beginning of his career, he had aspired to the sunshine of the aristocratic classes, so he lived and died always a courtly patrician. Cicero, on the other hand, labored through forty years of ambition, the advocate of the masses; but in his later years, he leaned to the same class of which Hortensius had always been the darling. Accordingly they were often associated together, in law cases of a semi-political as well as a technical character. But the Hortensius who pleaded *with* Cicero was a very different person from the Hortensius who had pleaded against him. Rarely now did the eloquent champion of the patriciate rouse himself to anything like his former excitement; and never, amid all the political distractions of the times, was he moved with any interest at all adequate to the transcendent import of the scenes through which he was passing. For he who now reflects what an hour upon the dial of destiny the finger of fate was then resting on, will be amazed that a *great* man could be at rest, in the midst of such heroic movements and such tragic scenery as then intensified Roman life. The last days of the Republic were at hand; the first man of ancient history had appeared. On the mighty stage of Rome the colossal leaders were stalking through their several parts, and the handwriting of its doom was burning on the wall of the state. Pompey's genius was concentrating its nerve to maintain that long-worn title of "The Great" with which Sylla had baptized him. Crassus was hoarding the treasure which was to be the golden ballast of the First Triumvirate; the mighty Julius was marching in the front of those legions with whose eagles he was soon to cross the Rubicon; while in their chairs in the Senate-house Cato and Brutus nursed their austere republicanism, already dreaming of the dagger whose icy touch was yet to freeze the heart's blood of the conquering captain. Yet was Hortensius the

admired and famous Senator, careless and sportive in the midst of his fish-ponds, his pleadings, and his pictures. He sat in the Senate, he wore his robes in the Prætor's court; but rarely did any flashes of the old genius illumine the old scenes. Within three years after the trial of Verres, a marked falling off was observable in his oratory. Cicero plainly perceived the coloring of his epithets fading in beauty, a languor creeping over the movement of his thought, and a coarseness breaking the elegant texture of his language.

Once or twice, however, the Romans were again permitted really to hear Hortensius. Some ten years after the Verres case, he was defending a man who had been with Cicero in Asia, and who was indicted for extortion there. As Cicero's name occurred often in the course of the evidence, Hortensius seemed stirred with unwonted thoughts. When he came to speak it was observed that he was unusually excited; and in the course of his argument he broke forth into a loud and long and generous panegyric upon the admirable administration of Cicero, in the first magistracy of Rome. Again, five years before his death, when he was nearly sixty years old, he came out from his retirement to oppose the sumptuary law for which Pompey had brought in a bill; and the chroniclers record, that he spoke so forcibly and so wittily that he fairly frowned and laughed it down. In the very last year of his life, at sixty-four, he appeared once more in a personal cause for his nephew, who was charged with bribing voters. The case was very strong for the government, but in spite of evidence and law his astonishing exertions procured the acquittal of the culprit. His argument, in its power and passion, amazed even his old admirers. But the judgment was so palpably unrighteous that public opinion rebelled, and the next day the veteran lawyer was astounded to hear himself actually hissed by the public as he was going into the theatre. This was an occurrence calculated to startle his hitherto unruffled repose of mind. Never before in his bright and varied career had it happened to him to meet the frown of an indignant public. For the hearty and generous Hortensius had always been extremely popular, and by many was sincerely beloved. In April of the year 50 B. C. he spoke for the last

time. It was a criminal case, and one of much moment. He sustained himself well; but a constant toothache, and a swelling in the jaws, with which he had been troubled for several years, impeded his utterance. From that trial he went home to his festive palace on the Palatine — to die.

It is plain that Hortensius was not a man of deep convictions, nor of honest, earnest zeal. He was not a radical; he was not a reformer; he was not even progressive. Life to him was first a school-room, then a play-ground. In the one he learned his lesson, in the other he enjoyed his sport. He was a man with passion in his blood, but not in his heart. He was proudly ambitious; but once upon an eminence, he was content to sit there feasting, unvexed by any challenges which his rivals might send up. So English Chancellors have lived content in the Golden Houses of their prosperity, amused with the presence of an aristocracy against which they had even thundered in their youth.

Hortensius was guilty of one great crime, — one, however, common to the times. He undoubtedly often bribed the judges in his cases, and on one occasion he actually gave them marked ballots, lest they should play him false in rendering their judgments; for the manner of making up their judgments then was somewhat as juries make up their verdicts now, by vote or tally. This tampering with the ermine, however, was in that day almost universal, and it marks the degeneracy of the state. But all who have written of him concur in representing his private character as unimpeached in honesty and honor; and Cicero, in his argument against Verres, went out of his way to speak of the pure and upright manner in which Hortensius had borne himself in his responsible and tempting office of public treasurer.

In politics Hortensius took the philosopher's view rather than the patriot's. He was calm in the tempests of the state; he was tempestuous in the calm of the courts. Generous, hearty, and profuse, he made many friends and no enemies. The love which Cicero could not help feeling for him was entertained in even larger measure by his more youthful associates at the bar, and in a corresponding degree by the public. He was one of the very few men of note who

contrived to escape all complicity in the political intrigues of the first Triumvirs, as he had escaped from the indiscriminate butchery of the proscription of the first Dictator, Sylla. In a season of storms, he was serene; and while the cloudy pagantry of dissolving nationalities was sweeping around him, he sat silent.

As an orator, a few considerations will help us to measure his stature. It is plain that Cicero, whose opinion as to the merit of an orator was worth as much as the opinion of the whole world beside, rated him very high. Not merely is this manifest from the direct analysis of his powers which is given in his treatise on Eminent Orators, but it is even more plain from his indirect and incidental allusions to him. Thus, in his imaginary conversation with Brutus he tells him that by the death of Hortensius he is left the guardian of an orphan eloquence. And in all his remarks he evidently considers Hortensius as his own rival,—the only Roman who can pretend to contest the palm with him; and this was in a time to which he always complacently refers, as that culminating moment in which the Roman eloquence at last reached its perfection. It is plain, also, that he did not consider his own popular success over the earlier efforts of Hortensius to have been so signal as the verdict of eighteen centuries upon the whole body of his oratorical thought would incline us to infer. It is certain that for eight or ten years Hortensius held Cicero at bay in the Forum, and kept the balance of their popular success well poised. In the same treatise on Orators just alluded to, Cicero, the vainest self-panegyrist in the Latin literature, does not think himself entitled to assume any superiority in alluding to their respective merits, but closes the account of Hortensius's death with the fair sentence: "As to our respective talents, our published orations will enable posterity to judge."

He had, we should judge, a good understanding, of not very great calibre, but disciplined by stringent study. If he had not been of a thoroughly intellectual temper, he would not voluntarily have continued in the practice of his profession to the last hour of his life. Fond as he was of pleasure, pleasure never made him willing to forego the joyous struggles of the

intellect, or content to fall back on a mere social eminence. That his mind was well disciplined is obvious from two leading traits in his pleading, to which his rival alludes; namely, the severe accuracy and transparent clearness of his statement, and the condensed and comprehensive manner of his summing up the arguments on both sides, in his close. The whole of his address, too, was always divided and distributed into distinct parts, with the most rigorous precision. His mind also was fertile and suggestive; for he who had confronted him in so many causes said, "Hortensius rarely overlooks any consideration appropriate to support his own allegations or break down his adversary's." He was aided to achieve this entire exhaustiveness of his subject by his remarkable memory, — a quality which is generally significant of the texture of the mind. He was able to recollect his meditations word for word, without ever having written them; and the whole argument of his adversary, in its minutest subdivision, and all its authorities, to a degree unequalled by but one man in Rome.

His eloquence was of a very popular cast. It was probably not so learned or bookish as Cicero's. When Cotta, another eminent orator, argued cases on the same side with him in his youth, if the Forum was crowded and clamorous, the close was always given to Hortensius; because he was more able to attract attention, and impress his views, in the midst of noise and popular confusion. He moved through his subject with great celerity, his mind rapidly conquering and disposing of its subdivisions. And these fundamental powers were made even more striking, by the full and fervid rhetoric which adorned and recommended them. The average run of his thoughts would appear to have been clear and sparkling rather than profound. He was sententious, terse, and neat, often witty and sometimes sharp. He had many delicate turns of thought calculated to startle the fancy rather more than to help on the cause; and he luxuriated in the most graceful variety of agreeable sentiment. When these neat and captivating forms of thought, sparkling and sententious, were rolled in upon the mind of the hearer, with a profusion of rich and noble expression and an untamable rapidity of utter-



ance, the effect was very pleasant and very stirring. It was the Asiatic school with all its several elements of success embodied in one combination. There was the keen and telling thought, the picturesque diction, the fascinating volubility, all in one; and if graybeards whispered that the thoughts were sometimes shallow, and the decorations sometimes a sham, the hearer had no time to sever and divide between them; he had voted before he discovered that sometimes he had been hit by blank-cartridges. Hortensius, however, was no brainless ranter. In allusion to one of his orations particularly, that for a state culprit named Messala, Cicero said that he had not heard it, but had carefully and calmly read it, and that it amply sustained his title to the name of a "great orator," and we must remember that Cicero's idea of a *great* orator was the highest ideal ever conceived by man.

He was a man of learning; born with an ardent attachment to study, and laboring in the earlier half of his career with great assiduity in a wide and philosophical range of studies and thoughts. The weight of authority attached to his name, also, whose loss Cicero deplored for the sake of the republic, after his death, must have been acquired by much civil prudence and discretion of mind in public affairs.

His manner added greatly to the effect of his matter. He had all the charm of delivery which constituted the power of Antonius, the orator who preceded him in the leadership of the Forum, famous for nothing but his manner; while he immeasurably excelled him in that particular. As he revelled on in the rich luxuriance of his thoughts, he threw himself into such dramatic situations, and flung his arms about with such unremitting energy, that men used to say it was impossible to tell whether Hortensius's audience went more to hear him or to see him. Cicero calls him "vehement"; and his notion of that term may be conjectured from his frequent allusions to the customary criticism of the day on "warm and spirited speakers," that "they were no better than madmen." But the warm Italian nature then, as now, was very demonstrative. When the actor on the stage would sound his alarum to the blood, and inflame the sensibilities of his audience, his eyes glared out through his mask, flashing like sabres behind their loopholes.

And the speaker on the platform made visible the tumult within him by every variety of corresponding motions. He smote his breast, his forehead, his thigh; he almost tore his hair. He stamped his foot, he screamed and shouted in his energy and intenseness. Hortensius's action was so violent, that Cicero, in his argument in the Verres case, tried to make fun of him, by saying that he seriously feared the counsel on the other side would dislocate his neck with his foppish and fuming jerks and jumps. On this point of attack his adversaries always found him vulnerable. It was his heel of Achilles. Often, accordingly, they undertook to ridicule the theatrical excesses of his ardor and his art; for even in these points he was artificial. His gestures were incessant, but they were all planned beforehand. His adversary in a cause on one occasion caricatured his lively motions by stigmatizing him with the name of a noted dancing-girl of the day. "My brother," said he, "is the dancing Dionysia of the court-room,"—a slap at which the audience is said to have laughed heartily. But his ardor was all artistic. His gown whirled and ruffled in the agonies of his action, but it was secretly confined by inner bands and ties to make it fall and rumple with effective grace. So Lord Chatham startled the English House of Commons by a theatrical disposition even of the paraphernalia of his malady of the gout. Not the mantle of Rachel, in her statuesque attitudes and movements, was more finically and adroitly managed than the robe of Hortensius. Old actors went to see him to improve in their own art, reversing thus the practice of modern times; and on more than one occasion Tragedy and Comedy sat together before him in the persons of Roscius and Esopus. His voice enhanced the effect. It was at once sonorous and smooth. It was capable of very great effects, and could be exerted to its utmost pitch without breaking or grating on the ear.

This eloquence, however, rich, novel, taking, and triumphant as it was, does not seem to have worn well. It was better to glitter than to last. To the young it was always bewitching; and when the orator himself was in the mantling bloom of his young enthusiasms, it moved the votes and won the smiles of even the oldest and gravest citizens. But as Hortensius

advanced in years, it seems to have been thought that the dignity of a Roman Senator, and the authority of a Roman Consul, demanded more sober, controlled, and serene thought. Yet had his extravagant conceptions continued to blaze in the same flashing words, and to strike the senses through the same fiery manner, it is probable he would always have found himself sustained by the vast majority of voices. Earnestness would have carried it off and carried the day then in the Roman, as it does now in the English tongue. It was but this very year that the English author, Sir Bulwer Lytton, at his inauguration as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, confessed to the student aspirants hanging on his words, that all his experience in the Parliament of Great Britain taught him only, that to catch the ear of the British legislature "Earnestness" was the first, second, and third commandment.

But as Hortensius's ambition waned, his splendor dulled; his elegance grew slipshod, the warlike defiance of his port and manner tamed. Then all the infirmities of the Asiatic style came clearly into sight. There was no flame to dazzle, and but little heat to stimulate. The thought, therefore, was looked at and weighed; there was all the luxuriance of sentiment, without the dazzling glare and seductive passion to carry it off. Yet to the last hour of his life he seems to have been able, when occasions really roused him, to be himself again,—to fasten attention, to command applauses, and to carry his point.

His arguments and orations were published, and he appears to have been content to trust his fame to their custody. But the succeeding age was not struck with them. In an age which did not personally know the man, his speeches were not of a character to establish an interest. The showy, courtly, accomplished Hortensius, genial to all men, offending none, dazzled and delighted the age which gazed upon and loved him. The men who reclined upon the purple couches at the revels of his villas, the Senators whom he courted with reciprocated interest, the great characters whom he had stood by when they were in peril of the law, the thousands whom his royal establishments patronized, and the commonalty whom his liberal largesses gladdened,—all proffered him

the tribute of their hearts and hands; and, in the sunshine of their smiles, his speeches sparkled with a meretricious glow. But when, in the next age, Quintilian came to compose his Institutes of Oratory, he read the speeches of Hortensius in a state of mind very different from the frenzy of the Caucus, and contemplated them in a light very different from the illumination of banquet-halls. Accordingly, the judgment of Quintilian shows that the works of Hortensius, read calmly, would not have given him the eminent place he held in his lifetime.

On the whole, Hortensius must have been a charming person to see, to meet, or to hear. In philosophy and in accomplishment he seems to us to resemble to a certain degree the fascinating Bolingbroke, who, with less prudence, had more wit. When we think of his graceful sentiment, his stage-trick of manner, and his artificial pathos, the form of that arch-artificer of oratory, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, rises upon our mental vision; and among English statesmen, Sir William Temple is suggested by the happy *insouciance* of his closing political retirement.

But how all the light of eloquence goes out with the flickering breath of the orator! The soldier stamps his armed foot, and his name is written on the face of the earth he conquers in the red alphabet of war; the statesman scrawls the parchment, and the marble out of which states are builded slowly rises, with his image on the wall; but the orator dies as the applause dies which hail his conquering peroration. Yet the crowning felicity of Hortensius's life was the moment of his death. Had he lived longer, he would have seen the splendors of the aristocracy among whom he glittered tarnished by the triumphs of the imperial captain who rode over rank rough-shod. He would have seen the serenity of the state fatally discomposed by a reign of Death, bloodier than the proscriptions which appalled his youth. And more than all, as Cicero generously and justly observes, he would have beheld the great theatre in which he used to display his genius no longer accessible to that accomplished eloquence which could charm alike the ears of a Roman or a Grecian audience.

## ART. II. — JEWISH LITERATURE.

1. *History of the Jewish Nation after the Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus.* By the Rev. ALFRED EDERSHEIM, P. D. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 592.
2. *Jerusalem and Tiberias: Sora and Cordova: a Survey of the Religious and Scholastic Learning of the Jews; designed as an Introduction to the Study of Hebrew Literature.* By J. W. ETHERIDGE, M. A., Doctor in Philosophy. London: Longmans. 1856. 12mo. pp. 520.
3. *Jewish Literature, from the Eighth to the Eighteenth Century. With an Introduction on Talmud and Midrash. A Historical Essay.* From the German of M. STEINSCHNEIDER. Revised throughout by the Author. London: Longmans. 1857. 8vo. pp. 402.

SIMON OCKLEY, the learned Orientalist of the time of Queen Anne, ventures somewhere, in his defence of the race of Abraham, the paradoxical statement, that "no one can understand the New Testament so well as a Jew." There is more truth than paradox in that remark, if the staple of popular commentaries is to be accepted as expressing the best Christian sense of the meaning of Apostles and Evangelists. We had rather take Dr. Philippsohn's opinion on a text in John's Gospel, than the opinion of any Calvinistic writer; and we should consider the interpretation of an Apocalyptic passage by a scholar like Zunz as incomparably more trustworthy than the most full-blown rhapsody of such an expounder as Cumming. It is not probable, however, that learned Israelites will bend themselves to the task of explaining the Christian records, or offer by their superior insight any contrast to the prevalent exegesis. They have enough to do, at present, in rescuing from their Christian rivals the honor of owning the more ancient book of records. It is glory enough for the successors of Maimonides and Gamaliel, if they can win the Apostles of Christ to ask of them what the Law and the Prophets mean.

The public mind seems to be in this age awaking from a long indifference, and hastening to atone for its manifest injustice, to the culture and capacities of that people, who keep

the name, if they have lost the rights, of God's elect. In all sects, there are multitudes of Jewish sympathizers. Puritanism, intolerant still of the Papal Babylon, relents toward suffering Judah; and, in the Sabbath-school libraries of Evangelical churches, the stories of Grace Aguilar are even more popular than the fascinating horrors of Dowling's "Romanism," with all its pictorial profusion. The English Church makes more ado about its little establishment on Mount Zion, than about any of its larger Indian or African missions. Bishop Gobât, with his handful of Jew converts, has almost obliterated the story of Bishop Heber; and liberal largesses of the moneyed Christians, not less than fervent prayers of the platform orators, testify what interest Britain takes in the fortunes of the Hebrew race. A Jew must figure now in the novels and dramas, not as Isaac of York or Shylock of Venice, dreadful in avarice and in vengeance, but as the genius, the artist, the philanthropist of the story, the creator of harmonies, the distributor of bounties, or the statesman of consummate skill. The tables are turned, and the Jew listens, with some amazement, perhaps, not only to Christian respect for his rights, but to Christian eulogy on his gifts and virtues.

The interest of Christians in Jewish scholarship has undoubtedly been quickened by the efforts which converts and Christians of Jewish lineage have made to vindicate their race. A Jew may change his faith, and so may draw upon himself the hatred which always follows apostasy; yet he does not cease to cling to the privilege of his birthright. He loves the kindred who have cast him off, and longs to reconcile the Church which he has adopted with the Church in which his fathers died. The heart of Neander yearned to harmonize the new orthodoxy of Berlin with the new Rabbinism of Breslau. The convert carries with him to the Christian altar the spirit of the synagogue. Its traditions are more precious to him when he seems to have parted from them, than when he lived in the midst of them. The sacred language gains in value, when he finds that men presume to interpret the word of God who cannot construe a Hebrew sentence. And it is remarkable that those who have renounced the cardinal error of Judaism should be actually

most industrious in making Judaism known, and in magnifying its achievements. The most zealous advocates of Israel, in England at least, are, strangely enough, those who have cast off the traditions of Israel. To this loyalty of race we owe two, at least, of the three works mentioned at the head of this paper. The History, of which Dr. Edersheim here gives the first volume, is a pledge of his love for the people whom he calls "my nation." He professes to write impartially; yet it is evident that no strictly Christian scholar could have told the story of the Rabbins with such enthusiasm. He is not a critic, not an apologist even, who remembers that he is dealing with fatal and sorrowful blindness, — but he rejoices in his theme. Akiba, Jehuda, and Eleazar are his saints, and he writes of them as a Carmelite might write of Theresa, a Jesuit of Ignatius, or Father Newman of St. Philip Neri. Their vices are extenuate, their graces are redundant. And his occasional regrets that these great men were not Christians are but pauses of duty in the task of love. Instead of sympathizing with this proper regret, we wish, as we read his narrative, that we were Jews, and could claim kindred with such men. He persuades us to their faith.

This first volume brings down the history of the Jews to the epoch of their final dispersion in the fifth century. If the volumes to come shall show as great fulness of detail, clearness of arrangement, and charm of style as the present volume, this "first-fruit" of Dr. Edersheim's religious study will deserve very high praise. Abler histories have been written by German Jews, and it is probable that Dr. Raphall's work will have higher authority as a result of profound scholarship. Dr. Edersheim is anxious to make an attractive work, and perhaps he gives too much space to what is only entertaining, and not essential to his story. We do not see, however, that he has sacrificed accuracy, or that he makes any improper use of his reliable materials. He draws from excellent sources, old and new, — from Lightfoot to Frankel, and from Buxtorf to Dukes, — from those who have commented upon the driest prose, and those who have recorded the noblest poesy, of the nation.

His work is a general history, treating not only of the

literature and religion of the Jewish people, but of their social condition, their customs, their fortunes, and their character. The other works at the head of this article are confined to a survey of Hebrew literature. The plan of each is to furnish a comprehensive handbook, as nearly perfect as possible, of the authors and authorship, the students and studies, of the Jewish nation, for more than two thousand years, from the age of Ezra to the present time. In form, these works are scarcely more than illustrated catalogues. The explanations and notes are only the ligaments which join into one skeleton the long columns of titles, dates, and editions,—Hebrew words which English print only makes more formidable, and infinite repetitions of all the names in the ancient Scripture. Etheridge, indeed, lays upon this skeleton a few muscles of dissertation, and galvanizes these occasionally by a rhetorical passage, so that they seem to glow and palpitate. But Steinschneider, more severely consistent and true to his German instinct, exhibits nothing but the dry bones. There is not one touch of feeling in the whole of his admirable demonstration of Jewish literary anatomy. Both of these volumes belong to that excellent class,—which help to swell a gentleman's library, but are rarely disturbed on its shelves,—commonly styled “works of reference.” Readable they certainly are not, except to one who can find amusement in an almanac or a dictionary. Helps to study they may be, yet half the works they mention exist only in manuscript or tradition, and most of the other half are inaccessible. Literary histories are proverbially vexatious, arousing an appetite which can never be gratified. Jewish literary history is particularly tantalizing. The inquisitive student, who looks over these volumes, will marvel at the mistake which he has so long been encouraged to make as to the extent of the Hebrew field. Has he not been told again and again, that the Jews, like the Portuguese, have only one respectable book,—that the Bible is their *Lusiad*, holding all the lore, music, and inspiration of which the race is capable? Has he not been warned against spending curiosity on the obscure follies of the Talmud, which are of no more importance to sound knowledge than the old romances which Cervantes



ridiculed? Has he not rejoiced that here at last is a limited literature, where the work to be done is simple and possible? This is a sad hallucination, which Herr Steinschneider quite undeceives. The impression is reversed. The hyperbole which sums up John's biography of Jesus is realized in this mass of Hebrew letters. Can the world contain so many books as these Jews have written?

What the world cannot contain, the brain of a German scholar finds room for. We are not surprised, therefore, that Dr. Steinschneider announces his present handbook as only the forerunner of a more extensive and elaborate work. We shall expect a few thousand more of names when he gets thoroughly through with his researches among the manuscripts of the Bodleian and the Vatican, and shall perhaps find that his new revelations are to his present list what the catalogues of Herschel are to the catalogues of Copernicus. The unrolling and deciphering of Assyrian and Egyptian parchments has not yet disclosed any extraordinary literary fecundity. The names of the writers are few, though their productions are redundant. But the editing of Jewish manuscripts seems likely to multiply Jewish authors to such an extent, that in them alone shall the promise of the Lord to Abraham (Gen. xxii. 17) be fully realized. The narrow intellectual activity formerly attributed to them is now extended over all the circle of the sciences, and we are bidden to see what great things they have done in mathematics and in medicine, in the literature of æsthetics and of astrology.

The array of names in the list of Dr. Etheridge is somewhat less overwhelming than in the list of Dr. Steinschneider. The English Christian has respect to the feelings of his public, and forbears to press upon them all his store. His preface dates from a region most appropriate to this kind of study. The canon of fruitfulness which Hudibras lays down for Hebrew roots is well symbolized by that peninsula of Cornwall, whose dreary solitudes no railway whistle has yet aroused. The dulness and dryness of the town of Penzance, more remote from London than Van Diemen's Land, might naturally suggest Rabbinical investigations. Hebrew scholarship were probable in that locality,—and no other

scholarship. It was Dr. Etheridge's delight to instruct the members of his household in this sacred language, and the dear daughter to whose memory he consecrates his volume began at five years to read in the original what Jehovah spake to Moses. To her precocious attainments he confesses his large indebtedness. And he advises Christian parents from his own experience to make Hebrew an essential part of the education of daughters; it is at once the easiest, cheapest, and most permanent of accomplishments.

We confess a fear, however, that this new accomplishment is not destined to become rapidly popular; and, in spite of Dr. Etheridge's plea of the necessity of Hebrew to a Christian lady's training, we imagine that the upstart piano and opera will hold precedence of the harp of David and the song of Deborah. Indeed, on general grounds, it would seem that the Aramaic language should be recommended to Christians not less than the Hebrew. Ought not believers to know the identical dialect of the Saviour and his disciples? Dr. Etheridge—who has published an Aramaic manual, has written a history of the Syrian churches, and has even translated a portion of the Peshito, the Syriac version of the Gospels—would be the very man to found a school of such pure Christian students. The Aramean language differs from the Hebrew as much as the modern English from the Anglo-Saxon. The Chaldean captivity did for the tongue of Solomon what the Norman invasion did for the language of Alfred. Jesus, doubtless, was familiar with Hebrew, and could speak as well as understand it. Yet he spoke and understood it only as Italian priests speak and understand Latin. There is no more reason for believing that Hebrew was his native tongue, or the dialect which he used with his disciples, than for accepting the singular hypothesis of Dominic Diodati, who wrote an ingenious treatise to prove that Greek was the language of Jesus with his followers. If we wish to come as near as possible to the language of Christian inspiration, clearly we must learn the Syro-Chaldee.

The order which Dr. Etheridge follows in his work is less scientific than that of Dr. Steinschneider; but it is sufficiently exact, and the book much more convenient to read and re-

member. He divides his treatise into classes of men, rather than into subjects of study, and so gives to the dry details more personal interest. Eleven orders successively appear, beginning with the "Soferim," known to us as the "Scribes," and ending with literati in general, who do not come under any particular head. The first class, whose glory had waned even before the advent of Messiah, he forbears to describe at length. They had great names in their number, and the story of great achievements in letters. But their works have mostly perished, and it is not fit to excuse the men whom Jesus so pointedly rebuked. On the second class, the "Tanaim," or authoritative teachers, he dilates more copiously. We have here a sketch of the Sanhedrim and the Rabbins, from the age of the Maccabees to Jehuda, compiler of the Mishna. The third class, the "Amoraïm," are the wise men and interpreters for three hundred years more, to the completion of the Gemara, or Babylonish Talmud. The fourth class is made up of the "Targumists" and "Masorites," men who have been employed exclusively in the criticism and purification of the text of the Scripture. The fifth order includes the "Seboraim," or "investigators," and "Geonim," or "excellent" men, and extends over nearly six centuries, to the overthrow of the patriarchate of Babylon. The dryness of this section is relieved only by a single glimpse of the Court of the Caliphs, — only such a glance at the sparkling sea as a traveller in the desert gets from the sand-hill above El Arish. The sixth section, on the "Mediæval Rabbanim," opens with a fine cabinet picture of Cordova under the Saracens, but leads us directly along a dreary line of names and titles as endless as the portraits in the gallery of Versailles; we stop only for a moment to admire the noble traits of Maimonides, as we stop there to admire, among the stupid faces of Bourbons, the grand features of Webster.

Seventy pages are given to the seventh order, the "Kabalists." Dr. Etheridge attempts an analysis of their occult system, gives the clew to its origin, and points out its relation to other mystical systems. He does not clear up a subject which no reasoning can make transparent. We have not, however, seen so good a statement of the Cabala in so short

a compass. Professing only to act as door-keeper and lift the curtain, he in reality leads the inquirer some way into the shrine, which turns out, like the mosques in the East, to have more attraction in its outer court than in its inner recess. His verdict concerning the Cabala is that it is Pantheism and nothing else; a religious philosophy quite other than the teaching of the Bible, however it may pretend to be drawn from the sacred word. It is the Jewish Gnosticism, very ancient, and sure to have a long term of life. It is the "Wandering Jew" of Hebrew literature, turning up continually on the most unseasonable occasions, and never willing to die when it is vanquished. Driven from Palestine, it appears in Amsterdam, under the sober garb of Benedict Spinoza. And just now we are startled by finding the old ghost walking still with elastic step among the ruins of the Crimea.

Order eighth, the "Peitanim," introduces us to the poets and poetry of the Jewish nation. We are prepared to expect a rare feast in this anthology. All Christian students have been educated to the notion that Hebrew poetry has elements of grandeur which belong to the poetry of no other nation. Lowth and Herder have settled it that Homer and Virgil are less by a long remove than the prophets of Israel; nor have the new worshippers of Sanscrit lore persuaded us to accept their Ramayanas and Vedas as a higher voice of inspiration. Mr. Etheridge gives no specimens of the post-biblical poetry of the Jews. But he marks the epochs of the divine art, and celebrates the labors of those who have proved themselves worthy successors of Amos and Isaiah. Dr. Steinschneider is even more full in his details, and Dr. Edersheim varies his narrative with some fragments of the Hebrew reproductions of Orpheus and the Greek bards. His critical observations on the genuineness of Orpheus are as edifying as similar arguments concerning the mythical Ossian.

In the main, Hebrew poetry has always been religious. The varied history of the people; the Law, with its six hundred and thirteen precepts; the Hagadic legends, with their wealth of Oriental fancies; Prophecy, each chapter of which might be the title of an epic or an elegy; the synagogue ser-

vice, with its feasts and fasts, more numerous in Israel's dispersion than in Israel's glory, — the past and the future of God's chosen people, — what more could be needed to inspire the noblest flow of exalted song? Mysticism is always poetic, and the Cabala almost spontaneously assumed a rhythmic form. Yet the Jews did not confine themselves to religion, — to the hymns of the sanctuary or the legends of the sages, — in their metrical efforts. Love and war were sung by those who could remember the strophes of the Canticles and the timbrel of Miriam. The lays of Provence were transferred to the majestic Hebrew, and the tender sonnet was naturalized in an elder speech than the tongue of Petrarch. Nay, it is claimed that the first Italian sonnet was composed by a Jew, one Jehuda di Salamone, of Mantua. If the claim can be established, an additional statue should be set in the line of worthies in the square of that old city. Another Jewish bard, who died in Mantua in 1693, published a poem in one hundred and eighty-five stanzas, which he styled "Tophet Prepared." This had its answer in "Eden Prepared," by a Jewish poet of Ferrara. "Hell" and "Heaven" are everywhere attractive themes to poets, and Dante has had numerous imitators among the Jews, from Salomo, who flourished at Rome in the thirteenth century, down to our own day.

Strict Jews, like strict Christians, dutifully hate the drama. Yet as Christians had in the Middle Ages their miracle plays, in which the history of the Saviour was scenically illustrated, so the Jews were accustomed to laugh and weep before the spectacles which skilful writers arranged from their Bible. Before Racine wrote a play for the recluses of St. Cyr, the story of Ahasuerus and Esther had been acted in the Jewish festivals. The exploit of the stripling who slew Goliath was not neglected; and the treachery of Joseph's wicked brethren had been exposed to abhorrence in the trick of dialogue and couplet, long before it was exhibited on the German stage. Scripture scenes were preferred to secular for the dramas, as they are to-day in Rome. The popular operas in that religious city are the operas of Moses in Egypt and the Witch of Endor; and it was once suggested to us by a Catholic as a reason why classic and romantic subjects are preferred in

England and Germany, that "those countries have no religion."

The famous Maffitt was accustomed to excuse the song with which he frequently prefaced his homily by the proverbial remark that "sermon and song always go together." We have early authority for this practice in the custom of Jews. A thousand years ago, verse was brought in to help Hebrew exhortation, and Rabbins were as careful to adjust the lines of their rhymed prayer, as the sentences of their sermon. All sorts of topics were made poetical to the Jews of the sixteenth century. Solomon Ben Massal Tob composed a poem on the game of chess. Onkeneira took up the subject of the primitive alphabet, and attempted to show what letters were used at the time of creation. Elia Loanz sang of the contest between water and wine, but whether in the spirit of Anacreon or of Basil, as a Sybarite or an ascetic, we are not informed. In the next age, fearless of King James's counterblast, Sanwil Ben Aaron Sofer celebrated in metre the virtues of tobacco. Some wrote rhymed riddles, others patriotic stanzas. Many sovereigns had their Hebrew laureates. The virtues of the saintly Christina of Sweden found a flatterer in Manasseh Ben Israel, who could welcome also in Portuguese and Latin the gracious Prince Frederic when he visited the synagogue. The present Prince Frederic found no such congratulation, we fear, from the synagogue in Victoria's capital.

Acrostics have always been popular in the poetry of Israel, and scientific rules are laid down by their writers for this trick of composition. Some follow the natural order of letters, while others invert it. "Thesereg" acrostics read backward, from the last letter of the alphabet to the first. Some begin at each extreme and read toward the centre, while others begin at the centre and read toward the extremes. The אל-כס (albam) style divides the alphabet into equal halves, and combines these halves in regular order. This style, improved by another practice of marking the names of friends by the initial letters of the lines, furnishes an excellent model for the *album* variety of literature. Much of the Jewish poetry of the Middle Ages is nothing but in-

genious linguistic mosaic, as superior to ordinary work in its kind as the figures of Venetian churches are to the rude wooden mosaics of the Grisons. The most extraordinary specimens of this sort, according to Steinschneider, is Benjamin Mussaphia's *History of the Creation*, published in 1638. In this strange book all the words of the Bible are used, yet no word is used more than once. The whole language is condensed into this manual, and the feat of its composition far surpasses the feat of the knight's moves in covering the chess-board without touching twice upon any square. This book was used as a Hebrew text-book until a recent period.

The Hebrew is not the only language in which the "Peit-anim" have exercised their peculiar gifts. The national tongues of Europe and Asia, the Persian and the Polish, the Tartar and the Castilian, have been flavored by a Jewish infusion. The Jew-German, which mortified Mendelssohn and puzzled Mezzofanti by its queer conglomeration of idioms, has left its fragments of verse for the study of future antiquaries. The legend of King Arthur and the fables of the Fox received that attention from the Jews which they claim from all nations. Since the days of N. H. Wessely, there have been many Jewish poets who have used the cultivated tongues of Europe with fine effect. This gifted man did for the Synagogue what his namesake brothers in England did for the Church, — revived its piety and restored its music.

The ninth order of writers mentioned by Dr. Etheridge are the "Hipreshim," or commentators. This class ought to be full. But Dr. Etheridge distinguishes these men from the old Halachists and Targumists. They are men who in the tenth century and later, by the help of the old Rabbins, gave themselves to the work of explaining the Scriptures. In introducing this section, Dr. Etheridge argues, very sensibly, that the works of these Jewish commentators ought to have high, if not surpassing, authority. He dares to say, in spite of Dr. Bloomfield, that in these works there are "treasures of masterly criticism, in comparison of which the strain of biblical interpretation most common and popular among us appears attenuated and trivial." He instances Saadja Gaon as

a fine specimen of a commentator. Now Saadja was half a rationalist. He did not believe that the serpent talked Hebrew to Eve, or that the ass spoke to Balaam in Balaam's own tongue. This is a defect, in Dr. Etheridge's opinion. So Alravenel, whose immense erudition is mentioned approvingly, is rather blamed for hating Christianity so fiercely. Dr. Etheridge is consoled, however, by remembering that it was the Catholic, and not the Protestant Church, which Alravenel hated.

The tenth section, on the order of "Darshanim," or *Preachers*, is painfully short. The multitude of those who have published the Word seems comparatively inferior to the multitude of those who have speculated and sung. Sermons have always, even in time of hardest persecution, been delivered by zealous Rabbins. The Jews of Spain rivalled the Anabaptists and the Covenanters in their fervent outpourings. But the Jewish literary remains in this kind are not more valuable than the corresponding productions of the Christian sectarists. Some of the preachers were itinerants, and went round from synagogue to synagogue, stirring up the faithful. The substance of their preaching was about as thin as that of similar laborers in the Christian vineyard. In funeral sermons the Israelites rather excelled; and the titles of a large proportion of those which Dr. Etheridge catalogues seem to indicate a celebration of the virtues of the departed. The backward-looking, sad-eyed, reminiscent spirit of Judaism would naturally suggest excellence in this department. The Jews of the Peninsula were accustomed to deliver their sermons in the Spanish and Portuguese; but when they came to publish, they used the sacred language. Their text and quotation were in Hebrew. The topics of their preaching were pretty much those which always have been and always will be in order. Such vices are rebuked as Chrysostom rebuked in Byzantium, such virtues are commended as Gregory commended on the Cœlian Hill. The titles of some discourses are quaint, "The Bundle of Life," "The Desirable Vase," "The Dust of the Scribes." Figo of Venice printed seventy-five sermons on "The Understanding of the Times." Gottlieb of Cracow illustrated Deuteronomy x. - xii. from fifty different points of view.



The *eleventh* order, of Jewish "Literati," contains the names of those who cannot be conveniently classed in any of the other orders, more numerous in these last centuries than in mediæval or Rabbinical times. The order is a large one, for there is almost no subject which a Jew has not at some time touched, as there is almost no corner of the earth which he has not visited. The most fantastic and the most unprofitable themes have found devotees in that race, which has the credit of loving profit and hating abstractions beyond all other races. There are among them brethren of "Old Mortality," who have given themselves to the literature of grave-stones, have spent infinite patience in deciphering the moss-filled legends on the monuments of Prague and Frankfort, or in trying to read the worn slabs at the foot of Mount Olivet. Some have devoted themselves to special branches of social ethics, and Joseph Dacosta, in his "*Tractado de Cortesia*," anticipated some of the rules of etiquette which a Court Chamberlain has just published; telling, among other things, how gentlemen ought to behave at balls, as M. Mortemart Boisse tells gentlemen how they should conduct themselves when they go out to dine. The Jewess Rebecca Tikkmir of Prague lectures women upon their duties, taking considerably lower ground than the Women's Rights party of our day. As long ago as 1596 a Jewish treatise against gambling was published, which has been translated into almost every language. We are not aware that the ethics of pawnbroking or usury have been illustrated in any special treatise.

As writers of general or local histories, the Jews have done their full share. The story of their own sufferings and persecutions would give ample material for a most thrilling narrative. Yet they have ventured often into other fields. Joseph Cohen wrote a history of France and Turkey. His account of the conspiracy of Fiesco, if less accurate than the statement of Mascardi, is certainly less fanciful than the drama of Schiller. The plague at Padua, as sketched by the Jew Catalono, may yet be the basis of some new romance by some future Manzoni. The travels of Rubeni, the Pretender Prince of the Jews in Abyssinia, make us think of Rasselas and Dr. Johnson. Sabbatai Bass's "*Handbook for Travellers*," published

in 1680, anticipated by a century and a half the red covers of the omnipresent "Murray." That the science of mnemonics was treated, we might well conjecture, since no ordinary exercise of memory could store and retain the accumulations of the Talmud, not to mention the frightful lists of names and dates which accompany the study of tradition. The work of Arje de Modena on "Amnemonics" has been made quite recently the subject of a special criticism by Dr. Steinschneider. Writing in cipher was another of the arts concerning which a Jew gave rules. And if La Vega did not try the superfluous task of showing his countrymen how to make money, he examines the system of the stock-exchange for their benefit. It were earnestly to be wished that some Hebrew would handle that theme in this crisis, and tell the true secret of converting paper securities into reliable funds. A history of the stock-exchange in all ages and nations, written by an able Israelite, would have an advantage over all other attempts of the sort. This people carry the bag and conduct the negotiations of Catholic and Protestant, Pagan and Moslem.

The scientific literature of Judaism is copious. A reasonable knowledge of astronomy was required to arrange the calendar, "the new moons and feasts." Some extravagant claims are set up for the extreme antiquity of sound astronomical theories among the Hebrews. It is hinted that even in the Scripture time there were some who believed that the earth moved round the sun, and it is asserted that the Greek astronomers were pupils of the Jews. Some singular astronomical facts are chronicled. Saadja at Bagdad, in the tenth century, tells of a lunar eclipse which came at an irregular time. In the Arabian calculators the Israelites met their rivals, and the brilliant discoveries of the Saracen period are attached to Moslem rather than Hebrew names. Yet not only in the preparation of tables, but in the improvement of instruments, did the Jews contribute greatly to the progress of astronomical science. The pedantic King Alphonso of Castile had a great fancy for Jewish and Moslem almanac-makers, and the father of Christendom was compelled to reprove him for this leaning to heresy. Three centuries later, on the other hand, a Pope of the house of Medici accepted

the invention of a new astronomical ring, which was dedicated to him by the Jew De Lattes.

The Jews were less given to the study of astrology. To the adherents of literal Scripture this pretended science seemed half folly and half impiety. The mysticism of Cabalism would hardly tolerate this subtle dealing with occult and supernal forces. Nevertheless, there are the names of Jews who cultivated this science, who watched the stars, from towers drew horoscopes, and officiated as augurs in the courts of superstitious kings. The practical value of the science was maintained, even against the protest of Maimonides. Some tried to make it a witness of the exact advent of Messiah. Some imagined by it to solve hard metaphysical problems. It seemed to aid in reconciling free-will and foreknowledge. A saucy reason is given by Grässe, who never loses the occasion of a sly hit at the hated race, that astrology was cultivated by the Jews, principally because "it served their purpose, and suited their taste for cheating." Unfortunately for his jest, astrology was not principally cultivated by the Jews. There was always more of it in the convents, and the monastic history of the Middle Age would fully justify the practice of modern novelists in taking Christian ascetics for the interpreters of the stars. Astrology flourished most where alchemy was most popular. And the Jews have always preferred to get gold by exchanges more than by transmutations, in shrewd loans rather than in bubbling crucibles.

Physiognomy, however, they did not disdain. No race are so keen to watch the play of the features, and to discover the intentions of the heart in the muscles of the face. A man must have strong nerve to bear without wavering the sharp scrutiny of a Jew's eye. It pierces like a sword. It is a serious trial to ride fifty miles in a railway carriage on the opposite seat to a Bohemian Israelite. The man will read your whole character, almost your history, in that customary work of police. The Cabalists have recorded some principles of judgment in this science, which prophesy the discoveries of Gall and Lavater. "A broad, vaulted forehead," they say, "betokens a genial and ample mind; a flat forehead, stupidity; a flat forehead pressed against the sides, a narrow and

contracted intellect." The four beasts of Ezekiel, with their various faces, were held to symbolize different types of character. In the book Zohar, the creed of the Cabalists, is a complete essay on physiognomy, and there is even an attempt to describe the countenance of God. The length of the Divine Face, from the extreme points of the skull, is, we are told, "three hundred and seventy thousand myriads of worlds; and this is called the Long Face." Every year there go forth from this skull thirteen thousand myriad worlds. This is, indeed, a brave scheme of emanations. Some Jewish expositors interpret Genesis v. 1 as teaching physiognomy. There is also a Jewish tract extant which teaches chiromancy, trenching so upon the lawful possession of the Gypsies.

Medicine, from the earliest ages, has been a favorite study with the Jews. Their educated men who wish to join some association with the world to their more abstruse researches, take naturally to the healing art. Since the day when the father of the tribes was embalmed in Egypt, there have not been wanting skilful physicians to whom the people might apply, like King Asa in his despair. There were doctors of special diseases; though, if the experience of Tobit is to be trusted, the oculists were not very successful. The Sangrado system was popular with a large class, and the Talmud gives minute directions concerning the best methods of blood-letting. Some of the novelties in medicine at the present day were practised in Palestine in the Saviour's time. The Essenes were Thompsonians, and made great account of roots and herbs in their prescriptions, requiring, moreover, an extra share of *faith*. If the principles of homœopathy were not announced, its methods were known. Drugs were given in small portions, and diet and regimen were more considered than doses of physic. Hard-boiled eggs were interdicted; yet the prescription to convalescents to "eat the stomach and lungs of geese" seems to prepare the way for Strasburg pies, the epicure's heavenly food. The Talmud has as much to say about fresh air and ventilation as a New England School Report, and the friends of Dr. Hunter may be charmed to find such ancient authority for the inhalation of vapor. The Rabbins knew how to amputate, to make artificial legs, to reduce

dangerous dislocations, and to manipulate wounds. Quackery, though not unknown, was much less popular than in our day. A people who wore phylacteries might be expected to put faith in amulets; but no such instances of charlatanism are recorded as those which are continually heralded by our journals as "wonderful cures."

This hereditary skill and taste bore its fruits in the succeeding centuries in the long series of medical works with which Dr. Steinschneider amazes us. Saladin and his successors, hostile as they were to all infidels, encouraged the Hebrew physicians of their court to translate Galen and to write on dietetics. In Spain, Italy, and France, the medical works of the Jews ranked very high. They wrote about the diseases of horses as well as of men, original works as well as learned glossaries. A Jew, Amatus Lusitanus, first (in 1547) "observed the valve of the unformed veins, and was near discovering the circulation of the blood." A Jew, Pereira, first made (in 1749) researches on the cure of the deaf and dumb. It was a Jewish physician whom Voltaire, so sharp in his satire against men of that class, saw fit to praise both for his theory and his practice.

The related branch of Natural History had a more limited popularity. The frequent speculation upon the nature of the fish which swallowed Jonah might suggest ichthyology, and the story of the temptation of Eve would encourage ophidian inquiries; but the one congenial branch of natural science seems to have been jewelry and precious stones. The breast-plate of the High-Priest was a perpetual admonition to investigate this brilliant province. The best works of Arabian mineralogists were translated into Hebrew. Jagel (in 1600) quotes from a treatise on the twelve principal jewels, according to the tribes of Israel and the signs of the zodiac; and if this be the work of Meshullam of Volterra, then that obliging Jew lapidary of Bethlehem, whose carvings on pearl every Christian traveller brings back from Palestine, bears an appropriate name. What recent pilgrim has visited the birth-place of the Saviour, without alighting at the door of the cunning Meshullam?

But we refrain from tiring our readers with more of these

rambling details, which give but the faintest idea of the mass and variety of themes upon which the intellect of Israel has been employed. We have said enough to refute the notion that the literary activity of Judaism is in a small circle, or that the learned of that race have ever been mere mechanical students of an old text, like the students of Tiberias and Saphet at the present day. In the Talmud alone more speculations may be found than in the most loquacious and prolix of the Christian Fathers. St. Clement of Rome brings the Arabian Phoenix into his letter to the faithful. But a Talmudist treats the resurrection more ingeniously, in affirming that one bone in the body is never destroyed, but rolls underground to Palestine, to wait there the day of awakening and make the basis of the new body to be given to the just. The novel explanations of German naturalism are anticipated in many points by the stories of the Gemara. And what the professor at Heidelberg says about Jesus working his miracles by Mesmerism, may easily have been hinted by the Rabbi in Chaldea, who insisted that Jeroboam caused his idolatrous calves to ascend before the people by means of the magnet.

It would be interesting to examine the polemic literature of Judaism, — its contests within its own body, with Islam, and especially with Christianity. The Jews sometimes complain that Christian writers treat them with such severity. But the vituperations of Eisenmenger are only the reprisal for bitterness on their side which has been written and published. Though the volumes before us are somewhat shy of speaking about this controversy, they mention some instructive facts. Some Cabalists, rejecting Jesus as the Son of God, claim him as an initiated brother in their wise fraternity. The Rabbins, denying the Gospel as divine, frequently assert its distinguishing tenets as their own principles. The first of the beatitudes was with them a cardinal virtue. The analogy between the triangles of the Cabalistic diagram and the Christian Trinity is too obvious to escape notice, and Dr. Etheridge goes out of his way to argue that the Jewish mystery was long anterior in its origin to the Christian dogma. He is successful only in making us see that both had their origin in heathen speculations. The Trinity is only a more

bold development of that theosophy which divides the powers of God into groups of three, and describes their enigmatic relations.

It is pleasant to notice, in the perpetual hostility between Jewish and Christian writers, occasional interchanges of courtesy. Hai Gaon, of Babylon, defended his course in asking the Catholic priest to explain to him some difficult passage in the Psalms of David, by saying that "the Talmud commands us to seek information of everybody." The mutual satire was sometimes suspended, and the doctors, weary of contending, would laugh together over their strifes. But the more rigid traditionalists rarely allowed that there was any good in the crucified Nazarene. Jesus was to them no better than an impostor. The Caraites, who have always been regarded as heretics, are the only authors who claim Jesus as one of the prophets. A better state of feeling exists in our age. The Jews reciprocate that benevolence which makes such sacrifices in their behalf by a decency of speech, if not by a compromise of opinion. If Dr. Grätz writes the history of his nation like a zealous partisan, Dr. Raphall writes the same history like a courteous gentleman. Too much may be made of the apparent symptoms of Jewish change, and the pious hopes aroused by the story lately circulated in the religious papers, that the Jews are about to give up their Sabbath, and to adopt the Christian Sunday, are, we are persuaded, quite mistaken. Yet the reforming party among the Jews are not far from the liberal party among the Christians. Strasburg and Tübingen are near enough to salute each other across the barrier, and help each other to see how nearly an enlightened Synagogue comes to a free Church. The two words which Dr. Edersheim, Calvinist as he is, declares to hold the sum of the Gospel, "*spiritual liberty*," are the sign which shall reconcile Jew and Christian. A Gospel which shall set reason above credulity, righteousness above creeds, and the freedom of thought above mere conformity, will win the respect of all intelligent Jews. A recent autobiography has told what the bounty of a Jew has done for an American Church and the friendship of a Jew has done for an American pastor. The memory of Judah Touro is kept alive in that open house of

Christian worship in the centre of New Orleans, and that shut house of Jewish prayer, which is the monument of his name and race, in the quiet town of Newport.

The conversion of the Jews has been attempted in many ways, and has been the subject of incessant prayers. Fire and sword, fine and imprisonment, banishment and degradation, all the skill of bigotry, have been vainly applied. Bribes have failed almost as signally, and only exceptional cases have been drawn to the Gospel by the lust of gold. Still fewer have been made converts by arguments and pleading. In the Theinkirche at Prague, glorified by the monument of Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, the visitor is arrested to notice the tomb of young Simle Abeles, and hear how Israel mourned over his apostasy. Yet hardly a stone's throw beyond this church, the Jews still gather by thousands in their synagogues, and maintain their ancient rites with unfaltering constancy. The faith of Israel still holds out. Its Messiah has not yet been found. Its steady promise repeats still the enduring hope.

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#### ART. III. — IDEAL GIRLHOOD IN MODERN ROMANCE.

1. *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.* GOETHE.
2. *Peveril of the Peak.* SIR WALTER SCOTT.
3. *Last Days of Pompeii.* SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.
4. *Nôtre Dame de Paris.* VICTOR HUGO.
5. *Master Humphrey's Clock.* DICKENS.
6. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* MRS. STOWE.
7. *The Scarlet Letter.* NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WHEN we announce "Ideal Girlhood in Modern Romance" as the subject of this article, we feel that the title contains both more than our subject, and less. Numerous forms of ideal girlhood are in modern romance, besides those on which we intend to write; and the mere phrase, "ideal girlhood," does not of itself suggest the peculiar forms to which we shall direct attention. The special instances which we select have



a certain strangeness in their characters, — something of the abnormal, the preternatural, and the weird. Perhaps we shall best explain our meaning by stating how we came to think on the subject. In several perusals of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, we found that the character of Mignon made deeper and deeper impression on us. The same must have been the case with many novelists, for we discover the subtle influence of Mignon's character in the greatest writers of fiction since *Wilhelm Meister* appeared; and that character, in spirit, we have noticed in several successive reproductions. A desire thence arose to enter, if we could, into the significance of the primitive "Mignon," and to examine what relationship or analogy the derivative "ideals" bear to the primitive. From such a thought the present article originated; yet we will not say that, after the start, it has not often changed its course from the originating thought, and broken connection with it. Still, in the main, it will preserve its consistency; dealing only, as we have intimated, with the abnormal; the preternatural, the weird, in young female character, as we find it in certain extraordinary ideals of girlhood in modern romance. We take these ideals as of three classes: first, the impassioned class; secondly, the ethereal; thirdly, the elfish; and in this order we propose to treat them.

1. We take the impassioned class first.

We would willingly begin our illustrations of this class with Margaret — *Gretchen* — in the *Faust*, one of the most simple, yet profound, delineations in all literature of ideal girlhood, or, more correctly, of young womanhood — one of the most pathetic conceptions of tragic love that genius has ever embodied. But, in truth, *Gretchen* is so normal, so natural, as not to belong to those abnormal and preternatural ideals on which we propose to write, and, besides, *Gretchen* alone would be more than subject for an entire article. We will then begin with Mignon. Mignon constitutes the enchantment and the charm of the wonderful work in which she appears.

In *Wilhelm Meister* her origin is only revealed when her destiny is closed. We shall, therefore, have to begin with matters which we do not learn until after the catastrophe.

Goethe's poetic narrative must, we are sorry to say, suffer deeply in our prosaic abstract.

An old Italian nobleman had three grown-up sons. The youngest, Austin, became a monk; but under his habit there throbbed an impassioned temperament. The nobleman, an oddity, with a painful sensibility to ridicule, hearing elderly people bantered for having young children, had the folly to conceal the birth of a daughter to himself, in his advanced years. The child was sent to a distance, and reared as that of other people. The nominal father of the girl, having lost his wife, came to live near the real father, and was his only intimate friend. The real father died, and under the reputed father the girl grew into womanhood and beauty. Her name was Sperata. Austin, at first a half-crazed enthusiast, afterwards desires to return to the world, and to obtain freedom from his vows. His brother consults the family confessor, and then the family confessor reveals the secret that Sperata is their sister. The original concealment was fatal; the revelation is now too late. As the monastery was in the neighborhood, and as Austin often visited his family, a mutual love of song and music brought himself and Sperata frequently together, and awakened in each a peculiar interest for the other. This interest deepened into passion. Austin wished to be secular in order to make Sperata openly his wife; for he declared that such, secretly, she was already. He stubbornly refused credit to the confessor's statement, but, granting it to be fact, he defied all the consequences. Yet, when thought returned, a terrible remorse beset him; at length, beguiled to his convent, he was there sheltered and secured. Sperata, too, was provided with a refuge, and her shame covered with secrecy. Her relationship to the father of her child was, in pity, hidden from her. But as soon as she was strong enough to bear exhortation, the clergyman, without exposing the whole case, took effectual means to affright her mind with the horror of her guilt. Her little girl, separated from her, meanwhile was growing. From her earliest years she had displayed an extraordinary disposition. When still very young, she could move with wonderful dexterity, and learned to play upon the cithern almost of herself. One

day the child disappeared; "her little hat was found swimming on the water, near a spot where a torrent rushes down into the sea." Although the body was not discovered, it was yet concluded that the child was drowned. The conduct of the poor mother on learning the sad news is extremely pathetic. She heard of a mother who had prayed the saints to give her from the sea the bones of her drowned child, that she might bury them. But no sooner had she entered the church, than the skeleton which she carried became in her arms a living child. So likewise prayed the desolate Sperata; "and when at night the waves were tossing to and fro, she thought every glittering sheet of foam was bringing out her child; and some one about her had to run off as if to take it up when it should reach the shore. By day she walked unweariedly along the places where the pebbly beach shelved slowly to the water; she gathered in a small basket all the bones which she could find. None durst tell her that they were the bones of animals: the larger ones she buried; the little ones she took along with her. In this employment she incessantly persisted." The physician contrived that the several parts of a child's skeleton should be put in her way. "An inconceivable delight arose in the poor sick woman's heart, when the parts began to fit each other, and the shape of those still wanting could be marked. She had fastened every fragment in its proper place, with threads and ribbons; filling up the vacant spaces with embroidery and silk, as is usually done with the relics of the saints." At last, awakening from a rapturous dream, in which she saw a vision of her child beckoning the way to blessedness, and finding the skeleton — which had been temporarily removed — absent from its place, she exclaimed, "Yes, I will soon follow her"; before the ecstasy had departed from her soul, she died, leaving among the people the impression of a miracle and the memory of a saint. The child which she fancied had gone to heaven had been stolen. Mignon was that child. The monk escaped from his convent with his harp, with his broken memories, with his music of gloomy inspiration. He became a delirious and despairing wanderer upon earth. He and the child subsequently meet; the dismal relation of their

fates seems to draw them blindly together, with a strange affinity and into dearest communion.

Mignon first appears in the romance in a company of rope-dancers. Wilhelm, stopping at a country town, has made acquaintance with Laertes and Philina, a pair of strolling players, with more experience than wisdom, and more wit than virtue. The rope-dancers are a great gain to these three idlers careless of employment and zealous for pleasure. Goethe shows even here how deeply he entered into the spirit of art and the spirit of life. In the observations which he causes Wilhelm to make on rope-dancing, we see how thoroughly he discerned, in the humblest departments, the sources of power and effect in all that has æsthetic interest and that exercises æsthetic influence. One remark on the enthusiasm excited by the dancers we quote, alike for its melancholy and its truth. "What actor," says Wilhelm, "what author, nay, what man of any class, would not regard himself as at the summit of his wishes, could he by a noble saying or a worthy action produce so universal an impression? What a precious emotion would it give, if one could disseminate generous, exalted, manly feelings with electric force and speed, and rouse assembled thousands into such rapture as these people by their bodily alertness have done!—if one could communicate to thronging multitudes a fellow-feeling in all that belongs to man, by the portraying of happiness and misery, of wisdom and folly, nay, of absurdity and nonsense,—could kindle and thrill their inmost souls, and set their stagnant nature into movement, free, vehement, and pure!"

Among this dancing troop Mignon is a noticeable child. Wilhelm takes an undefinable interest in her. He questions: "What is thy name?" "They call me Mignon." "How old art thou?" "No one has counted." "Who was thy father?" "The great Devil is dead." The great Devil was the late master of the company. "She gave her answers," the author tells us, "in a kind of broken German, and with a strangely solemn manner, every time laying her hand on her breast and brow, and bowing deeply." Wilhelm, we are likewise told, "could not satisfy himself with looking at her. His eyes and

his heart were irresistibly attracted by the mysterious condition of this being. He reckoned her about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her body was well formed; only her limbs gave promise of a stronger growth, or else announced a stunted one. Her countenance was not regular, but striking; her brow full of mystery; her nose extremely beautiful; her mouth, although it seemed too closely shut for one of her age, and she often drew it aside, had yet an air of frankness, and was very lovely. Her brownish complexion could scarcely be discovered through the paint. This form stamped itself deeply in Wilhelm's soul."

Such is the distinct brevity, the masterly completeness, with which Mignon is introduced to us; and in this introduction her person is described, her character and destiny are indicated. We are prepared here for all that she afterwards thinks, says, does, or becomes. Her nature unfolds itself in accordance with principles and laws by which already the imagination anticipates the direction of her life. Herein is a power like unto Shakespeare's. The interest does not consist in the excitement of curiosity, but in following the action and order of a soul; not in results startling and unforeseen, but in movement and issue that meet the conditions under which *that* soul is presented to our concern and our thoughts. Henceforth her fate depends on Meister; he has rescued her from the showman, he has bought her with a price.

To examine a creation such as Mignon, — so singularly original, so wildly beautiful, so remote from all that is conventional, yet inwardly so true and self-consistent, so strangely odd, yet so musically sweet, — to examine, we say, such a creation analytically, would be as if one should first measure a picture of Raffaele's by rule and compass, and then scrape off the colors to discover their chemical combinations. We must examine Mignon, as we would the picture, by contemplation, and as a living whole. What we discern, at once, in Mignon, what we see in her to the last, is an impassioned sensibility. This is connected with a fantastic imagination; which fantastic imagination and impassioned sensibility — intensified within and counteracted from without —

constitute her mental life, and decide her destiny. She converses with her own thoughts, or spirits converse with her, from out of the mysterious and the invisible. Her self-communion and her waywardness of thinking are constantly appearing; and thus frequently, when a question demands an answer, she only gives utterance to an interrupted reverie. "Often," as we read, "for the whole day she was mute. At times she answered questions more freely, yet always strangely; so that you could not determine whether it was caused by shrewd sense or by ignorance of the language." On other occasions, she speaks as if she had intelligence more than natural, knowledge from sources other than earthly. Wilhelm has just discovered that a certain boy is his son. This is some time after they have been travelling with a vagrant society. It is not as yet expedient that the fact of this sonship should be openly declared. "Mignon," says old Barbara, "will not betray us; she is good and close." "I have long known it, and I said nothing," answered Mignon. "How is it possible?" cried Barbara. "Whence?" cried Wilhelm. "The spirit told me." "Whence? — where?" "In the vault. When the old man drew his knife, it called to me, 'Bring his father,' and I thought it must be thou." "Who called thee?" "I know not: in my heart, in my head, I was terrified; I trembled, I prayed; then it called, and I understood it." In sympathy with this idea of her relation to the invisible, and her life therein, is her innate feeling of religion. Wilhelm was told that she went every morning early to hear mass. He followed her on one occasion, and saw her kneeling down with a rosary in a corner of the church, and praying devoutly. The religious element of her nature shows itself with a certain scenic beauty in a little incident near the close of her life. She acts on this occasion the part of a celestial messenger with bounties to her school-companions. "There comes the angel," said the lady teacher. The children all shrank back; at last they cried, "It is Mignon." Yet they durst not venture to approach the wondrous figure. "Here are your gifts," said she, putting down the basket. They gathered round her, they viewed, they felt, they questioned her. "Art thou an angel?" asked one of them. "I

wish I were," said Mignon. "Why dost thou bear a lily?" "So pure, so open, should my heart be; then were I happy." "What wings are these? Let us see them." "They represent far finer ones, which are not yet unfolded." This serious thoughtfulness has its roots in a character sincere, truthful, and of most innocent simplicity. Such traits we early mark in her; for thus we read of her shortly after she is introduced to our notice: "The rope-dancers having gone away, Mignon came into the parlor, while Wilhelm and Laertes were busy fencing. 'Where hast thou been hid?' said Wilhelm, in a friendly tone. Thou hast given us a great deal of anxiety. The child looked at him, and answered nothing. 'Thou art ours now,' said Laertes, 'we have bought thee.' 'For how much?' inquired the child, quite coolly. 'For a hundred ducats,' said the other; 'pay them again, and thou art free.' 'Is that much?' she asked. 'O yes! thou must be a good child.' 'I will try,' she said." The traits which she manifests thus early we mark in her even at the close.

Her outward movements are alive with quick and impassioned feeling, moulded to grace and tuned to music. Her inward poetry of being gave inspiration to her hands and feet, and she sang to her cithern, or danced to her tambourine, with the spirit of a muse. Her mobile and elastic soul has a body, which it electrifies and etherealizes, — a body which seems to answer to her thought as rapidly as will. Failing of the tender and cheerful care which nurtures infancy, she loved the solitude of nature. The most meditative poet does not seek the loneliness of glen or grove, of sea-shore or ruin, with more desire than does a thoughtful but neglected child; and though the child may not put its feelings into song, deeper meanings are opened to its spiritual intelligence, and a stronger love lays hold upon its silent passion. So was it with Mignon: imaginative, isolated reverie caused her to live much *in* herself, much *to* herself, and much away from others. But, along with these tendencies, she had an uncurbed inclination for motion and activity. Her aptitude for daring gymnastics offered the temptation to the vagrants who stole her. With no acknowledged parentage, with no kindred guardianship, she was an easy prey. And at first, from her

supple frame, from her instinctive agility, she seemed a valuable acquisition. "To mount the highest peaks, to run along the edges of the ships, to imitate in all their strangest feats the rope-dancers, whom she often saw, . . . . seemed a natural tendency in her." "She never walked up or down stairs, but jumped. She would spring along by the railing, and before you were aware would be sitting quietly above upon the landing." She lived in childhood by the sea; as "her wild walks and leapings often led her to a distance, she would lose her way and be long from home." When not by herself with nature, she was by herself with art. "In general, as she returned, she used to repair beneath the columns in the portal of a country-house in the neighborhood; she would there lie resting on the steps, then run up and down the large hall looking at the statues."

This was in the land of beauty and of art, — the land of which she never ceased to dream. One of the most affecting peculiarities of her story and her life is this dim but tenacious dream of Italy, — the dream which would not quit her heart. And here, again, we see the keen insight of Goethe into the depths of feeling. No soul is so outraged in being torn from home as is the soul of a child. No other soul has such agony in departure, or more longing to return. Bitter is the sorrow of the conscript lad or of the impressed sailor-boy; sad must be the thoughts, the waking and the sleeping visions, which come to the young soldier in his first campaign, when he marches to battle, or when with the earth for his bed he has the heavens for his tent, — to the young sailor, when he dreams or watches amidst the lonely ocean; but to neither of them is there such grief as to the helpless child that suffers the violence of exile, while the affections are yet but instincts. These very instincts are seeds which a foreign atmosphere but ripens into pain. The pain of absence, and the need of home, are wholesome to our nature; and nothing but the hope of coming back, enriched in possession or experience, cheers the traveller, the adventurer, the explorer, as he leaves the space behind him wherein his life has grown, to which by memory, affection, and imagination his life is bound. Each of these, however, has the sense of personality and freedom.



The man who has failed in what he thought a righteous cause, is expatriated as a penalty. The loss of home is here rated as next to the loss of life; but though the sufferer may count it so, or more, he knows that he acted from intelligent resolve, and was ready for any fatality. The idea of home will not leave the mind, even of those whom restless curiosity or scientific enthusiasm does not allow to remain there. We all have read of travellers who were moved convulsively to tears at the sight, in strange or barbarian regions, of some fragment of stamped crockery, or the leaf of a printed book. But the idea of home is deeper in the mind of a child that has been early dragged from it, than it is in the mind of such as we have here alluded to; the deeper, because it is vague; the more troubled, because strangeness is connected with a sense of unloved weakness. So it is, though the child be the commonest stuff which humanity is made of, and its home in the least inviting climate which earth contains, — amongst the snows of Northern Asia or the sands of Middle Africa. But Mignon was not a child of common stuff. She was a creature whose life, dim, dreamy, impulsive, imaginative, mystic, consisted in passion, poetry, music; and her far-off home, seen through the shifting memories of vagrant exile, was in Italy, the land of soul, song, and beauty. Italy was ever in her spirit a vision and a voice; and so, when the old Harper comes along, gloomy prophet though he was, his songs had an echo in her heart, — her heart gave response to the anguish of memory with which they rang. The wretchedness and mystery of his wandering life had analogy to her own: the restless grief that trembled in his music seemed to bind their fates together; the child and the elder could understand each other. In her as in him, homeless, melancholy, a wounded spirit uttered itself in song; and sometimes, when they joined their voices, what they sung in union was separately and secretly appropriate to each; as in that sweet duet which upon one occasion Wilhelm overhears: —

“ You never longed and loved,  
You know not grief like mine:  
Alone, and far removed  
From joys or hopes, I pine:

A foreign sky above,  
And a foreign earth below me,  
To the South I look all day ;  
For the hearts that love and know me  
Are far, are far away.  
I burn, I faint, I languish, —  
My heart is waste, and sick, and sore.  
Who has not longed in baffled anguish  
Cannot know what I deplore."

The fatal love which tears the child's bosom for Wilhelm wails through all these longings for her native clime. With what eloquence of passion and of music these combined feelings are chanted in that marvellous lyric, "Know'st thou the land?" is familiar to all. This she sang to him shortly after the first emphatic demonstration of her affection for him. "On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him, 'Know'st thou the land?' 'It must mean Italy,' said Wilhelm. 'Where didst thou get the little song?' 'Italy!' said Mignon, with an earnest air. 'If thou goest to Italy, take me with thee, for I am cold here.'" How ardently she panted for sunny Italy, how sadly she pined for it, she ever and again shows; but even Italy without Wilhelm would not be so fair,—it would not be joyous, but dismal. Outwardly she was his by purchase; but entirely she was his by love. He had bought her out of bondage; he had delivered her from cruelty; he had saved her from wrong, insult, degradation;—bounties less than these must kindle the young heart into gratitude; and the kindled gratitude of a young girl burns easily into love,—into love that often becomes the more unquenchable, when, having no fuel from hope, it feeds on the life within, nor ceases until the life is consumed. But devouring as the flame in Mignon was, it was a pure flame; its ardor, the force of original character and earnest feelings, bright with the glow of a strong but innocent imagination. She was, indeed, only a child, but she was a child of the South, where the sun quickens the blood, and will merge into impulse. She loved Wilhelm; she lived in him. Separate from him, existence was but misery. How fierce, how exacting, how intolerant, was her attachment, appears in the

pangs and paroxysms of her jealousies,—in that sharpness of disappointment, which cut her to the soul and forced from her cries of torture. Yet it is not sense, but feeling, that moves her; not in gross desire, but spiritual imagination, her love has its anguish and its strength. When Wilhelm was about to send her to school, “Master,” said she, “keep me with thee: it will do me good, and do me ill.” He told her, that, as she was now grown up, there should be something further done for her instruction. “I am sufficiently instructed,” answered she, “to love and grieve.” Absence and illness calm her into patience; but the wound is still within. Killing it had been ever; the end, she knows, is at hand, and sweetly sings of it in a lyric which closes thus:—

“Through little life, not much, I toiled,  
Yet anguish long this heart has wrung:  
Untimely woe my blossom spoiled:—  
Make me again for ever young.”

That birth into immortal youth was not long delayed. Wilhelm is staying with Natalia, the lady who has Mignon in charge. Theresa, whom he was expected to marry, suddenly arrives. She, and Felix, the son of Wilhelm, notice Theresa’s approach. “Mignon rushed in at the open door: she was foremost, but out of breath, and could not speak a word. Felix, still at some distance, shouted out, ‘Mamma Theresa is come!’” The children had run a race, as it seemed, to bring the news. Mignon was lying in Natalia’s arms; her heart was beating fiercely. “Naughty child,” said Natalia; “art thou not forbidden violent emotions? See how thy heart is beating!” “Let it break,” said Mignon, with a deep sigh,—“it has beat too long.” As the betrothed friends rushed together, “Mignon on a sudden clapped her left hand on her heart; and, stretching out the right arm violently, fell with a shriek at Natalia’s feet as dead. The dear little creature could not be recalled to life.”

Her tragedy is completed in the story which reveals the secret of her birth in shame, guilt, and sorrow; a story which accounts for her inheritance of the sad and troubled nature that her circumstances contributed so fatally to unfold,—which accounts also for the terrible destiny of child and

parents, completed in the suicide of her father, the Harper-monk. These matters we have not been at all able to touch. Even Mignon herself has appeared in the course of our remarks only in a fitful, interrupted manner: nothing less than the whole work, thoughtfully studied and poetically felt, can give any true idea of her strange, spiritual, subtle, melancholy beauty. "This mysterious child," writes Carlyle, "at first neglected by the reader, gradually forced on his attention, at length overpowers him with an emotion more deep and thrilling than any poet, since the days of Shakespeare, has succeeded in producing. The daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion, and despair, she is of earth, but not earthy. When she glides before us through the mazes of her fairy dance, or twangs her cithern to the notes of her homesick verses, or whirls her tambourine, and hurries round us like an antique Mænad, we could almost fancy her a spirit; so pure is she, so full of fervor, so disengaged from the clay of this world. And when all the fearful particulars of her story are at length laid together, and we behold in connected order the image of her helpless existence, there is in those dim recollections, those feelings so simple, so impassioned, and unspeakable, consuming the closely-shrouded, woe-struck, yet ethereal spirit of the poor creature, something which searches into the inmost recesses of the soul. It is not tears which her fate calls forth; but a feeling too deep for tears. The very fire of heaven seems miserably quenched among the obstructions of this earth. Her little heart, so noble and so helpless, perishes, before the smallest of its many beauties is unfolded; and all its loves and thoughts and longings do but add another pang to death, and sink to silence utter and eternal."

Next among the impassioned order I take Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak." "The character of Fenella," says Scott, "which from its peculiarity made a favorable impression on the public, was far from being original. The fine sketch of Mignon in 'Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre,' a celebrated work from the pen of Goethe, gave the idea of such a being." Fenella, as the readers of Scott remember, is the brilliant little maiden that waits on the bold and haughty Countess of Der-

by. They will also recollect that she was a counterfeit deaf mute. She has not the inwardness, the depth, the imaginativeness of Mignon, — her wealth of feeling, her finely-strung, her lyrically-toned nature. She is eccentric and odd rather than ideal, — more a spiteful and mischievous goblin, than, as Mignon is, a creature of many fancies, of dreams and visions sadly and strangely beautiful. Like Mignon, she had elastic agility of frame; but the spirit and the flesh did not, as in Mignon, so mingle together and constitute a living unity. Sprite though she seemed to the vulgar, she had senses, dimensions, affections, passions; and love, in due season, came, as it did to Undine, to kindle all the human soul within her. The fair and gallant youth, Julian Peveril, is the enchanter whose spell awakens the power of her woman's life. Then arise to consciousness the secrets that lay hidden in the heart, and with the revelation of which woman first begins to understand her existence in its sensitive and spiritual capacities, in the anticipations and possibilities that fill the present with solemn interest and the future with its most eventful hopes and fears. Julian became the destiny of poor Fenella. The world that contained him was no longer to her the same world. His image in the centre of her soul changed the aspect of the world; and according as that image was cheering or discouraging, the world to her abounded with light or was darkened with despair. Being is now a serious concern; it is no longer a sphere for fantastic tricks; every hour of it is instinct with weal or woe, with pathos that wrings the heart, and with passion that consumes the soul. The inner substance of human nature is always the same. No revolutions reach it, and history finds in it neither changes nor eras. All inventions, all machineries, which ingenuity can conceive or which skill can utilize, will leave such inner essence at the end as it had been at the beginning. Nothing of this essence is more elemental than love; and poetry, which finds in love an eternal inspiration, shows that it is so. Despite of the dynasties, the empires, the civilizations, which have lived and passed away, — of the old arts that have been lost, of the new arts that have been created, — poetry does not find the agony and desperation of love different in the heart

of a Sappho and in the heart of a Fenella. If love depended on will, we might think harshly of a Phaon or a Julian Peveril; but Heaven has so ordered our nature, that the heart can *not* give itself to the desire or command of another, — not even to worth, beauty, genius. It may be that Phaon turned aside from the gifted Sappho to some obscure girl among the Grecian hills: it is written that Julian Peveril was entirely captivated by a quiet Puritan maiden named Alice Bridgenorth. But Fenella could not cease to love him; and hopeless though her love was, it transformed her nature and ennobled it. Under an assumed infirmity, at the instigation of her wicked father, she was a spy upon her benefactress, and with cunning vigilance sought the means of her destruction. The work was grateful to her elfish temper; but affection humanized her, and all her craft is turned from treason toward her mistress into devotion to her lover. All her genius, all her activity, all her facility of motion, all the sagacity of her piercing intellect, are devoted to his service and his interest. Fenella's love is in some respects different from Mignon's: Mignon's love is all music; Fenella's, all energy. And this difference is founded in the difference of their natures: Mignon's nature goes all into poetry and song; Fenella's, besides strong emotion, has much understanding and persistence; she is logical and practical, ready alike in argument and contrivance. Disappointment stings Mignon as sharply as it does Fenella: but in Mignon the wound is all pain; in Fenella there is pride as well as pain. Both are tortured by jealousy: grief and anger enter into the jealousy of Mignon; something of spite and hatred belongs to that of Fenella. At the close her character rises into greatness, and we lose the sense even of her person being small: the catastrophe explains the secret of her birth, — and, with her gifted and guilty father, enshrouds her after-fate in the mystery of exile.

Nydia, the blind girl in "The Last Days of Pompeii," is another of this order; she is a Greek from Thessaly. Glaucus, also a Greek, buys her out of bondage. For Glaucus she conceives a hopeless passion. There is none of that preternatural idealism in her that is in Mignon; none of her inscrutable simplicity, of her wondrous individuality. Nydia

sings, — she sings sweetly, smoothly ; but it is not with Mignon's unearthly music, — with her innate poetry ; we feel not in it the mystery of inspiration, or the sorcery of sound. Her songs, however, are not without enchantment. They can charm Glaucus, — delight, soothe him ; but they cannot win his love. To this end they were vain, — vain as those songs of which it has been written, "As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." As to all that Nydia desired from the heart of Glaucus, the heart of Glaucus was heavy, — indeed, hard ; yet, in all good besides, the heart of Glaucus was gracious to her. The *one* feeling needful it could not give : this refusal withheld the whole, and left her "poor indeed." There is a certain elegant lone to whom his soul goes forth, and in her alone concentrates its happiness. Her it is he seeks as the deluge of ashes darkens Pompeii ; and the finding of her crowns his escape with bliss. He did not indeed forget Nydia ; yet not Nydia, but lone, would have been the *one* whom he would have saved out of the dismayed and bewildered multitudes. Nydia, in the confusion, becomes separated from the lovers, but has at last security for escape with them in the same ship. Escape is, however, of no value to her now ; for life is now to her of nothing worth. "In the silence of the general sleep, Nydia rose gently. She bent over the face of Glaucus, — she inhaled the deep breath of his heavy slumber ; timidly and sadly she kissed his brow, his lips ; she felt his hand, — it was locked in that of lone ; she sighed deeply, and her face darkened. Again she kissed his brow, and wiped from it the damps of night. 'May the gods bless thee, Athenian !' she murmured ; 'may you be happy with your beloved one, — may you sometimes remember Nydia ! Alas ! she is of no further use on earth.' With these words she turned away. Slowly she crept along to the farther side of the vessel, and, pausing, bent low over the deep ; the cool spray dashed upward on her feverish brow. 'It is the kiss of death,' she said : 'it is welcome.' The balmy air played through her waving tresses ; she put them from her face, and raised those eyes — so tender, though so lightless — to the sky, whose soft face she had never seen.

‘No, no,’ she said, half aloud, and in a musing and thoughtful tone; ‘I cannot endure it: this jealous, exacting love, it shatters my whole soul in madness! O sacred sea! I hear thy voice invitingly, it hath a freshening and joyous call. They say that in thy embrace is dishonor, that thy victims cross not the fatal Styx: be it so! I would not meet him in the shades, for I should meet him still with her! Rest, rest, rest! there is no other Elysium for a heart like mine.’” And so the great homage of a woman’s passion sank with her despair into the silence of the sea.

Esmeralda, the wild meteor-light in Victor Hugo’s stormy romance of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, is the last example of this class to which we will refer. She is a child of vice, misery, and misfortune; but, like a sunbeam upon a puddle, she loses nothing of her brightness by her contact with impurity. She is one of those miraculous creatures, who, born amidst filth and crime, reared amidst excommunicated grossness, are themselves immaculate,—one of the paragons and prodigies of loveliness and virtue which the vagabondism of Paris can produce, and which French genius so delights itself in describing. The daughter of an outcast mother, with no father that is ascertainable, she is stolen by Gypsies; but amidst the unmitigated license of thieves and their Bonapartes, the author makes her a wonder of beauty, delicacy, sensibility, chastity, and grace. With her decorated little goat, she is the enchantress of mediæval Paris; with her tambourine, she sparkles through its streets; and no more soils her slippers or her soul, than if she played her gypsying in the best-appointed modern theatre. She thinks and speaks in the best of French, and has a goat that dances in the genteeldest manner to the genteeldest tunes. Such is the slight and unsubstantial creature, whom a great writer makes the occasion for the display of his greatest powers,—around whom at last he collects a tremendous hurricane of terrors and calamity. In this furious tempest of strife and passion, Claude Frollo, the priest, the man of genius and of ambition, is weak in contest with a dancing-girl that will not love him; and at last is shattered by a monster more hideous than Caliban,—a monster who had before regarded him as a god.



But Esmeralda, who by her beauty had humbled the pride of Claude Frollo, and awakened humanity in Quasimodo, cared nothing about either of them, but was mad for a stalwart guardsman, who cared nothing about her. To crush this poor girl, Victor Hugo brings into action all the powers of the age. The spiritual influence of the priest, Claude Frollo; the mortal cruelty and cunning of the King, Louis the Eleventh; the bloody tumult of an infuriate rabble; the Inquisition of the magistrate; the Inquisition of the torturer;—all are brought to bear against her, until at last she is strangled, with circumstances the most shocking and atrocious. The engagement of a machinery so stupendous, to accomplish the destruction of a being so fragile, seems as if a whirlwind were put in motion to overturn a baby-house, an earthquake to uproot a thistle, or a volcano to burn a butterfly. Herein is waste in the strength of genius; but that strength is also otherwise abused, for the painfulness of impression often becomes intolerable, and the pathetic is lost in the horrible. The effect is, however, resistless. Nothing in tragedy exceeds the agony of the new-found mother, when she endeavors to hide the new-found daughter from the searchings of the executioner; when the poor girl is dragged from her concealment, the pleadings of the miserable mother for mercy to her are sublimely affecting. The motive for painting such scenes is to be found, I think, in the author's hatred of capital punishment. In his connecting it with associations which must harrow up the feelings of the coldest natures, we may perhaps trace his desire to render killing by authority as execrable to others as it is to himself. And in the gloomy grandeur of the historic pictures which give to this romance its greatness, we feel everywhere the movement of an ample soul, that in all its instincts detests tyranny, cruelty, injustice, and oppression. Esmeralda is to Mignon as melodrama is to tragedy,—as sounding rhetoric and meretricious exhibition are to simple poetry and unconscious beauty.

2. We are next to consider, in some of its instances, the ethereal idea of girlhood in modern romance.

One of the most striking of these we find in the "Little

Nell" of Dickens. A good, pure, tender, innocent soul seems in her brought from heaven to earth, and preserving as many graces native to the skies as could shine in a spirit while it sojourned in the flesh. Her singleness and simplicity, the affecting relations between her and her grandfather, command our sympathy. She is not only lovable in herself; she is the means of bringing beautifully into view what is lovable in others; — the knightly loyalty of "Kit"; the kindness of merry Short, and melancholy Codlin; the rough good-nature of Mrs. Jarby; the sublime charity of the haggard watcher of the furnace-fire, in the gift of his little pittance of two old battered, smoke-encrusted pennies; and the saintly goodness of the meek-minded schoolmaster. The pathetic in the destiny of Little Nell is just enough to move the heart, but not enough to overpower it. We would have no violent emotions in connection with a fate like hers; for even misery in such a nature, though it may stir us deeply, should leave us gentle. Moments of tragedy are in her lot, when, nigh almost to despair, she is horrified by the terrible insanity of the weak old man; but her lot is softened by the peace of nature in the summer loveliness of English fields and by-ways. It ends, as it ought to end, in the trust and sweetness of early death, in the shelter and the shade, in the sanctity and rest, of a rural grave.

When Master Humphrey's Clock first appeared, every one was talking of "Little Nell." We did not, we confess, take very heartily to the praise which was lavished on her. In the noise around us there was much to challenge denial, to provoke ridicule; much empty babble; much feigned sentiment; much imitative enthusiasm: we had no sympathy with the noise, and we met it by resistance; and in this we were nearer to the right than our antagonists. Something in our circumstances strengthened us in our protest. We had seen childhood extensively in its positive sorrows and orphanage, and therefore were not prepared to see in this ethereal creature anything but a phantom, an unreality, — a child born of tears and fancy into the moonlight of imagination. When Little Nell was confounded with the actual or likened to it, irony and burlesque seemed to come together to prompt a

laugh that was at once satirical and broad. Every mother had a daughter who was a "Little Nell." You saw in the mother a comely housewife or a fashionable beauty; you saw in the daughter a joyous, rosy, stout, sturdy girl, — eyes laughing with fun, cheeks globular with gingerbread; or you saw a slender belle, with visions in her dreamy looks of the paradise of balls and beaux, into which from the school-room and its unseraphic guardianship she was soon radiantly to enter. Now that the noise has long subsided, now that we have communed with "Little Nell" in the secrecy of our own thoughts, we discern the error of this cynicism, and are ready to condemn it. In truth, any man who raises our familiar life out of weariness and commonplace, who awakens our hearts to the ideal that lurks in even the homeliest forms, — any man who opens our conceptions to fair and goodly possibilities of worth and beauty, who teaches us the dignity, the divinity, in which all our affectionate relations to life are enshrined, — is more than a poet; he is a prophet and a benefactor; he enlightens and blesses us; he deserves immortally our homage and our thanks.

Another illustration of the ethereal ideal in girlhood is Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her excellence is of a broader and higher order than that of Little Nell. Practically, Little Nell's goodness lives in her instincts and immediate affections. Morally, she is entirely unselfish; but the ills which wound her are the ills that insanity, poverty, and vagrant old age bring upon her grandfather. The possibility of the divinest charities, of the largest pity, is, indeed, in the character of Nell; but the woe nearest to her is already a burden too heavy for her weakness. Eva is born to affluence, to authority, to command; her lot is cast in the midst of luxury and indulgence; she is a princess and an idol. Taking things as she found them, enjoying the ease and pleasure which fortune gave, she might still be amiable, good, and lovely. To think she might not, would be to think unjustly of many that are in her circumstances. The peculiarity and beauty of her disposition are, that she could not confine her thoughts within the limits of her own privileges and advantages. The fate of sorrow that came to others troubled her, and she could not

but taste bitterness with her pleasure, when she conceived that much of this pleasure was the product of hopeless labor and of unptied tears. Her heart went out to the weak, the despised, the ignorant, the wronged, the rude, and the uncomely; the very circumstances that hardened others toward them, melted her; her childlike sympathy gave her knowledge beyond experience; and a godly intuition revealed to her unperturbed soul that clear sense of right which is often hidden from the wise and prudent, — nay, which the wise often darken with words without knowledge, and which the prudent often blind by interest void of conscience. “Little Nell” in relation to Master Humphrey manifests the beauty of natural affection; Eva, in her relation to Uncle Tom, exemplifies the divinity of Christian sentiment, “which is born, not of the blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.” Uncle Tom was not of her color, order, or condition; but the spirit of that sublime unity was in her, which makes all our race one family. If the ample mind of the Roman could say, “Nothing human is foreign to me,” in *her* the heavenly mind of Jesus added, “Whatever is human is kindred to me, and all that is good is dear to me.” Household affection, the charms of soul and body, all that enchants the eye and heart, give endearment to her childhood’s life; the pathos of her gentle death brightens into the serenity of faith and hope, wherein the feeling of pain is absorbed in that of beauty, and the consciousness of loss in that of immortality.

3. The elfish in *Ideal Girlhood* is the only remaining class which we propose to notice. We begin with comic elfishness; and of this we can desire no example more illustrative than Topsy, an inhabitant not the least distinguished in the Uncle Tom region of the imaginative world. Both from her color and her delight in mischief we might call her impish. In cunning, slyness, and fun, she is a peculiarity in literature. She has, in the utmost fulness, the drollery which is the compensation to her race for their depression; she has the animal spirits which are the wine of life to the wretched, and which nothing can deaden but sickness or hunger. Yet with all that is comic on the outside, there is more in her than

in Eva that sets the mind to think, and makes it think sadly as well as deeply. Unconsciously, she is a satirist, — an ebony, flat-nosed, thick-lipped satirist; an incarnate ridicule, from the land of Ham, on certain peculiar institutions in the land of Japhet; a heathen, irreverent, *darky* ignoramus, that does not understand her privileges, or the prophecies; a profane oddity that sometimes makes a joke of sacred things, — that has a sting in her laugh, and bitterness in her mirth. She is a living caricature of the condition of society which has given her even a literary existence. It is only in the moral incongruities which she suggests, and as a mockery on them, that she has any serious meaning, in which serious meaning lies the secret of her interest. Serious meaning is essential to all genuine caricature, and without such meaning the ludicrous is merely the grotesque. But in caricature the ludicrous often conceals the melancholy, the sorrowful, the painful. It is like Lear's fool, with the jest on his lip and the tear in his eye, with motley on his back and mourning in his heart. Pasquin rarely asks men to laugh but when they have cause to weep. Topsy is, in this sense, a caricature of even tragic significance. In the midst of a civilization which prides itself on Christianity, she hardly knows that she is human; in the midst of a land which prides itself on liberty, bondage is her inheritance. She has no childhood, no home, no parental ownership, no recorded date of birth, no information on her origin or her age. "How old are you, Topsy?" inquires Miss Ophelia. "Dun no, Missus." "Don't know how old you are? Did n't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?" "Never had none." "Never had any mother? — What do you mean? Where were you born?" "Never was born." "You must n't answer in that way; tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were." "Never was born; never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin'." "How long have you lived with your master and mistress?" "Dun no, missus." "Is it a year, more or less?" "Dun no." "Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy? Do you know who made you?" "Nobody, as I knows; I 'spect I growed." Topsy, as we are told, "made great capital of her own sins and enormities, evi-

dently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing." "Law, you niggers," she would say to some of her auditors, "does you know you 's all sinners? Well you is,—everybody is. White folks is sinners too,—Miss Feely says so; but I 'spects niggers is the biggest ones; but lor! you aint any on ye up to me. I 's so awful wicked there can't nobody do nothin' with me. I used to keep old missus a swearin' at me half de time. I 'spects I 's the wickedest critter in the world." Her conduct was consistent with her theory. "Topsy," Miss Ophelia would say, "what *does* make you act so?" "Dun no, Missus; 'spects 'cause I 's so wicked." "I don't know anything what I shall do with you, Topsy." "Law, Missus, you must whip me. My old missus allers whipped me. I aint used to working unless I gets whipped." "Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well if you 've a mind; what is the reason you won't?" "Laws, Missus, I 's used to whippin'; I 'spects it 's good for me."

There is also a serious elfishness in the modern romantic ideal of girlhood in literature; and this we exemplify in "Pearl" of "The Scarlet Letter." Some conditions attached to Mignon's destiny belong to Pearl's. Like Mignon, she is the child of guilt and of a priest. Of passion and of genius she is born. She is the occasion of shame, remorse, anguish, and despair; she is nursed upon a bosom branded with infamy; but lonely though she grows, she does not fail of society; the abundance of soul within transfers itself into all without, so that sticks have ears to hear, and stones have tongues to speak, and Heaven has eyes to see, and under the scarlet letter there is the heart of a scorned mother to *feel* for her outcast child. Pearl is a singular impersonation, in impassioned and imaginative childhood, of influences abnormally vital. In Pearl we have a being that puzzles curiosity, evades examination, that changes like the glancings of a thought, and is lovely in every change. There is no word which implies strange and fitful enchantment, connected with depth of nature, that we might not apply to her. And such words would but faintly indicate the poetry, music, and beauty which unite in the essence of her existence. She is a fascinating sprite among the inhabitants of that world which is visible only to

the mind; she has a charm of preternatural interest, not alone in her own ideal origin and destiny, but in the mysterious gloom of the boundless forests, which covered primitive New England; also in the traditionary, legendary, necromantic atmosphere of the period, which rounds her visionary story, — even as an unearthly dream is rounded by a poet's sleep.

Let us now, in closing, review this series of illustrations. We regret that Undine, one of the purest of poetic creations, one of the most beautiful ideals of girlhood and love, that ever was conceived, is not included in it; but, as we wished to deal only with representatives of Eve's own race, we felt compelled to omit Undine, most pathetically human though she is. As to the others, Mignon, Fenella, Esmeralda, Pearl, have each the shadow of mystery and sin around her origin. Little Nell and Eva are born into sorrows not their own: Topsy is branded by her color and her race. All of them except Eva are without fixed relations to society, and the society to which Eva finds herself related would not, had she lived, have tolerated her. Most of them are vagrant. Each is in her way fascinating; — Mignon, by her wild inspirations and her lyric soul; Fenella, by her intensity of will and feeling; Nydia, by her devotedness; Esmeralda, by the vehemence of her attachment and the splendor of her beauty; all of them, by force and singleness of passion. In each case the object of the passion is unworthy of it, and inferior to the being that feels it. Wilhelm Meister is a mediocrity; Julian Peveril, a sham; Glaucus, a shadow or non-entity; Phœbus, a debauchee. In the whole series there is no happy life; and when the close is not in early death, sometimes tragic as well as early, it is in uncertainty. Mignon breaks her heart; Nydia drowns herself; Esmeralda is strangled as a sorceress; Fenella goes into exile; Little Nell and Eva die as in a dream; Pearl — it is merely hinted — found in England a wealthy husband; Topsy accompanied Aunt Ophelia to Vermont, and there, we may conclude, she died of cold. On the other side, the men become benedicts; each masculine platitude mates himself with a feminine platitude; then husbands and wives, with increasing families of hopeful children, are, for the rest of their lives, as happy as the day is

long. Each of these resistless heroes had generally broken several hearts ere he consented to delight one heart for ever; and only when he has become weary of killing, does he bow, smile, and surrender. But, then, women like to be killed,—especially in fiction. Is this representation of woman in literature honorable to her? Does she abound in soul to lavish her abundance on the contemptible or the hateful? Is she rich in heart and fancy only to implore vainly that some conceited pauper will accept her wealth, and to perish because he will not? Is she impassioned only towards objects that deserve not her enthusiasm,—impassioned to be disappointed and rejected,—to shower her burning and golden youth upon a block, and lose herself in darkness by the mistake that the stolidity of a wooden idol is the sublime indifference of a god? Satire treats woman badly enough. The whole tone of satire respecting woman is an utter denial or scepticism of all the qualities which we most desire in her,—for which we hold her sacred. Satire seems to be man's reprisal from woman in literature for the homage that he pays in society. But we doubt whether, even in the satire of Rabelais, Montaigne, Bayle, or Gibbon, woman is so degraded as in many ideal representations of her in modern romance. Such, especially, are those which place desire on *her* side, and make man the object of it; which show *her* as the seeker, and man as the sought; which leave to *him* the option of avoidance or concession, to *her* the humiliation of being rejected, or the misery of being destroyed. This is to reverse entirely the method of chivalry; this indicates a radical revolution in the spirit of social manners. We notice it first in Goethe; Scott is not wholly free from it; it was intensified by Byron; and it has been exaggerated by Bulwer.

Yet we have no desire to recall the chivalric ideal of girlhood or womanhood, if with it must likewise be recalled the actual of Feudalism, to which that ideal belonged. The devotion of Feudalism was to a class, that class a narrow and a special one,—the ladyhood of hall and bower. The courtly knight wooed the high-bred maiden with courtly grace. The lady of the castle was of high dignity. The lord of the castle was awful to regard. The grandeur of the parents was a



halo around the daughters, which no vulgar eye could pierce; yet both mothers and daughters were under a domestic despotism which now, in any free condition, would to the humblest be intolerable. Small as were the liberties which Feudalism gave to women, noble dames alone were those who shared them. Chivalry might have commanded swords to start from their scabbards for a queen; but Feudalism could have put its booted foot into the peasant's bridal bed, and the husband must have choked his wrath, and the wife must have borne her shame. *That* which we think true reverence to woman, *that* from which alone true courtesy can spring, is a gracious and generous inspiration, which is not bounded by the limits of condition or of class. Show us the man who can leave the music of the beautiful and the young to listen to the complaints of the suffering, or to aid the infirmities of the aged; who would no more look rudely at the poorest girl in an emigrant-ship, than he would at the richest heiress in the presence of her parents; who treats indigent and unprotected maidenhood with even more cautious deference than he would wealthy beauties, encompassed in family shelter, and cared for with jealous guardianship; who scorns a boaster over woman's weakness as the meanest of cowards, and fears him as he would a poisoner or a Thug; who abhors the libertine blasphemer of feminine nature as he would the desecrator of his mother's grave; — show us such a man, you show us more than a knightly gentleman; you show us a nobleman of nature's best materials, and of God's own anointing and consecration.

It would be of great interest to review, at some length, the different forms which the ideal of womanhood has assumed, according to the various influences of civilization, literature, and religion that have acted on it. But to conduct such an examination adequately, would be to go deeply into the philosophy of history. The highest ideals of womanhood we should find to be the Hebrew, the Classic, and the Christian. The Hebrew ideal was the domestic; the Classic, artistic; the Christian, spiritual. The Hebrew institutions clad woman with maiden and matron honor. The Hebrew commonwealth stands alone among ancient nations for the sacredness which

it gave to woman. Classic Paganism deified womanhood, as it deified manhood. As it had its highest conception of man in strength, so its highest conception of woman was in grace. This strength, this grace, was not all material; still, the influence of sense predominated. Thus, poetry was often sculpture in words; sculpture, poetry in marble. The Hebrews, forbidden the use of images, cultivated the ideal of the moral and the inward life. Christianity did not discard the grace of the classic ideal; it enlarged the sentiment of the Hebrew, and to both it added the conviction of immortality. Immortality was not excluded from Hebrew feeling, but in Christian feeling it is essential. This presents woman and man ever to the mind as equals,—equals in the sublimest relations of existence. The Christian ideal is, therefore, not only the loftiest, but the broadest; it embraces not alone the peculiar claims of woman's sex, but the whole of her humanity. In the degree that this is felt by man, in the degree it is made real in woman herself, in the degree it is recognized and acted on in society, humanity is advanced, refined, purified. With the polemics of the woman question, we have neither time nor inclination to concern ourselves. Among men of sense there is, we apprehend, no disposition to underrate the nature of woman; and as to the relative dignity of the sexes, the controversy must mainly be a quarrel about words. Within the arena in which is won the pure and bloodless fame of spiritual achievement, woman needs no champion; she is her own vindication. Eloquence, poetry, art, philosophy, science, acknowledge her queenliness, and do her grateful homage. The genius of woman has its peculiarities. So has the genius of man. Both are the common glory and property of all. In like manner, the goodness of woman has its peculiarities; man's goodness, too, has its peculiarities; and without the union of both in benefactions to the world, the grandest plans would only be abortive dreams. Much and manifold improvement is needed for the condition of woman; the same is needed for the condition of man; but however bettered and elevated these conditions may become, nature necessitates relative differences in them, which no changes can eradicate, and which it is not desirable that they should.

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We might have speculated, in this closing part of our reflections, on the character and circumstances of the artist-woman, and used for illustration the imaginative beings to which the body of our essay has been devoted. In the elfish, the ethereal, the wild, the wayward, the weird, the impassioned, the poetic, — in the lyric qualities which belong to these beings, we might have found the character of the artist-woman in its elements. In the isolation of these beings, in their vagrancy, in their sufferings and struggles, longings and disappointments, we might have found the circumstances of the artist-woman, and the analogies of her destiny. But the idea was too pregnant; we did not feel adequate to unfold it. After all, it is in the common relations of life that we have the influences of woman that are the most blessed for humanity; and if we sometimes turn from them to luxuriate in the poetic and romantic, it is only as we leave the open scope of creation to gaze on a landscape in a picture. True indeed it is, and terrible as true, that sin has often an agency in woman, which startles and affrights us; sin is, often as she commits it, a paradox and problem of guilt, — an enigma of crime. Instances we have of the obdurate heart, and deeds proper to it, under the glow of beauty, under the guise of sweetness, at which a Borgia might have shuddered; instances we have, in which a *show* of affection concealed the guile of death, yet seemed so true to the reality of love as to lull suspicion into sleep; instances we have, wherein the will and hand of woman have been strong to blood, when the will and hand of a pirate would have been weak to pity; instances we have, when accusations, even convictions, of direful wickedness, have hardly paled the rose upon the girl's cheek or dimmed the brightness of her eye. All this we admit, because it is truth. But truth likewise it is, that the best things, when perverted, are the basest; and that woman, capable though she is of almost unimaginable degradation, is, even in her ordinary and average existence, the heart of goodness, the fountain of charity, — the vital spring, that nourishes, that beautifies, that sanctifies our natural and our common life.

## ART. IV.—THE ORIENTAL QUESTION.

*La Question d'Orient devant l'Europe.* Par M. A. UBICINI. Paris. 1856.

THE importance of the great question which lately engrossed the almost undivided attention of European statesmen has been by no means exaggerated. Whether we regard its intrinsic immediate significance, or its nearer and more remote collateral issues, the Oriental Question was, with the exception of the movements of 1848, of which, indeed, it was a renewal from an opposite direction and under another phase, unquestionably the weightiest problem that has presented itself for the solution of European diplomacy since the general pacification of 1815.

The war, though at first disguised under the form of a crusade in support of the arrogant pretensions of a religious sect, and ostensibly originating in a miserably trivial occasion,\* was really commenced by the Emperor Nicolas for the purpose of forcibly settling questions of the profoundest interest, not only to the rights and the well-being of the subjects of the powers immediately engaged in the struggle, but to the hopes of general social advancement in Asia and in Europe, and even to the principles of free and independent government in America.

The immediate points to be determined were,—whether the Ottoman government was to be maintained, according to the spirit of the treaties, or to be overthrown; if maintained, whether in its independence and integrity, or in a state of qualified dependence on Russia, or of tutelage under the joint guardianship of the great European powers; if overthrown, whether its territory should be annexed to the dominions of the Russian Czar, parcelled out among the crowns which should unite in its conquest, or erected into a new political state, which would be, both in form and in substance, a restoration of the Lower Empire,—in other words, a step towards that “reconstruction of the map of Christen-

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\* The question of the “Holy Places” in Palestine.

dom" after the pattern of the Middle Ages, which is now the earnest aspiration of absolutism in politics and obscurantism in religion.

The collateral issue was of a more comprehensive nature, and of greater importance to the cause of progressive humanity. It involved the realization of that long-cherished Muscovite dream, the establishment of a Russian *suzeraineté* throughout Christian Europe, with an indefinite extension over the Asiatic continent, and the consequent suppression, within those limits, of every democratic, representative, and constitutional form of government; or, in failure of that, the ascendancy of the popular principle, and the formal recognition, in all Christendom, of the inherent and inalienable political, civil, and religious rights of man. It threatened the sacrifice of all that the political and social experience of historic Europe has taught, the extinction of Greek and Roman and Gothic and Saracenic civil culture, and the substitution, not of another civilization, but of a condition of aggregate human existence which negatives altogether the idea of civism and the commonwealth, and admits but one man in an empire of machines, a new form of associate life developed from a Tataro-Slavic germ, and which, having no recognized intelligible being in any country but that in which it originated, has not yet acquired a distinctive name in the common political vocabulary of Christendom.

There was, however, one element in the controversy which was utterly ignored by its great mover, and apparently very little regarded by the other European parties,—the Providence of God. By this agency, the *primum mobile* of the whole movement was suddenly withdrawn, and the accession of a feeble, though, it is to be hoped, a wiser and more humane prince, to the throne of Nicolas, gave the allied powers an opportunity of virtually dictating their own terms of peace. But, however palpable the connection between the immediate and the remoter issues of the war, the diplomacy of Western Europe—either, as there is good reason to believe, from a certain *rapprochement* of sentiment, a certain secret sympathy with the arbitrary views which dictate the general policy of Russia, or, as others more charitably suppose, from a dis-

position to adjourn indefinitely questions most delicate and most difficult of adjustment, and upon the solution of which France and England are not themselves agreed — found it convenient to stifle these questions altogether, and to endeavor to work out the specific problem forced upon them without any recognition of its necessary corollaries. During no part of the struggle did the allied powers show the slightest disposition to conquer an honorable and a lasting peace, or to avail themselves of so favorable a conjuncture for the permanent settlement of the political relations between Eastern and Western Europe, by promoting the political emancipation of the minor nationalities and the weaker states, and thus rallying around themselves an accession of strength which might bid defiance to the advance of Russian domination, until that threatening influence should be disarmed of its dangerous tendencies by the dissensions of its own champions. From the outset, England and France disclaimed all purpose of the dismemberment or diminution of the Russian empire, even as a means of military coercion, and if the Mussulmans of the Crimea or of Asiatic Russia, the Greek and Armenian Christians of Georgia and Bessarabia, the Protestants of Finland and the Southern Baltic provinces, or the Catholics of Poland, had taken up arms to recover their ancient political liberties, they must have done so with the full knowledge that they could expect neither aid nor countenance from the Western alliance, though formally the legal enemy of their great oppressor.

England and France, therefore, waged no offensive war against Russia, sought no change in her relations to the policy of Europe, asked no conditions but those belonging to a mere truce, — an indefinite suspension of hostilities against Turkey, binding her not indeed to abandon, but to postpone to a convenient season, the forcible accomplishment of objects which she is, in the mean time, impliedly permitted to pursue by a continuance of her accustomed course of dexterous intrigue.

The result of the war, thus far, has been what might have been very easily foreseen. It has immeasurably strengthened Russia in her own self-reliance, as well as in the confidence

and devotion of her numerous partisans throughout the civilized world, while it has weakened, disgraced, and humiliated France and England, the latter of these powers especially, by the destruction of their martial prestige, and the exposure of an apparent military inefficiency, of which nothing but actual experience could have convinced a world they so long have kept in awe. Whatever fair words, then, have been employed to salve the honor of those nations, the advantage, at least as respects the actual combatants, rests wholly with Russia; and so far from having receded, that ambitious and unscrupulous power has been aided by her nominal enemies to take another stride in her path to universal empire.

But there is another party to this litigation, whose appearance has not yet been formally entered on record, and who therefore will not be concluded by any errors in fact or in law, and still less by any collusion between the ostensible contestants. We mean the people of Western Europe, as distinguished from their rulers. It was the popular sentiment of England and of France, which compelled the governments of those countries to resist the ambitious encroachments of Russia, and it is to the firmness and intelligence of the people, and not to the wisdom or virtue of cabinets, that Europe must look for her deliverance from the perils which still menace her.

It is notorious that the ill conceived and worse conducted controversy between the Greeks and the Latins about the occupancy of the "Holy Places" in Palestine, which seems to have been got up mainly to give M. de Lavalette, the French Minister at Constantinople, an opportunity for the display of his diplomatic talents, had been settled with the assent and to the satisfaction of the Emperor of Russia, and that the co-religionists of that monarch in Turkey had not asked his intervention for the security of their civil or religious privileges, to which, indeed, the Porte was constantly and spontaneously making new and large concessions. None will now affect to deny that the demands of Russia on this point were a mere feint to cover other schemes, a pretext for a quarrel which it had been pre-determined to pick with Turkey, for the sake either of its immediate conquest, or of establishing

in that empire such an influence as would insure, at no distant day, its complete subjugation to the dominion of the Czars. Russia demanded, in fact, nothing less than the emancipation of the members of the Oriental Church, an immense majority of the population of European Turkey, from Ottoman sovereignty, and an acknowledgment of a right in the Czar to a protectorate over them.

The period for the movement, it must be admitted, was wisely chosen, and the conjuncture seemed eminently auspicious for the commencement of this great enterprise. The revolutionary storms of 1848 and 1849 had been allayed. Russian arms or Russian diplomacy were universally triumphant. Pope Pius IX., the great criminal of the nineteenth century, had, by his treacherous defection from the popular cause, to which he was one of the first to give an impulse, breathed new life into the ancient hostility of Catholicism against every form of human liberty, and again enlisted the whole energies of that powerful Church under the banners of despotism; turbulent France had settled silently down under the usurpation of Napoleon; and Italy had ceased to struggle against the tyranny of Austria, of the Papacy, and of Naples. Nicolas unquestionably believed, when the question was so abruptly moved by his envoy at Constantinople, that the uncertain tenure of the throne on which Napoleon was so recently seated would prevent all interference with his designs by a monarch whose claims to his high station had hardly yet obtained a European recognition. The friendship of Prussia, and the fears and gratitude of Austria, alike seemed to secure him against molestation from those quarters; and if the notorious Russian partialities of Lord Aberdeen, and of another yet more exalted personage closely connected with the British Queen, on which he confidently, and doubtless with good reason, relied, should prove insufficient to curb the British spirit of resistance to his plans of aggrandizement, he would have England alone to contend against, with facilities on one side, and disadvantages on the other, which could not fail to give him an easy triumph over an enemy who must transport troops thousands of miles to perish at his doors.

The policy of the allies at the commencement of the war



abundantly showed the soundness of the Czar's views. He was allowed, after proclaiming his ultimate purpose by acts unmistakable in their character, though accompanied with equivocal words, quietly to make every preparation for waging a war of conquest, and when, in violation of treaties to which France and England were parties, he crossed the frontier and occupied important Ottoman provinces, the Turks were advised by their Christian allies not to treat this invasion of their territory as a *casus belli*. Few then questioned, no man now doubts, that an energetic joint remonstrance on the part of England and France would have prevented the advance of the Russian troops beyond their own limits; but the allies, by this virtual admission of the right of the Russian Emperor, put themselves in the wrong, and, until compelled by public opinion and the insolence which British pride would no longer tolerate, they continued the system of non-intervention, and limited their action to a series of imbecile protests.

It is the political vice of the British people, that, while they exercise a vigilant supervision over the properly domestic action of their government, and hold it to a strict accountability in all that immediately and visibly concerns their commercial or other material interests, they leave it almost wholly uncontrolled in the management of their foreign relations, and often regard with comparative indifference a course of external policy obviously very widely at variance with their sense of political morality, and with their convictions of ultimate material advantage. It is, in fact, if not a constitutional doctrine, at least a widely received opinion, that the power of making war and peace, which is lodged with the crown, properly carries with it the right of determining all those questions, arising in the conduct of foreign affairs, upon which the expediency of declaring war and concluding peace depends. This consideration doubtless authorizes and requires a certain degree of reserve in the expression of popular sentiment, as well as in Parliamentary discussion and action, touching delicate questions of external policy; but it hardly justifies the apparent apathy with which political complications involving vast, though perhaps remote interests, and the maintenance or sacrifice of vital principles of public ethics and inter-

national law, are regarded by a people whose moral and legal power and influence are so great.

Although, therefore, the course of Lord Aberdeen's policy towards Russia was as little approved by the British nation as had been the complicity of its government in the overthrow of the Roman Republic by Louis Napoleon, the countenance its ministry gave to that adventurer upon his seizure of the French dictatorship, or the truckling spirit in which it shrank from a collision with Austria and submitted to insult even from impotent Tuscany in the Mather affair, yet the measures in question were acquiesced in with the grumbling good nature which usually characterizes an Englishman's criticisms upon the foreign policy of his government. But there are limits beyond which a British ministry cannot venture to push its disregard of public opinion, and Lord Aberdeen, having experimented to the utmost safe point on the temper of the people, at last began to act with some show of vigor.

The effects of this long delay were in the highest degree disastrous to the cause professed by the allies, the maintenance of the just prerogatives of the Turkish Sultan, and to that really and conscientiously espoused by the people, the checking, namely, of the dangerous ambition of the Muscovite Czar. Had a reasonable degree of activity been shown in the outset, there can be no doubt that the entire coasts of the Black Sea, including Sevastopol and the powerful fleet there stationed, would have fallen into the hands of the allies, Georgia, and the other Russian provinces south of the Caucasus, as well as the entire Crimea, been permanently relieved from the Russian yoke, and Europe saved for another century from the encroachments of Slavonic barbarism. The delay enabled Nicolas quietly to withdraw his forces from the Turkish frontier, to garrison and provision Sevastopol, to strengthen its landward defences, furnish it with a powerful armament, and thus finally to put it into that almost impregnable condition which cost the allies such mortifying disappointments before its walls, and such a fearful and criminal sacrifice of human life.

Powerful fleets had, indeed, already been sent into the Baltic and the Bosphorus, with apparently hostile intent; but

if we are to infer their instructions from the character of their exploits, we must suppose that their commanders were expected to handle the Russians as tenderly as Izaak Walton would have his scholars use the worm. The failure of the combined fleet, which had so long lain in the Bosphorus, to prevent or punish the destruction of the Turkish ships at Sinope, one of the most treacherous and atrocious acts in the whole history of modern warfare, can be explained only upon the supposition of a deliberate intention on the part of the allies to permit the abject humiliation, if not the final sacrifice, of Turkey. After many delays, a small English and French land force was sent to the Dardanelles; and it is now well known that the original plan of operations was purely defensive, and looked only to maintaining possession of Constantinople and the Straits. A chain of works was to have been erected across the peninsula between the Euxine and the Sea of Marmara, about fifteen miles west of Constantinople, upon a line selected partly with reference to its defensible strength, and partly with a view to secure the springs in the forest of Belgrade which supply the aqueducts of the city. Had the Russians met with the expected success on the Danubian frontier, the pride of the Czar, it was thought, would have been satisfied, and that of the Turks humbled, and then a dishonorable peace might have been patched up, which would have saved the necessity of any actual collision between the Russian forces and those of the allies, and thus brought the war to that "mean conclusion" which, as D'Israeli afterwards said, its "feeble prosecution" only sought to secure. In case, however, the belligerents still proved obstinate, and the Russians had occupied the cis-Danubian provinces and that of Rumelia, a final stand would have been made at the line of works we have mentioned, and a summer and autumnal campaign in that climate would probably have proved to the Russian soldiery as fatal as did the encampment at Adrianople in 1829, and as disastrous as the winter siege of Sevastopol was to the allies. But the gallantry of the Turks, a most unwelcome surprise to all parties but themselves, disappointed this plan, which was as treacherous to the cause of Turkey and the great ultimate interests of West-

ern Europe, as it was sagacious and selfish with respect to the immediate convenience of the allied powers. Silistria was successfully defended. The excited hopes of the Turks and the mortified pride of Russia rendered negotiation, for the time, hopeless, and the public opinion of England and of France at length compelled the reluctant governments of those countries to commence, too late, offensive operations. Nicolas, as we have it from good authority, was so much surprised and disappointed on learning the actual landing of the allied forces in the Crimea, that he fell into a violent paroxysm of rage, loudly exclaiming that his pretended friends had forfeited their pledges, and deceived and betrayed him; and so ungovernable was his passion, that he even offered personal abuse to the officer who brought the unwelcome information.

For offensive operations the British war department had made no previous preparation, for the obvious reason that no hostile movements had been intended. The military habits of France, the character of its government, the perpetual war it wages in Africa, demand the constant maintenance of a large standing army, a great proportion of which is always kept in all respects ready and equipped for active service. The French troops, therefore, required little special effort to fit them to play their part in the Crimea; but never did an army take the field more wretchedly unfurnished with all that belongs to the commissariat, with all, in short, that secures the military efficiency of the soldier by providing for his physical health and comfort, than the British forces, whom the imbecility or the treachery of their government sent to perish on the shores of the Euxine. There was a constant effort on the part of the administration and its supporters to throw the blame and the disgrace of the lost campaign of 1854 on subordinates, civil and military. Now it was this or that minor secretary or other office underling at home, now it was the commanding general, now it was the staff-corps, and now the folly or the temerity of officers of inferior grade in the field, that was to be held responsible for the failure to accomplish in eighteen months what, with due previous preparation and vigorous action, would hardly have occupied as many days.

The British army in the Crimea was as gallant a body of troops, and led by as brave and skilful officers, as ever upheld the interests and honor of their country; but they were sent to the enemy's territory with their eyes bound and their hands tied.

With the hydrography of the Euxine they were sufficiently acquainted to know where a fleet could be anchored and troops landed; and a reconnoissance of the harbor of Sevastopol, executed with equal boldness and dexterity by Captain Drummond of the British navy, had taught them the hopelessness of a naval attack upon its formidable defences; but of the interior of the Crimea they were as ignorant as of the geography of Borneo. Whether Sevastopol had any defences on the land side no Englishman knew; and when the army had lain months before that fortress, it was still a question whether there was or was not a bridge from the mainland to the peninsula across the Putrid Sea. It is utterly impossible to reconcile this want of preparation and of information with any previous purpose of hostile operations on Russian soil, and it was ungenerous to throw upon brave and good men the odium of calamities justly chargeable to the weakness of their ministerial superiors alone.

The conduct of the allied powers towards Austria demands here a special notice. While Sardinia, an utter stranger to all the matters directly at issue in the controversy, was dragged into the quarrel, Austria, so directly interested in the territorial question, and especially in the navigation of the Danube, was permitted to remain professedly neutral, and, upon a baseless plea of the necessity of precautionary measures, to take armed possession of important Turkish provinces, and to govern them with all the rigor of a military conquest. Where the real sympathies of Austria tended, it might be hard to say. Gratitude, of course, as well as a general harmony of political aims, would naturally have inclined her to the side of Russia; but if, instead of being made a drawn game, the war had been prosecuted to a final decision by superior strength, there is little doubt that she would, as was well said by a European diplomatist, have magnanimously "marched to the relief of the victor." The apologists of the

allies said that the tergiversation of Austria was permitted in order that she might not be compelled to turn her half-million of bayonets against them. This was but a hollow pretext. The fears of the governments of France and England were *for* Austria, not *from* her. The incongruous and anomalous assemblage of nationalities called the Austrian Empire is wholly without any principle of internal strength, or even coherence, and it exists as an organized whole only by the sufferance of the great powers of Europe. So far from being a *puissance*, it is a positive *impuissance*, and requires aid from without to stand erect at all. But, sustained by those powers, Austria is a useful and ever-ready minister in the maintenance of the *status quo*, the perpetuity of Continental despotism. Having never professed any principles of national justice or honor, she needs to make no apologies when her services are required to put down the cause of human freedom, and her central position astride the Alps makes her a peculiarly convenient instrument for the suppression of liberal movements in either Northern or Southern Europe. Does a petty German state show a disposition to question the divine and unlimited right of its despotic prince? The apostolical emperor marches an army into its territory. Is Tuscany discontented with the exactions of a ravenous priesthood, and the government of a treacherous and imbecile sovereign? Austria flies to the relief of her cousin, garrisons his fortresses, proclaims martial law, and cuts down broad-brimmed English travellers, in nominal defiance of Leopold himself. Are there signs of insubordination at Naples, Modena, Parma, or any of the minor Italian duchies, the Austrian is at hand to quell the rising spirit of liberty, and a Haynau is never wanting to play the part of provost-marshal. Nay, the republican President of France was fain to make hot haste to crush the Republic of Rome, lest Austria should anticipate him in that kindly office; and yet she arrived in time to secure to herself the possession of Romagna. In short, Austria, which during the comic interludes of the war performed, "by special request" of Lord Aberdeen, the part of clown, is habitually necessary to the "peace of Europe," as the *exécuteur des hautes œuvres*, the general Jack Ketch of all that portion of

the Continent not under the direct jurisdiction of the knout and the terrors of Siberia.

Had Austria been compelled, or even allowed, to follow the impulses of gratitude and all her natural proclivities, and accordingly to make common cause with Russia upon some fair understanding as to a division of the plunder, such for example as the annexation of Servia to her eastern and Piedmont to her western territory, the banners of France and Austria must have been "separated on the plains of Lombardy," and England would have been compelled to send a fleet up the Adriatic. From that moment the Austrian Empire would have existed no longer, and its discordant and smothered elements would have recovered a new life under free governments growing out of, and accommodated to, the exigencies of their own national characters and conditions. Tuscany would have shaken off the yoke, Naples would have been set free, and even Rome relieved from the incubus under which she has groaned for fifteen centuries. The "liberation of Italy from the Goths" would have been an accomplished fact, and all the peninsula would have joined in that triumphant march in which Sardinia has so nobly taken the lead. But the contagion would not have stopped here. Hungary might have been redeemed, Poland re-constructed, the German principalities united in a free confederacy, and, in short, the whole of Western Europe admitted to the full enjoyment of the natural and inalienable rights of man. It certainly would be expecting too much from human virtue to ask that thrones, dominations, principedoms, powers, should contribute to the advancement of such a consummation as this, and therefore neither the despotism of France nor the oligarchy of England could consent to allow a power so indispensable to their supposed interests as Austria to commit a political suicide.

The British ministry was the party principally responsible for the tardiness and irresolution of the allies. We are not partisans of Louis Napoleon, and we fully participate in the general abhorrence with which, notwithstanding the aid and comfort afforded him by Lord Palmerston and his compeers, the *coup d'état* is regarded in England as well as in America :

but at the same time it cannot be denied that his administration of affairs has been a wise one. And though none can say how long his fickle people will be content with a government, which, in spite of Victor Hugo, has been sanctioned by all the forms of a deliberate election, and is therefore at least as legitimate as the Lecompton Constitution, yet it has so far the advantage of that instrument, that there is no proof that it is at present unacceptable to them. We need not therefore quarrel with him for ruling his subjects as they choose to be ruled, and may fairly leave him to settle his accounts with his constituents at the next reckoning-day. But, with respect to the Oriental question, there was on the part of the French Emperor a certain promptness of action which evinced fearless determination, and an apparent political openness which at least simulated frankness and sincerity, however alien such qualities may seem to the character of a ruler, the mystery of whose policy occasionally obtains for him the appellation, which we suppose he considers a compliment, of the modern Tiberius. For ourselves, we believe all this affectation of mystery to be a curtain, behind which is nothing, and we are persuaded that, in arranging the terms of peace, he was at least as little inclined to clip the claws of the Northern Bear as his ally, "*le perfide Albion*." But however this may be, the reluctance of the British government to engage in actual hostilities operated as a drag on the impetuosity of France, and the "timid counsels" which were attended with such disastrous results had their true foundation in the Muscovite sympathies of an Aberdeen.

So far as the war was a struggle between dynasties, a campaign of cabinets, there was little cause why we, as a nation, should espouse the quarrel of either party; but it was in truth one scene in the great tragic drama of Man and his temporal oppressors, of which Christendom has been for fourscore years the theatre, and as such it was eminently fitted to excite a strong interest in the breasts of a free and enlightened people, however remotely concerned in the immediate issue. It is notorious that, at the commencement of the struggle between the Russian and the Turkish empires, the sympathies of the American community were warmly enlisted, and unequiv-



ocally expressed, in favor of the Ottoman cause. The Turks were justly regarded as essentially a progressive people, heroically defending their undoubted rights, and maintaining the prerogatives of their sovereign against the assaults of a semi-barbarous race, urged on to schemes of conquest by an unscrupulous despot, whose sole aim was the aggrandizement of a dynasty already too powerful for the security and the liberties of civilized Europe. Upon such a state of facts, it was impossible that just and generous men could hesitate to espouse the cause of the party assailed, and if the question had been confined, in its further progress, to the original litigants, there is little doubt that American feeling and opinion would have continued to follow their first and natural direction. But the introduction of new parties to the controversy at once invested the whole question with another coloring in the eyes of our citizens. The federal administration suddenly gave unmistakable indications of strong Russian tendencies, which were immediately responded to by the Democratic organs throughout the North, as to oracular utterances from the party tripod, while the South found, in the close analogy between the "domestic institutions" of Russia and its own, an additional motive for obeying the signal-orders exhibited by the government press. The attention of the public was diverted from the real issues, both direct and collateral, and the American journals were almost unanimous in viewing the Anglo-Gallican alliance as a conspiracy between Louis Napoleon and the Aberdeen Ministry, the objects of which were, first, to curtail the power of the Czar, and secondly, in the spirit of Lord Clarendon's bravado, to "regulate" the affairs of this continent, and especially the relations of the United States with the independent Hispano-American republics and the colonial possessions of the European powers. Nay, precisely those American opposition sheets which, in 1849, had been loudest in the denunciation of Russia as the great antagonist power to freedom, were now most clamorous in the exaltation of that government as the exponent of the true spirit of progress, while England, France, and Turkey were depicted as a triple embodiment of barbarous obscurantism. In 1849, those journals execrated Russia, because, in accordance with principles

to which she had adhered for centuries, she extinguished the hopes of political and religious liberty in Hungary, and at the same time enabled Austria to crush the liberal movements in Lombardy and Tuscany, France to annihilate the Roman Republic, and the king of Naples to rescind the constitution he had solemnly sworn to maintain. In 1854, this same power, before so odious as itself tyrannical at home and the ally of all tyranny and oppression abroad, was sustained and defended by the same periodicals, because it was engaged in a war with Turkey, the most tolerant state of the Old World, — France, a country whose humblest citizen enjoys practically greater rights and privileges than the heir apparent of the Russian throne, — and England, whose people, though under a monarchical form of government, are as free as our own.

Those to whom observation abroad has disclosed something of the springs of Russian influence, will readily explain many of these sudden journalistic conversions by the supposition that they were brought about by much the same means as those which induce philanthropic editors to fill their columns with notices of the virtues of Brandreth's pills and other medicinal catholicons, namely, a beneficial consideration. Russia, however, has other means of influencing the press, and through it the people. To say nothing of the dexterity of her diplomates, she has, distributed over the face of the earth, an army of spies and secret political agents, disguised in the forms of travellers for pleasure or the pursuit of science, *couriers de voyage*, servants in great families, political exiles, foreign correspondents of newspapers, Levantine merchants and adventurers, professional gamblers, *chevaliers d'industrie*, and even cripples and beggars. These find easy access to the ear and the columns of "impartial editors," and it is mainly through such instrumentalities that she succeeded to so great an extent in disguising the real issues of the war, and misleading the public mind of Christendom with regard to the true motive of the allies in resisting her unrighteous invasion of Turkey. In the United States, she has ingeniously taken advantage of our hereditary jealousy of England, as well as of our commercial and industrial rivalry with that country, to fan the sleeping embers of

national enmity ; and, unhappily, the conduct of the British government (we say the government as distinguished from the people) has, in too many instances, given indisputable proofs of a determined hostility to everything tending to the establishment of liberal institutions on the European continent. No American acquainted with modern political history can have forgotten that, in 1815, England, then confessedly at the head of the European political system, and able to dictate terms to all its governments, betrayed the liberal cause, and surrendered the people of the Continent to the unrestricted tyranny of despots whom her power had restored to their vacant thrones ; that she has allowed her post-office department to become a bureau of espionage in the service of Austria and Naples ; that in 1849 her ministers of state formally declared to Louis Napoleon that England had "no objection" to that great political crime, the suppression of the Roman Republic, or, in other words, to the extinguishment of the last hope of freedom in the Italian peninsula ; and that when Lord Palmerston, two days after the *coup d'état*, hastened to assure Louis Napoleon of the sympathies of the British government, and thereby threw the whole moral weight of the British nation into the scale of the usurper, he spoke, as he declared in Parliament without contradiction, the sentiments of every member of the Cabinet. These are by no means the only crimes against liberty of which the government of England has been guilty within the last half-century ; but we select them as those most familiar to Americans, and therefore most influential in exciting a popular distrust of the tendencies of British foreign policy. Other causes of national ill-will are the incessant jar of conflicting commercial interests, and, an element not less influential, the irritation produced by the tone of alternate menace and cajolery, contempt and fear, which, misrepresenting the real sentiments of the British people, characterizes the language of many leading English journals with respect to us. To all these influences must be added the offence given at an unlucky moment by the gasconade of a British Minister already alluded to, and the corresponding utterances of the French Emperor, which find their only

apology in the charitable supposition, that they were the product of a moment of exultant intoxication at the conclusion of an alliance deemed invincible, and that the authors themselves attached no definite meaning to the language they were using.

There are also circumstances in the condition of France, which, independently of the threatening aspect of this formidable alliance, have led Americans, since her failure to "consolidate the principles of liberty in a republican form of government,"\* to regard her with less indifference, if not with a certain degree of apprehension. Her great standing army, the sudden and portentous increase in the extent and efficiency of her navy, her vast improvements in all the arts of destruction, the new vigor with which she is entering on schemes of remote conquest and colonization, the extraordinary character of her recent political revolutions, her avowed hostility to the existence of republican institutions in Europe, and the attitude she assumed, in conjunction with England, on the question of the acquisition of Cuba by the United States,—all these are circumstances which may well justify a feeling of extreme uncertainty with regard to the probable character of her future relations with civilized Europe and America.

The people of Europe are known to Americans in general only by the public acts of their respective governments. Our-selves constituting our own government, choosing its officers by our own free election, and professedly moulding its policy by our own will, it is difficult for us to conceive of a political state where government and people are not merely in-harmonious constituents of the commonwealth, but where their constant normal relations are those of antagonist forces. This is nevertheless, with scarcely an exception, the real condition of European political society. Whenever, therefore, we confound the dynasty with its subjects, we do gross injustice to the latter, and no greater error can be committed than to judge the popular sentiment of Europe by the acts of its rulers. Especially is this true with regard to the

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\* Joint resolution of the two Houses of Congress in 1848.

government and people of England, and for more than forty years the foreign policy of that country has scarcely ever been a true representative or exponent of the intelligence or the will of the British people. This is well understood among the liberalists of the Continent, and therefore it is that, in spite of the active co-operation of the British oligarchy with the Continental despotisms, they look to the example of the people of England, and the certain ultimate triumph of popular principles in that state, as the only substantial ground of encouragement or hope for the religious, social, and political emancipation of European Christendom. That the popular element will prevail in England at no distant day, to such an extent as to control her foreign policy, there is no possible ground for doubt; and when her troops shall turn the tide of another Waterloo, she will be found to have won a lasting triumph for humanity, not for its oppressors.

So changed are the mutual relations of the constituents of the European political system, that the British empire, which in 1815 was the first power of the world, is now, considered as a dynasty, in but the third or fourth rank. As the champion of universal liberty, a position she will soon be forced to assume, she will be once more at the head of the Eastern hemisphere, and her political action will be as beneficent an influence as is now her social example. With all the faults of her government, all the errors of her statesmen, all the social indiscretions of her people, England is the first and only great European state, whose citizens have risen to the enjoyment of rational liberty. She is a ready and ever open asylum for the persecuted patriotism of the Continent. It is from her example, and the lessons of her publicists, that popular Europe draws political instruction. The British press disturbs the slumbers of every tyrant and every usurper upon the European continent, and her people and her institutions are regarded as the great source of insecurity and danger to the interests of all arbitrary governments. For these reasons, the Continental despots, in spite of occasional alliances with their most dreaded enemy, are in a state of chronic conspiracy against the power of Britain; and there is no question that the overthrow of that dangerous commonwealth is not only

the aspiration, but the fixed purpose, of absolutist statesmen and Ultramontane religionists throughout Christendom. We, as a government and as a people, share largely in the fear and hate with which England is thus regarded, and are perhaps considered as ultimately even more dangerous than our mother country to the interests of despotism. But for the present, however little disguise is assumed with regard to England, our Northwestern neighbor finds it convenient to affect a profound regard for the citizens and the institutions of the great American republic. The late Emperor of Russia, the most formidable temporal enemy of human progress and human rights that the world has ever known, said that there were but two legitimate frames of government, the despotic and the republican, the one being exemplified, in its normal form, by his own, the other by ours; and he sometimes hinted that these two states, as the only proper exponents of the respective systems, should divide the world between them. This Russian version of the famous prophecy of Napoleon, was one of the cajoleries by which that sagacious despot was wont to minister to our national vanity; and it was his uniform policy to flatter our pride by extravagant civility to American travellers, and patronage and puffery of American science and art, to fan by every dexterous artifice our national jealousy of England, and thus in good time to wheedle us into an alliance framed for crushing the rights of man in their great European advocate and champion, the people of Great Britain. But the ambitious views of Nicolas did not stop here. When we should have played our part in this inglorious strife, and exhausted ourselves in a fratricidal contest with our only national relative and friend, we were, in our turn, to be the object of a general European crusade, and

*Ὅτιν ἐγὼ πύματον ἔδομαι μετὰ οἷς ἐτάροισιν*

was to be the consummation of our alliance with the Muscovite Polyphemus.

Extravagant as these views may appear, they have been in part expressed, in part plainly foreshadowed, in various authoritative documents, and particularly in a pamphlet professedly printed at Erlangen in 1854, but notoriously of Russian origin,

which was privately circulated in the summer of that year in European diplomatic circles, and to which we may, on some future occasion, perhaps recur.

To the execution of this grand scheme of universal subjugation, the annexation of European Turkey and Asia Minor, as well as Greece and the Greek islands, to the Russian empire, was a necessary prerequisite, both as a stimulus and a reward fitted to call forth the utmost energies of the Russian people, and as a measure of military expediency, if not of absolute necessity. A project of territorial extension, embracing the possession of Constantinople, appears to have been conceived as early as the time of Rurik the Northman, and never lost sight of by his descendants. It was more distinctly elaborated by Peter the Great, and prosecuted by all his successors, and has thus for a thousand years, more or less avowedly, formed a leading object of Russian governmental policy, and constituted the favorite political hope of the Muscovite race. "You must give me the Dardanelles; they are the keys of my house," said Alexander to Napoleon, during that brief friendship when they parcelled out the world between them. Constantinople, which, when Rurik established at Novgorod the dynasty that governed Russia for seven centuries, was simply Mikligardr, the great court, soon became in popular speech Zaragrad, the city of the Czar, the political New Jerusalem of the Russian people, who universally believe that, when the niece of the last Constantine brought to her husband, the Czar John III. Vassilievitch, as her only dower, the two-headed eagle, the imperial symbol of her ancestors, the gift was accompanied with a prophetic assurance that his successors should one day hoist it again over the walls of old Byzantium.

The political significance of the fulfilment of this prophecy depends upon the commercial and military importance of the channel between the Euxine and the *Ægean*, and of the territories adjacent to those waters. Constantinople is indeed not a great commercial town, but the Black Sea route has lately regained much of its old value as a convenient path for transit between Europe and the farther East, and internal improvements now meditated will ultimately make the Otto-

man capital the centre and entrepot of a very large traffic. But the commercial importance of this channel, and of the territories it washes, is a matter of secondary consideration in comparison with their military strength, not merely with reference to defence, but, what is of far greater moment, as a base for offensive operations against Western Europe, and indeed against all the states which border on the Mediterranean. We do not assume to be able to discuss this question with professional intelligence, nor is it to be supposed that our readers would be prepared to follow us in strategical disquisitions; but there are some military considerations, which, as the last Philip of Macedon said to the Roman general Flamininus, are obvious even to a blind man, and therefore both writer and reader, *pékins* though we be, may refer to them without trenching upon the exclusive prerogatives of the gentlemen of the sword.

Great as was the general military strength of the Turkish empire at its most flourishing period, the proper Osmanlis have always been poor seamen and but indifferent naval combatants. Hair-ed-deen (Barbarossa), though himself a Turk, not, as erroneously supposed, an apostate Christian, won his great maritime victories chiefly by the aid of Greek, Arab, and renegade sailors. The navy which he had organized soon fell into decay, and in 1610 Sandys wrote thus of the Turkish military marine:—"As for their forces at sea, they are but small in comparison of what they have been, and compared to those of particular Christian princes, but contemptible. Approved by the Florentine, who with six ships only hath kept the bottom of the Streights for these three years past in despite of them; insomuch as they have not dared to hazard the revenue of Egypt by sea, but have sent it overland with a guard of soldiers, to their no small trouble and expense; the whole armado coming often in view, yet not so hardy as to venture the onset." Some years later, fleets of open boats filled with Cossacks crossed the Black Sea, entered the Bosphorus, pillaged and burnt some of the Greek suburbs within eight miles of Stamboul, and finally boarded and took a Turkish frigate sent out to repulse them. Such insults at length awakened the Porte to the necessity of



restoring its navy. Improved dockyards were established at Constantinople, at Sinope on the Black Sea, the scene of the treacherous and cruel slaughter of 1853, and other Turkish ports, and a maritime force approximating to that of the great European powers was soon created. The coasts of the Black Sea, the entire basin of which, as well as the valley of the Lower Danube, was in the hands of the Turks, supplied every material for the construction and equipment of ships, and the Greek islands furnished bold and skilful navigators. Turkey now became again as formidable to Christendom as she had been in the days of Bayazid and Suleiman; she penetrated even to the Tyrol, to the territories which now constitute the Southern Germanic provinces of the Austrian empire, and in 1683 Vienna itself was barely saved from her grasp.

If such was the power of Turkey in the seventeenth century, what, in the nineteenth, would be that of Russia, controlling, in addition to her present vast domain, the effective force of the Ottoman empire, thus uniting one hundred millions of men under the sceptre of a single absolute monarchy, upon an almost continuous and unbroken territory, stretching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and embosoming the Euxine, the Propontis, and the *Ægean*, encompassing Europe as it were by land and water, herself impenetrable and unassailable, and yet but a few hours distant from every vital point upon the continent of Europe, as well as in the other countries whose coasts are washed by the Midland Sea?

Let us recur for a moment to the position of the Ottoman capital. Constantinople lies on the northern shore of the inland Sea of Marmara, or the Propontis, at the junction of the Bosphorus with that sea. It is approachable by water only through two channels, the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Of these passages, the former is a strait sixteen nautical miles in length, averaging less than one mile, and nowhere exceeding two miles, in width, bounded by steep banks, rising always, except at the outlet of the few narrow valleys which open upon the Bosphorus, to the height of from one hundred and fifty to eight hundred feet, and therefore admitting of more formidable defences against a naval attack than the art of fortification has yet anywhere constructed. The


southern shore of the Black Sea is uniformly bold, and there is not a harbor where a fleet could land an army within hundreds of miles from the northern entrance of the Strait. By land, the country for many miles north and west of the city is scantily supplied with forage and water, everywhere cut up by narrow and winding ravines, opposing very serious difficulties to the march of cavalry and artillery, and it is consequently easily defensible. In the very improbable contingency, therefore, of a successful attempt by the powers of Western Europe to send troops to the Black Sea by way of the Danube, or by purely land routes, the chances of the reduction of the capital, in spite of the immense difficulties of the approach, and the overwhelming force which could easily be brought to resist an invading army, would be at best but infinitesimal.

Towards the south, the city is equally well secured. The strait of the Dardanelles is twice as long as the Bosphorus. Its channel is indeed wider, and its banks lower; but there is not an inch of its entire length, where vessels would not be exposed to a cross fire from properly constructed works upon its shores. Besides this, a powerful current from the north pours constantly through it, and it is only at long intervals that the south wind enables sailing vessels to pass up into the Sea of Marmara. The nearest point then, where, under the most favorable circumstances of naval superiority, an invading army could be landed, would be the Gulf of Saros, one hundred and fifty miles southwest from Constantinople. Under any supposable conditions, then, that city, in the hands of European troops, may well be considered impregnable.

But, as we before remarked, the defensible strength of Constantinople is a matter of much less consequence than the power of offence which it would confer upon Russia, in the event of its falling into the hands of that already too formidable state.

In the present condition of the art of war, a powerful navy is an indispensable requisite to the attainment of great military efficiency by any European state, and the example of England from 1793 to 1815 showed that a people, which had never sent forty thousand land troops into the field, might yet, by means of a great navy, almost control the

destinies of Europe. So general is this conviction among the Continental powers, that even those states which are least favorably situated for maritime operations are endeavoring to create a military marine, and France, to the surprise and alarm of British tars, has experimentally proved that a great and most efficient navy may subsist, without that extensive maritime commerce which has so long been popularly supposed to be the only available nursery for seamen.

What position, then, would the possession of the Euxine, the Sea of Marmara, and the great straits which connect them both with the Mediterranean, enable Russia to assume, as a naval power? From its military strength, Constantinople would be the securest port of naval construction in the world. The whole Bosphorus is a harbor, the Golden Horn a dock excavated by the hand of nature, and as capacious as the r  yards of all Europe. Here, then, might be built and anchored a navy of unlimited extent, and here might be accumulated, with unequalled convenience and in perfect security, the most abundant supplies of naval stores and all the enginery of war. While England and France must import from abroad, and that often in the face of hostile fleets, much of the hemp, the pitch, the timber, the metals, and other materials of naval construction and equipment, as well as the bread and meat for provisioning their seamen and land-troops, the territories of Russia would yield, almost upon the very shores of the Black Sea, in profuse abundance, every vegetable, mineral, and animal product required for the construction, the equipment, the armament, and the provisioning of fleets. The Christian inhabitants of the coasts of the Euxine, and all the Greeks of the islands and shores of the Mediterranean, are excellent sailors, and as the puny kingdom of Greece would soon fall a willing prey, and cease to exist, except as a Russian province, the whole Greek people would be at hand for manning the imperial marine.

With these advantages, therefore, it is obvious that in a very few years Russia might create within her own impregnable harbors, and with means derived exclusively from her own soil, a navy, which would not only command the direct communication between Europe, Asia, and Africa, by way

of the Mediterranean, but give her complete control over the borders of that sea, which washes a wide extent of the coasts of the three continents, and yet has not a single secure harbor capable of serving as a port of construction and of refuge for a great rival fleet.

Nor is Constantinople less favorably situated for offensive military operations by land. The climate of the city and its environs is agreeable and salubrious in the highest degree. Its security, and the facility with which all the material of war, as well as great bodies of troops, can be collected at and near it, render it eminently advantageous as a military depot and rendezvous for the commencement of movements in either direction. By the railroad route, which had been surveyed and provisionally established from Constantinople to Belgrade, lying wholly within the Ottoman territory, and the construction of which, but for the late war, would have been already far advanced, troops could be transported to the Austrian frontier in thirty hours, and a railroad two hundred miles in length between the Gulf of Salonica and the Adriatic would bring the coasts of Italy within forty-eight hours of the Bosphorus. With, then, unlimited sway over so great a population, mixed indeed in race and in religion, but with an overwhelming majority of one blood and one faith; with such unrivalled facilities for constructing, equipping, arming, provisioning, and manning a navy superior in power to any that has ever existed; with the consequent complete command of both the Baltic and the Mediterranean, thus environing the continent on three sides with such advantages for the concentration of force at a single point, such means of movement in every direction, and of conveying armies to the very centre of Europe by lines of march weakened by no flank exposure, while, on the contrary, his own forces would flank every hostile movement against himself, — who can doubt that the Emperor of Russia, once seated on the throne of the Constantines, would, from his two centres of power, the Baltic and the Euxine, dictate the policy, and control the action, of every government belonging to the European political system? The Czar at Constantinople, in that event the military capital and central garrison of

the Eastern continent, would give law to a wider empire than ever bowed to the sceptre of a Cæsar, and the first terrible alternative of Napoleon's sagacious prediction, "Cos-sack or Republican," could scarcely fail to be accomplished before the expiration of the half-century he allowed for its fulfilment.

The Emperor Septimius Severus, who in a fit of passion demolished old Byzantium in the year 196, regretted afterwards that he had destroyed the best bulwark of his empire against the barbarians of Pontus. For two centuries after the capture of new Byzantium by the Turks, in 1453, it was a most formidable battery against the liberties and even existence of Christendom; but it has now become again the most effectual obstacle to the advance of political barbarism, and whenever the Western nationalities suffer this focus of physical power to fall into the hands of the great autocrat, it will be once more the most dangerous of engines for the destruction of existing European civilization.

Besides schemes of territorial aggrandizement and increase of political power, Russia has, in common with Austria, another motive for destroying the independent existence of the Ottoman state. For three hundred years Turkey has been a sure asylum to social reformers who have been expatriated in consequence of the failure of their efforts to vindicate the rights of man in the Continental states. To the political exile her doors have been always open, and she has never denied food and shelter to the banished patriot who has appealed to her for sustenance and protection. England and Turkey are thus the two great cities of refuge, the one for Western, the other for Eastern Europe; and as such, both are entitled to the respect of every free people and the lasting gratitude of all the friends of enlightened humanity. In 1849 the generous hospitality of Turkey saved not merely from want, but from an ignominious death, the thousands who appealed to her after the fall of the Hungarian government in that disastrous year. England and France then joined in sustaining Turkey in this most honorable course, and the much decried Anglo-Gallican alliance had its real origin in the community of opinion and feeling between the two

nations to which these occurrences gave birth. Here, then, Christian despotism has both a wrong to avenge and a danger to avert. Turkey and England are alike perilous to dynastic interests, and the conquest of one is to be the prelude to the inevitable downfall of the other.

For the sake of correcting a widely diffused popular error, we must here advert to an argument of the partisans of Russia, little urged in Europe, where the subject is better understood, but much relied on in the United States, where there is great general ignorance with regard to Oriental and Russian politics. We refer to the pretence that one object of the war was to open a passage for the Russian commercial marine between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, which were alleged to have been closed to Russia by the intrigues of England and France. The Sultan of Turkey is the sovereign of both shores of the straits, as well as of the entire coasts of the Sea of Marmara, which lies between them, and which is, according to the laws of nations, a close sea. The right of the Sultan, therefore, to close the passage of the straits, unquestionable; but in point of fact they have been for a long period entirely open to the commerce of the world, Russian as well as English and French, and the trading vessels of every maritime people pass freely through them from sea to sea. Even the coasting trade between Turkish ports, a privilege which no Christian state allows to foreigners upon its own shores, has been liberally conceded to European enterprise, and is mainly carried on in Frank bottoms. That Turkey, a power of no naval strength, should not expose her unfortified capital to danger by granting to foreign armed vessels the free navigation of its approaches, and lay herself at the mercy of other powers by allowing them to penetrate the heart of her territory, occupy the Sea of Marmara, and cut off the connection between her European and Asiatic possessions, would certainly form no just cause of complaint against her. But Russia has not even the shadow of a pretext so groundless as this. The passage of the straits by armed vessels was formally closed to all nations by the treaty of 1841 between the five powers, with the full assent

of Russia herself, who, sacrificing no right, gladly acceded to a stipulation which secured her own Euxine possessions against the danger of attack by French or English fleets, in case of war with either of those powers.

The candid American student of contemporaneous history, who seeks a satisfactory answer to the question, "Why England and France resisted the late attempted conquest of the Ottoman empire by the Russian forces?" will find it in solemn treaty obligations, and in the dangers to which the interests of civilization and of liberty would be exposed by the further growth and expansion of a power, whose action upon every other body politic with which it has come in contact has uniformly been that of the cannon-ball,

"Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches."

That the contest, which is but adjourned, not ended, will soon be renewed, there can be little doubt. In its next phase, it will probably assume a character which will more directly appeal to our political sympathies, if not to our material interests; and it is earnestly to be hoped, that, in such an event, our moral influence at least may be thrown into the scale of human liberty and human progress.

It is our firm persuasion, that the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire are absolutely necessary, we will not say to the maintenance of that delusive figment, the balance of power in Europe, but to the free enjoyment of human rights in any part of that continent. We shall take an early occasion to show the grounds of our belief that Christianity and civilization are destined to win great triumphs on a soil so long regarded by Europe as irreconcilably hostile to both.

## ART. V.—THE MORMONS.

1. *The Book of Mormon: an Account written by the Hand of Mormon, upon Plates taken from the Plates of Nephi.* Translated by JOSEPH SMITH, JR. Fifth European Edition. Liverpool: Published by F. D. Richards. London: Sold at the L. D. Saints' Book Depot, &c., &c. 1854. 12mo. pp. 563.
2. *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, with Memoirs of the Life and Death of Joseph Smith, the "American Mahomet."* Illustrated with Forty Engravings. London: Office of the National Illustrated Library. 12mo. pp. 326. (Date of Preface, June, 1851. Author, Henry Mayhew.)
3. *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; a History of their Rise and Progress, Peculiar Doctrines, Present Condition, and Prospects, derived from Personal Observation during a Residence among them.* By LIEUT. J. W. GUNNISON, of the Topographical Engineers. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 168.
4. *Utah and the Mormons: the History, Government, Doctrines, Customs, and Prospects of the Latter-Day Saints, from Personal Observation, during a Five Months' Residence at Great Salt Lake City.* By BENJAMIN G. FERRIS, Late Secretary of Utah Territory. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854. pp. 247. 12mo.
5. *Mormonism, its Leaders and Designs.* By JOHN HYDE, JR., formerly a Mormon Elder and Resident of Salt Lake City. New York: W. P. Fetridge & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 335.
6. *The Unitarian.* Conducted by BERNARD WHITMAN. 1834. Notice of the Book of Mormon in the First Number. By JASON WHITMAN. pp. 40–50.

BETWEEN the long-established possessions of the United States and those which lie on the coast of the Pacific extends a vast wilderness, where, till within a few years, the foot of civilized man has rarely penetrated, and where, even yet, travel is difficult, dangerous, and confined to a few roads, worn by the steps of that multitude who have been led westward by the attractions of the Land of Gold. Far in that wilderness is a valley, singular in its geographical character, and peopled by singular inhabitants. Lofty mountain ranges gird it in, their highest points covered with perpetual



snow. Sharp peaks arise, in various fantastic forms. As the traveller reaches an eminence towered over by these heights, and itself eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, he sees before him, beyond the dark fringe of pines, a silver lake expanding in ocean-like magnificence. Suddenly, his companions fall on their knees; the air resounds with the mingled noise of joyful shouts, and prayer, and weeping; as when, in the East, a company of devout pilgrims greet for the first time the blended minarets and domes of Jerusalem. The scene is Oriental in many of its circumstances. That gleaming lake is like the Dead Sea of old Palestine, of bitter waters wherein no living thing is found. Those devotees approach a city, holy in their view as Jerusalem, to the tribes of Israel; for there presides one whom they reverence as a prophet of the Lord. But to one who is with them, but not of them, the thought occurs of another city which stood by the Dead Sea in old time, and he recognizes in the city of the Western Salt Lake not a new Jerusalem, but a second Sodom.

Pass on beyond the dark pine barrier, and descend the shelving ranges, — the successive boundaries from age to age of the vast inland sea, which has gradually contracted to its present dimensions. Pass on, here by springs of salt, there by fountains of boiling water, and enter the city. It is of vast extent, but thinly peopled; surrounded by fortifications which might resist an attack of predatory Indians, but which, commanded by the surrounding eminences, would be slight protection against a civilized assailant. As you proceed, the signs of Oriental and of Western life are strangely mingled. Here are stores and warehouses and workshops, bearing on their fronts the familiar names that meet us in our New England streets; there rises slowly the wall of a temple, destined apparently to rival Solomon's in magnificence, yet not in ancient Jewish proportions, but resembling rather some European cathedral. And there again, sight of shame and sign of approaching doom, appear the buildings of a harem, where some man, who has enjoyed from youth the light of civilization and of the Gospel, keeps his numerous wives. Over the portico of the lordliest mansion frowns a bronze lion. That, known as the Lion House, is tenanted

by seventeen or eighteen of the wives of him who reigns in this strange community with the blended authority of Moses and Solomon, — Brigham Young, "the Lion of the Lord."

In order to understand this singular commonwealth, it will be necessary for us to go back some years, to trace the course of him who gave the first impulse which resulted in what we now behold.

Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church and State, was born in Sharon, Vt., December 23d, 1805. During his childhood, his parents removed to Palmyra, New York. His education was very limited, his occupation that of a farmer. The account given by himself of the manner in which he received the system which he taught, is briefly the following. At the age of fourteen or fifteen, he was affected with religious feelings, and much disturbed in mind on account of the diversity among the sects of Christians. Fearful that, in making a choice from among them, he might be led into error, he withdrew into the woods for the purpose of prayer. Here a horror of great darkness fell upon him, and he fancied himself on the verge of destruction through the malice of some infernal enemy. He exerted all his powers to implore deliverance, and suddenly he saw a pillar of light above his head, brighter than the sun, which gradually descended till it rested on him. He now saw two personages, who proved to be no other than the Eternal Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Not to continue the details of this strange and to us revolting narrative, Smith, according to his own account, was informed that the American Indians were a remnant of ancient Israel, but a degenerate remnant, — the relics of a once mighty branch of that sacred stock, which had filled this continent with populous cities, flourishing in arts and arms, until the greater part of them were, for their unworthiness, destroyed; but that the records of their former greatness had been safely deposited in the earth. He was directed to the spot where these treasures were preserved; and after several visits there, the Book of Mormon, written upon plates of gold in characters which Smith styled "reformed Egyptian," was taken from its long repose, and delivered to the new prophet by angel hands.

There is a strange mixture of the burlesque with this bold blasphemy. With the plates inscribed in this unknown language was found a singular instrument, through which alone they could be interpreted. This was the Urim and Thummim, mentioned in Holy Writ as the means whereby communications were made from the Divine Guide of the people in ancient times. Much have commentators been bewildered to know in what these Urim and Thummim, "lights and perfections" as the words mean, consisted. Smith solved the mystery in a way which no commentator probably had imagined before. They were a pair of spectacles, "two transparent stones, set in the two rims of a bow." This wonderful instrument enabled him who wore it to understand the meaning of the otherwise unknown language before him.

The gold plates found by Smith have not been often seen by other eyes than his. Certificates however are produced from a few persons, mostly members of Smith's own family, and of another by the name of Whitmer, who profess to have seen and handled them. One of these persons, Martin Harris, brought to Professor Anthon of New York a copy made by Smith of some of the mysterious writing. That eminent scholar used his best endeavors to convince farmer Harris of the fraud which was practised upon him, but without success. His account of the paper is as follows:—

"This paper, in question, was in fact a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes; Roman letters, inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns; and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived."

From his gold plates translated, or from some other source, Smith produced a volume in the English language,—the Book of Mormon, or Mormon Bible. This work, had it

been his own composition, would have given him a claim to be regarded as not only the most daring of religious impostors, but as possessing powers of fictitious composition, which, considering his scanty opportunities of education, would border on the miraculous. We know indeed how the boy Chatterton wrought out from a few old mercantile accounts and other worthless waifs from a distant age the splendid creations of the imaginary Rowley,—poems which command the wonder of the world for their genius, and its pity for their young, misguided, and unhappy author. But Chatterton wrote on themes long familiar to him; he had mused for hours in the old muniment-room of Redcliffe church, and his imagination was at home in the language and the ideas of the age whose style he imitated;—while Smith was an ignorant country-boy, unskilled in the art of authorship, except from the impulse of ambition and the inspiration of genius. Genius he certainly possessed; but it did not make him the author or the translator of the Book of Mormon. That strange production was from another source; and little did its real author imagine the evil use to which his composition would be applied.

The true origin of the Book of Mormon is sufficiently established. In the year 1809, the Rev. Solomon Spalding, a clergyman in the State of New York, who had left his profession from feeble health, failed in that business to which he had afterwards given his attention. He now removed to New Salem in Ohio, and sought to occupy himself by writing, choosing as the object of his undertaking a fictitious tale founded on the Scripture history, and on the theory, which was not original even with him, that the Indians of North America were descended from the Israelites of old. The idea of this tale was suggested to him by the numerous mounds and forts in the neighborhood of his new residence, the relics of a former race. He entitled his work, "The Manuscript Found." Mormon and his son Moroni were among his leading characters, as in the publication which Smith professed to have translated from the golden plates. In 1812, the manuscript of this work was deposited with a bookseller named Patterson, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania;

but before any arrangement was made for its publication, the author died, and the manuscript remained unclaimed in Patterson's possession. The printer lent the manuscript to Sidney Rigdon, a compositor in his office, and at the same time a preacher in the "Christian Connection." Rigdon afterwards became associated with Smith as one of the principal leaders among the Mormons.

In 1839, the widow of Spalding, then residing in Monson, Massachusetts, stated these facts in one of the newspapers of Boston. She further declared, that a Mormon female preacher, having appointed a meeting at New Salem, where her husband had resided, read and repeated copious extracts from their sacred book. These extracts were immediately recognized by some of those present, as part of the work of Mr. Spalding, which they had read or heard in manuscript. Mr. John Spalding, the brother of the author, was present at the meeting. Recognizing his brother's work, and amazed and afflicted at its perversion to the vile purpose of a religious imposture, he rose, and with tears declared the true origin of the passages which they had heard. He afterwards stated the same on oath; particularizing that his brother's work gave an account of the journey of a portion of the Israelites from Jerusalem by land and sea, until they arrived in America under the command of Nephi and Lehi, and that it also mentioned the Lamanites. This account of the contents of Mr. Spalding's book identifies it with the Book of Mormon.

This journey of the Israelites, we may remark in passing, is a romance which reflects no little credit on the imagination of its author. We condense it, as far as possible, in the following abstract.

In the first year of Zedekiah, king of Judah, when the destiny of the nation was darkening towards the calamity of the captivity in Babylon, a devout man, named Lehi, was moved by the warnings of Jeremiah and other prophets, to flee from Jerusalem. He took with him his four sons and their wives, and travelled till they came to the great ocean. Here Nephi, the youngest of the sons, by Divine direction, built a vessel, in which the whole company embark. On the voyage, the elder brothers mutiny, and bind Nephi; but as

he alone has been instructed from Heaven how to manage the vessel, they are obliged to reinstate him in the command. At length they reach land,—this Western continent, near two thousand years before its discovery by Columbus. After their arrival, Laman and Lemuel, the elder brothers, again revolt; and this division between the members of the family becomes perpetuated in their descendants, under the names of Lamanites and Nephites,—the Nephites being generally obedient and virtuous, the Lamanites rebellious and unbelieving. Cities arise, kings reign, and prophets exhort. These prophets are represented as predicting the coming of the Saviour, and in clearer language than that of the prophets of the Old Testament. At length the Saviour himself appears, after his ascension as recorded in the New Testament. His teaching is described in language copied from the genuine Scriptures. He ascends to heaven, and his Gospel is preached among the Nephites, and to some extent among the Lamanites. But at length the Nephites “dwindle in unbelief”; the infidels gain the ascendancy; the true believers become extinct, and their last prophet, Mormon, consigns to the earth the plates that contain the record of the nation, “to be brought forth in due time by the hand of the Gentile.”

While the testimony of the Spalding family explains the origin of this strange romance, the testimony of Smith's early associates sheds light upon those habits of thought and action which induced him to employ this manuscript for purposes of deception. Smith, it appears, was engaged in youth with a set of men who devoted themselves to the business of digging for hidden treasure; the places where treasure was buried he pretended he could find by means of a stone placed in his hat. It is possible that, in some of his digging adventures, he may have lighted on some relics of the past, sufficient to suggest to his own mind, and to pass off upon the minds of others, the fraud which proved so successful. This supposition is confirmed by the actual discovery, in an ancient mound at Kinderhook, New York, of some brass plates inscribed with unknown characters,—the work undoubtedly of that former race, more civilized than the Indians, the traces of whose greatness exist in various parts of the continent, but chiefly in Mexico and Central America.

The 22d of September, 1827, is named by Smith as the date when he received the plates of gold from the Lord. On the 5th of May, 1829, Smith and Cowdery were ordained priests, as is asserted, by direction of no less a person than John the Baptist. They alternately baptized and ordained each other. About a year after (April 6th, 1830) the Mormon church was organized, at Manchester, New York, consisting of six persons, — two only not being members of the Smith family. This scanty beginning reminds us of the time, twelve hundred years before, when, at Mecca in Arabia, Mahomet first declared, in an assembly of his relatives and friends, his claim to a divine commission, — when others wondered and laughed, as he inquired who would take the office of his vizier, but the enthusiastic boy Ali fearlessly responded; and a spiritual empire was organized, which, in less than a hundred years, ruled from Persia to the Straits of Gibraltar.

On the 1st of June, 1830, the first conference of the Mormon sect was held, at Fayette; the number of believers being about thirty. Some opposition was encountered even thus early; a dam which Smith had ordered to be constructed across a stream, for the purpose of baptizing his disciples, was broken down, and himself threatened with violence, and accused of robbery and swindling. With equal courage and good judgment, he neutralized reproach, by confessing that he had once led an immoral life; but, unworthy as he was, "the Lord had chosen him, had forgiven him all his sins, and intended, in His own inscrutable purposes, to make him — weak and erring as he might have been — the instrument of His glory."

The church thus organized, they received through their prophet a command to remove to Kirtland, Ohio, where Rigdon had a body of converts. Thence, August 3d, 1831, a removal was determined upon, to Independence, Missouri, which was fixed on as the seat of the earthly Zion.

The removal to Missouri did not, however, take place till April, 1832; and would perhaps have been longer delayed, but for the events of the 22d of the preceding month, when Smith and Rigdon were brutally abused by a mob at Kirt-

land,—the cause, real or pretended, being their “dishonorable dealing.” Shortly after this affair, Smith and some of his friends left for Missouri.

Hostility followed them. The conduct of the settlers in Missouri did not make friends among the rough citizens of that border State. Among other misdemeanors, they were accused of having a community of wives. Probably the imprudent language of some among them, who talked of their determination to possess the whole State, and suffer none to live near them who were not of their church, created more hostility than any immoralities practised among themselves. Nor was the least of their offences that of “exercising a corrupting influence over the slaves,”—the ground for which charge was an article which appeared in their newspaper, on “Free People of Color.” In April, 1833, a meeting was held at Independence, at which resolutions were passed requiring the Mormons to leave the country, and referring them contemptuously to their prophets to foretell what would be the result should they refuse compliance. This action was followed by the destruction of their printing-offices and the tarring and feathering of two among their leaders. The Lieutenant-Governor, Lilburn W. Boggs, was in the neighborhood, but refused to interfere to prevent this outrage. On the re-assembling of the mob in July, the Mormons entered into an agreement that half of them would leave the State by the 1st of January, and the remainder by the following April. Smith, who was at Kirtland at the time, had more courage than to yield so easily. He appealed for protection to the Governor of Missouri (Mr. Dunklin), and that magistrate advised the Mormons to remain where they were, and apply to the courts for redress. But the Governor’s confidence in the law-abiding character of his constituents was not well founded. The mob re-assembled, houses were demolished, a battle ensued, and two of the assailants were killed by the Mormons in defending their property. This action, justified though it was by the circumstances, raised to its extreme the excitement against them. The militia were called out; but they were anti-Mormon to a man. In fear and haste and misery, the ill-used victims of Smith’s deception fled from the



spot they had expected to make their Zion. They did not, however, at once abandon the State. Driven from Jackson County, they were received with hospitality in Clay. "They never," says one writer, "returned to their Zion, but remained for upwards of four years in Clay County. It was mostly uncleared land where they settled or squatted; but being a most industrious and persevering people, they laid out farms, erected mills and stores, and carried on their business successfully. They also laid the foundations of the towns of Far West and Adam-On-Diahman; but their fanaticism here, as well as in their former location, soon proved the cause of their expulsion from the whole State of Missouri. The slavery question, the calumny about their open adulteries and community of wives, their loud vaunts of their supreme holiness, their continually repeated declarations that Missouri was to be theirs by Divine command, and the quarrels constantly resulting therefrom, led to the same ill-feeling in Clay County as had been exhibited elsewhere.

In this enumeration of the causes of their unpopularity, the charge of immoral conduct is called a calumny. The subsequent history of the sect gives too much reason to believe that it was well founded. On the other hand, if they then deserved the hostility of the Missourians by antislavery sentiments, they subsequently became as faithful believers in the patriarchal institution as any Missourian can desire. The African race, according to them, is twice doomed; bearing the mark of Cain and the curse of Ham, united in them through the marriage of Ham with a descendant of the first murderer.

But whatever the charges against the Mormons, they were sufficient to arouse the popular rage. One of their hymns says:—

"Missouri,  
Like a whirlwind in its fury,  
And without a judge or jury,  
Drove the saints and spilled their blood."

During these eventful days Smith was not idle. With equal courage and conduct, he led a party from Kirtland through a country filled with his enemies, to strengthen his suffering brethren in the West. They encamped by one of

the ancient mounds. Smith caused some of the earth to be removed, and, uncovering a skeleton, told his wondering auditors who the man had been, his name, Zelph, his character, as a Lamanite more virtuous than his kinsmen, and how "he was killed in battle in the last great struggle between the Lamanites and Nephites." Many will remember the remarkable meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. This, as a sign from Heaven, answered good purpose in the cunning management of Smith.

We have not time nor disposition to enter at length into the sad history of their final expulsion from Missouri. After much confusion, in which the Mormons appear to have been "more sinned against than sinning," the Governor, the same Lilburn W. Boggs who had refused to interfere for their rescue from outrage on a former occasion, gave orders that they should be "exterminated or expelled." The officer who had received this order, Captain Nehemiah Comstock, who had himself only the day before promised them protection, began to put the atrocious command in execution by surprising and massacring the people of a whole settlement,—Haun's Mill. The messenger who brought the tidings declared that himself, with a few others, fled into the thickets, which preserved them from the massacre, and on the following morning they returned and collected the dead bodies of the people and cast them into a well. There were upwards of twenty who were dead or mortally wounded. The Mormons say, in a document published soon after: "Men were shot down like wild beasts, or had their brains dashed; women were treated with insult, until they died in the hands of their destroyers; children were killed while pleading for their lives. All entreaties were vain and fruitless; men, women, and children alike fell victims to the violence and cruelty of these ruffians."

From Missouri, the Mormons took refuge in Illinois. Here they built a town, to which they gave the name of Nauvoo, from the Hebrew נָאוֹ, or The Beautiful; and increasing continually, notwithstanding, or perhaps rather in consequence of their persecutions, they established here, under the personal direction of their prophet, a flourishing community, and built

a magnificent temple. Smith, exalted to the height to which his ambition had long aspired, united with the titles of Prophet, President, and Mayor that of General of the Nauvoo Legion, a body of troops which were enrolled as a portion of the State militia. His vanity even allowed the idle compliment of his name being brought forward as the candidate of his people for the office of President of the United States.

But the end was near. Truly or falsely, assertions were made that the prophet and his chief confederates were guilty of conduct in private which in public they disowned; that acts of gross impurity were committed by them, the victims being deluded by pretended revelations from above. A newspaper was commenced in Nauvoo itself, under the name of the *Expositor*, in opposition to the Mormons. In its first number were printed the affidavits of sixteen women, fixing the charge of such crimes on Smith, Rigdon, and others. The Prophet, in his capacity of Mayor, and by consent of the City Council, destroyed the office and presses of the *Expositor*, and burnt the papers and furniture. This bold proceeding aroused the country. Smith refused to submit to a warrant for his arrest. Illinois was in arms, and the Governor took the field in person. His Excellency called on the two Smiths, Joseph and his brother Hiram, to surrender peaceably, pledging his word and the honor of the State for their protection. They obeyed; the prophet saying as he surrendered: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offence, and shall die innocent." His anticipations were verified. On the 26th of June, 1844, the Governor visited the prisoners at Carthage, and pledged his word to protect them against the violence with which they were threatened by the excited populace. But that evening a band of nearly two hundred men, with blackened faces, overpowered the small guard of the jail, and murdered the prisoners. The assailants completed their own dishonor by brutally insulting the body of their victim.

Thus died Joseph Smith, the Mahomet of the nineteenth century,—if the application of that name to him is not a wrong to the Arabian prophet. For the faith of Mahomet, with whatever of conscious imposture he may have proclaimed

it, was at least a great advance upon the idolatry which previously existed among his countrymen; while the doctrine of the Western deceiver rejects what is highest and purest in the prevalent religion, and degrades its followers to a groveling materialism and a worse than Asiatic sensuality. It is in our power to speak personally of the founder of Mormonism. In a visit to the city of Washington he held an audience interested through a long discourse, defending his tenets, and complaining of the oppressions suffered by his people in Missouri. He was a man of powerful frame, a commanding voice, and a ready flow of language. He said little of his own claims as a prophet, except to deny the charge of having derived the Book of Mormon from Spalding's manuscript, but labored chiefly to conciliate favor to his sect, as a harmless and industrious people, whose religion differed little from that of other Christians, and who had been subjected to gross and cruel persecution.

Our historical sketch must be rapidly brought to its conclusion. Dismayed by the fall of their leader, and the excitement in the public mind against themselves, the Mormons were not without internal difficulty from the question of succession to the chieftainship of their sect. But all competitors at length gave way to Brigham Young, a man possessing much of the courage and prudence of Smith.

This leader saw the necessity of yielding to the storm which had been aroused against the sect in Illinois, and determined on a retreat to the regions of the remoter West. There, it seemed probable the Mormon church and state might remain undisturbed, on ground where none could complain of them as intruders. But while their arrangements were in progress, events took place which converted their chosen home in the desert into the central point of an emigration far more extensive than their own. The Mexican war took place; and in it some of the Mormons were offered and accepted military employment under the United States. The results of that war, in the annexation of a part of Mexico to this country, and the discovery of gold in the annexed territory, turned westward a tide of emigration of which no Mormon prophet had ever dreamed. That tide necessarily passes the Valley of the

Great Salt Lake, and thus the forms of social life from which the Mormons fled pursue them to their desert, and threaten them with the repetition of their former sufferings. On the shore of that lake of salt, the Mormons have exhibited the better traits of their character in the industry which has converted that lonely desert into a populous and flourishing territory, and their darker features in the full development of that systematic licentiousness which the vicinity of civilization had hitherto kept in check. With a policy suggested by the remoteness of their position, and by a desire to do justice to a suffering people, but which has proved unfortunate, the national administration conferred the office of Governor of the Territory on the Mormon chief. Young accepted it; but has ruled his people far more by the title derived from the prophetic character which he claims, and from the commanding power of his own mind. His sway is constantly extending, through the influence of numerous missionaries, and the arrival from various countries of bands of emigrants, converted by their labors. All went on peaceably, till the attempt was made to establish in the now populous territory the jurisdiction of the courts of the United States. Then it quickly appeared that neither Young nor his people would endure an authority independent of his own. The United States officials returned from a territory where their functions could not be discharged. The present executive appointed a successor to Young in the office of Governor, and commissioned a military force to accompany him to the scene of his duties, and sustain him there. To this action, Young and his people oppose a bold resistance. The issue still rests among the secret counsels of Divine Providence.

Rumors reach us, of various and contradictory character, as to the purpose of the Mormons. Now we are told they are preparing to resist, — now it is rumored they intend to emigrate; now, that Young is embarrassed by a party who advocate submission, and anon, that he can hardly restrain the ardor of those who are for instant hostilities. Our own impression is, that, after letting winter do their fighting for a while, as it has already done to good purpose, destroying the beasts of burden of the national army and disheartening the

troops by a long period of suffering and inglorious inactivity, in the spring they will ply with vigor the weapons of diplomacy, bribery, and intrigue, and meantime guard the mountain passes, and prepare themselves for the last extremity. We will not, however, discuss these contingencies without saying a few words more of the religious belief of this singular body.

The Book of Mormon, it will be seen, is founded on the Old Testament. It is essentially Jewish. It records the imagined history of Hebrew kings and prophets, who continued to a Hebrew race on this continent the same institutions which David and Solomon, Elijah and Isaiah, administered in ancient Palestine. True, the book makes mention of the coming of the Saviour, both as having been foretold, and as actually occurring; but the admission of this great fact as a theological truth, does not materially alter the Jewish aspect of the system. It is impossible to examine the Book of Mormon without seeing its resemblance to that modern Jewish literature, of which, in another place, we have spoken. There is the strongest similarity between the modes of thought of the real descendants of Abraham, and those of the class who claim so strangely, considering some of their practices, the name of "Latter Day Saints."

We are far, indeed, from charging on the modern Jews, who faithfully adhere to the religion of their ancestors, those gross corruptions, which, developing continually with more and more offensiveness, have now made the Mormon faith synonymous with impiety and impurity. Yet is the resemblance in the Jewish and Mormon explanations of Scripture extremely striking. Those prophecies of the Old Testament which Christians apply in a spiritual manner to the establishment of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men, the Jews interpret literally, to the building up of a real, substantial kingdom, a Jerusalem of actual wood and stone. The Mormons interpret the passages in the same way, only with this difference, that their Zion is to be somewhere in this Western world, while the real Jews expect their royal city to be rebuilt in its pristine glory on the same spot where David reigned, and Solomon consecrated the temple. Such is the spirit of

the Mormon system. It sees in the glorious promises of the Bible assurances of earthly grandeur; it narrows down every noble figure of the old inspiration to a mere literal rendering.

A few specimens of their statements of doctrine will illustrate what has been said.

"We believe," says one of their forms of confession, "in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the ten tribes, that Zion will be established on the Western continent, that Christ will reign personally upon the earth a thousand years, and that the earth will be renewed, and receive its paradisiacal glory."

"O ye saints," exclaims Orson Pratt, one of their leaders, in a sermon, "O ye saints, when you sleep in the grave, don't be afraid that your agricultural pursuits are for ever at an end; don't be fearful that you will never more get any landed property; but if you are saints, be of good cheer, for when you come up in the morning of the resurrection, behold there is a new earth."

The Mormon faith teaches that the Almighty Being exists in human form, interpreting literally every passage of the Bible which ascribes to him human members or human passions. And this error, which might at first appear, however unworthy of the Deity, to be comparatively harmless, is unhesitatingly carried out to results with the record of which we will not insult the reverential feelings of our readers, nor defile our own pages. Suffice it to say, that in Mormonism, as now developed, the eternity and unchangeableness of the Most High are utterly denied. He is represented as a Being who began to have existence, and will have an end; and their representations fulfil the words of Scripture, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself."

The following is a characteristic specimen of the Mormon hymns:—

"The God that others worship is not the God for me;  
He has no parts nor body, and cannot hear nor see;  
But I've a God that lives above,  
A God of power and of love,—  
A God of Revelation,—O that 's the God for me!  
O that 's the God for me! O that 's the God for me!

“ A church without apostles is not the church for me ;  
It 's like a ship dismasted, afloat upon the sea ;  
But I 've a church that 's always led  
By the twelve stars round its head ;  
A church with good foundations, — O that 's the church for me.

“ A church without a prophet is not the church for me ;  
It has no head to lead it, in it I would not be ;  
But I 've a church not built by man,  
Cut from the mountain without hands ;  
A church with gifts and blessings, — O, etc.

“ The hope the Gentiles cherish is not the hope for me ;  
It has no hope for knowledge, far from it I would be ;  
But I 've a hope that will not fail,  
That reaches safe within the veil ;  
Which hope is like an anchor, — O, etc.

“ The heaven of sectarians is not the heaven for me ;  
So doubtful its location, neither on land nor sea ;  
But I 've a heaven on the earth,  
The land and home that gave me birth ;  
A heaven of light and knowledge, — O, etc.

“ A church without a gathering is not the church for me ;  
The Saviour would not order it, whatever it might be ;  
But I 've a church that 's called out  
From false traditions, fear, and doubt ;  
A gathering dispensation, — O, etc.

The allowance of polygamy, the most offensive peculiarity of Mormonism, was not generally proclaimed until after the death of its founder. But Smith cannot be acquitted of sanctioning this evil practice. The charge of such immorality was indignantly protested against; but that very protest, coupled with the subsequent open avowal of the practice, shows that it was a legitimate and not remote consequence of the earlier acknowledged principles of the sect. Years ago Martha Brotherton testified to the fact that Smith endeavored to induce her to marry Brigham Young, he having one wife then living, — that he justified the practice, and told her that he would take the responsibility in the sight of Heaven. This testimony might be passed over as a slander on the prophet, were it not that it coincides so entirely with the subsequent



progress of the sect. The enormity which was publicly practised in Utah had been secretly committed years before, when prudence dictated its concealment.

With regard to this feature of Mormonism, there is this to be said in palliation, as regards those by whom it is now practised. Polygamy is a natural inference from their established premises. Setting the Old Testament above the New, and their own false Testament above both, the allowance of this patriarchal institution follows of course. And the mode of argument, which has been but too common, of defending questionable practices against Christianity by an appeal to Judaism, — the reasoning that considers the example of Abraham as authorizing slavery, *maugre* the golden rule of the Saviour, — that reasoning might well defend an institution which, like polygamy, can also plead the example of that patriarch, and which has no direct command of the Bible against it. The multiplicity of wives, like the holding of men in bondage, is opposed not so much by the letter as by the spirit of the Gospel. That it is utterly inconsistent with that spirit, — that God confirms, in his revelation by Jesus Christ, that which he taught in nature of the rightful union of one man with one woman, — we will not insult our readers by endeavoring to prove. Civilization, wherever it has advanced, acknowledges the importance of thus securing the dignity and happiness of marriage. Even among the Turks, as far back as the days when Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote her charming letters from their capital, she testified that to have more than one wife was not considered respectable, though it was allowed. The appearance of a community, in the centre of the Western continent, and descended from the blood of Western Europe, yet among whom men have their seven, eleven, sixteen, or eighteen companions under the abused name of wife, is a humiliating and disgusting step back into worse than Turkish barbarism.

But what shall be done? Are we as a nation prepared to undertake, in this nineteenth century, a crusade against false believers, — a war of extermination, as cruel as the persecution waged of old under the banners of Simon de Montfort against the Albigenses of Toulouse? Such a war it must

be, or it is in vain. Persecution that does not kill root and branch, has ever been found to foster, rather than impair, the cause it seeks to destroy. Steady, relentless, deadly, taking for its patron saint Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition, and for its pattern ruler the stern Philip II.,—such is the only persecution that succeeds in its object. And from this our feelings as men, our consciences as Christians, alike revolt. No. The principle ought to be laid down at once, and proclaimed distinctly and strongly, that with the religious *opinions* of the Mormons the government of the United States has nothing to do.

But what shall we say with regard to the disgusting polygamy of the Mormons? Is this to be punished as a crime, or tolerated as a religious peculiarity? This question might give us much embarrassment, if the community in question existed within territory where laws forbidding polygamy were in existence. But this is not the case. However inconsistent it may be with the laws of God, the practice of having many wives is not a crime by the laws of Utah. And, according to our institutions, it cannot be such a crime until the opponents of polygamy in that Territory shall outnumber and outvote its supporters; or at least until the superior authority of Congress forbid the custom. If, then, we would remove this stain from our land, the proper means is not a religious crusade, but the opening of Utah Territory to the natural influence of general emigration, the due execution of the existing laws, and the enacting of such others as may be thought advisable and just. Leave it then to organized emigration, the great lever of civilization, to do the rest. If the army which is now freezing on the mountains were quartered in Salt Lake City, not a Mormon could be punished for polygamy without previous legislation on the subject. This institution then, vile as it is, does not form *at present* any portion of the question to be settled between the Mormon community and the government of the United States.

But the government of the United States is bound to maintain its authority. While it claims not to interfere with religious belief, or to punish crimes which are not recognized as such by existing laws, it cannot allow the inhabitants of

any portion of its territory to withhold obedience to the legitimate action of its appointed magistrates. If the Mormons are in rebellion, that rebellion must be quelled. We say "if they are in rebellion," for there seems some doubt upon the point. The ground is taken by some, that rebellion is not existing, but threatened. If honorable means can be found to avert the evil of civil war, let no such means be neglected; but if all such fail, the government must do its duty, painful as the necessity must be. In such a contest, there is little which we can have any satisfaction in anticipating. The lingering duration of our late Seminole war, where the only opponents were a few miserable savages, shows us what it is to carry on hostilities against the disadvantages of an unknown country and a wily foe; and the swamps of Florida are not more difficult to penetrate, than the great American Desert and the mountain barriers of Utah may be found. Heaven avert the contest, or, if it must come, give speedy victory to the side of Law and Right; and grant that our civil rulers and our military commanders may alike remember, in the hour of conquest, the claims of mercy,—mercy, that sits

" a smiling bride,  
By Valor's armed and awful side,  
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored;  
Who oft, with songs divine to hear,  
Wins from his fatal grasp the spear,  
And hides in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword."

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#### ART. VI.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THEOLOGY.

THE Church of England, in these days, has seen "marvellous light." A small but devoted band of Christian scholars are laboring with good effect to purge ecclesiastical Christianity, in that country, of its corruptions, and to bring the theory of religion into harmony with science and reason, with Biblical criticism, with history and common sense. Such men as Jowett and Stanley, Rowland Williams and Baden Powell, are doing much to redeem the "Establishment" from the charge of supineness, and even of retrogradation, incurred by the silences and the utterances of the last half-century.

Of this goodly company the Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford \* is second to none in breadth of view and the practical application of critical results and philosophic truth to popular belief. He combines — what in English theology is not very common — religious sentiment and devoutness with philosophic insight and perfect freedom. The English, after their pattern, are the most religious of Protestant nations, and certainly inferior to none in intellectual vigor. Yet, somehow, the English mind has, since the Reformation, made little progress in theology. When exerted in that direction, it has generally contented itself with defending foregone conclusions, instead of investigating first principles. The utilitarian bias and conservative spirit of the nation, the dread of disturbing existing beliefs, has had an unfavorable influence in this department, repressing freedom of thought. The consequence has been that free inquiry, driven out from the Church, has turned to mere dissent and negation. And so conventional Orthodoxy on the one hand, and infidelity on the other, have, in time past, with few exceptions, divided the thoughts of the country on religious topics. The names we have cited are happy indications of a better tendency, and give promise of reform in this particular.

The English, we said, are religious “after their pattern.” But the pattern is one of outward conformity, rather than of spiritual life. Church-going sabbatism, and that mechanical devotion which so provoked the bile of Heinrich Heine, are its prominent characteristics. Gibbon remarked, that those nations of antiquity which received Christianity gave to their profession of it the color of their own nationality. The author of “England and the English” thinks that modern nations do the same, and that the commercial and decorous inhabitants of England manifest in their religion their attachment to the decency of forms and the respectability of appearances. If we were to characterize the religion of the English we should say it is a business religion. The Englishman is not so much impressed with the infinite truth and beauty of his faith as he is with its civil dignity and worth. It is so respectable in the eyes of men and so correct in the sight of Heaven! He would no more be without it than without a coat to his back. His religion, moreover, has a Jewish cast. A seed of Jacob is in it. It is a religion of the Old Covenant, stern, conscientious, devout, but somewhat pragmatical and priggish, — somewhat deficient in the “fair humanities,” the gracious sweetness, the uncalculating, unconscious devotion, which distinguish the higher types of the Christian life.

It is this Judaical element in the religion of his countrymen that Mr. Powell assails in the present publication. He labors zealously to purge Christianity of this leaven, which mars the profession of its disciples and provokes the attacks of unbelief. The book contains several Essays bearing more or less directly on this point. The most important are those embraced in the title “Law and Gospel,” in which the “Sab-

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\* Christianity without Judaism. A Second Series of Essays delivered in London and other Places. By the Rev. BADEN POWELL. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1857.

bath question" is discussed with greater thoroughness and candor than we remember to have seen in any other writer treating of this subject. There is also one, in which the author's calm good-sense is especially conspicuous, "On the Use of the Old Testament by Christians." "Many modern Christians," he says, "seem to reverse the appeal of Christ to the Jews, 'If ye believe in Moses, believe also in me,' and to understand it as if he had said, 'Ye believe in me, believe also in Moses.'"

An Appendix to this admirable little volume, which we much desire to see reprinted in this country, contains a brief notice of Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks," in which the futility of all attempts to square the Mosaic cosmogony with the facts of geology, and of this attempt in particular, are aptly exposed.

"The author was in many respects a remarkable, but greatly over-rated man. Having raised himself from an humble station by the unaided force of a naturally strong and inquiring mind, he with untiring energy worked out the details of geology, and even extended its boundaries by original researches. But the deep-rooted early prepossessions of a dark and narrow Judaical theology fettered all philosophical ideas, and led him to a corresponding narrow estimate of the higher bearings of his science." "It will suffice here to add, that in these speculations of Mr. Miller the very last possible resources of Biblical interpretation must be considered as exhausted. They are the very ghost of defunct Biblical geology; and even those who cannot perceive the essential and inherent irrationality of all idea of mixing up the deductions of science with the language of Scripture, must now admit that all such attempts have practically failed." "*Nothing in geology bears the smallest resemblance to any part of the Mosaic cosmogony, torture the interpretation to whatever extent we may.*"

It is surely a very interesting question, what system of belief — wholly independent of all schemes of theology resting on the authority of the Christian records — may be attained by an earnest, devout, and enlightened man, trained in the ideas and feeling the needs of the present day. Such a system we seem to have in Mr. Newman's volume of "Theism."\* We do not mean that it is written with any design of system-making, or in any sense affects completeness. Its very earnestness and practical aim add as much to its value in the way just hinted, as they remove it from the class of mere philosophical or theoretical essays. It is a book of religion, not of thoughts about religion. In form and style it seems even studiously conformed to what are distinguished from ordinary or philosophical writings as Sacred Books. It consists of didactic sayings, apothegms, exhortations, prayers, appeals to individual reason, conscience, or experience; scarcely at all of exposition or argument. And yet many of the statements — concerning the Being of God, the answer to Prayer, Providence, and Immortality — have the effect of skilful and earnest argument, to the

\* Theism, Doctrinal and Practical; or Didactic Religious Utterances. By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. London: John Chapman. 4to. pp. 184.

mood of mind to which they are addressed. To those who would understand the largest, loftiest, and tenderest sense which the phrase Natural Religion may bear, to a mind already trained in the precepts and assurances of the Christian Gospel, this volume will prove of peculiar value.

We do not assume, nor, we suppose, would Mr. Newman, that these earnest and devout "utterances" are wholly independent of the creed he once professed. They bear, indeed, the stamp, not only of a Christian nurture, but of the specific quality which led him in early years to the evangelical and not the ecclesiastical party in the Anglican Church, and made him one of the best interpreters (in his volume on "The Soul") of the mind of Paul. But it would be equally captious to overlook the difference between taking the Testament as *authority* and as *inspiration* or *culture*, as it would be to disown the debt which every sincere thinker, even on the most purely "naturalistic" ground, owes to its system of positive faith. On any fair understanding of it, Natural Religion must be a far different thing to a Christianized age or people, and under the light of past Christian centuries, from what it could be to an earlier age or a barbarous people. According to Lessing, "what education is to the individual, revelation is to the race"; and he anticipates the time when the highest mysteries of Christian faith shall be seen as clear truths of reason. It is as an illustration of that thought that we find the present volume one of special interest and value.

Nor should Mr. Newman's position be overlooked towards the peculiar community, or class, which he primarily addresses. He says, in his brief Preface: "Nine years of closer acquaintance with the noblest kind of (self-entitling) Atheism have enabled me, I trust, to express more simply and truly the strength of Theism." Unless it be Professor Maurice, we know of no man who has so intelligently recognized, and so earnestly endeavored to win towards a positive faith, those classes to whom the sacred sense of religion itself has been lost. He has argued and pleaded with them. He has generously allowed for the honesty and the measure of truth he has found in them. He has not scrupled, in some measure, to be associated with them, that in their journals, or in person, he might combat their crudities of moral or religious speculation, and lead them to love first, and then receive, the higher truth he has learned from Plato, or James, or Paul. Gifted with a mind of rare delicacy as well as breadth; privileged with a refined scholastic culture and the gentlest associations of a literary life; busied with so many enterprises, literary, historic, or political — including pamphlets on Continental Liberty, translations of Homer and Horace, volumes of Political Economy, and investigations of the Hebrew Monarchy and of Regal Rome — that we wonder how he does any of them half so well; — here is his main and most earnest work, that he seeks to win the men of England to purer conceptions of political and social justice, the sceptics of England to a spiritual faith like that held once by apostles and saints. We do not ask any to surrender the more positive assurance they may feel, from records and events which they hold divine; but rather to recognize in such volumes as this those hints and thoughts

which may possibly enliven, deepen, and confirm them in the faith they already hold.

The volume consists of three parts, — Theory of Religion, Proverbs (or Apothegms), and Religious Life. Among the titles are, Animal Instincts, Human Instincts, Free Will, God in Conscience, Sin and Holiness, Law and Mercy, Retribution, Immortality of God's Beloved, Future of the Wicked, Prevenient Grace, Modern Polytheism; Social Virtue, Conjugal Relations, Church and State, Sacred Books, Short Creeds; Call to God's Service, Despondency of Providence, Modern Martyrdom, Prevention of Crime, Vitality of Sin, The Hardened Politician, Cleanliness, Rights of Animals, Adoration. As specimens of the style and manner, we append the following:—

"Atheists are not without God, though they know him not.  
When they aim sincerely after Truth, having a love of Virtue,  
His Spirit is striving within them, and will not be wholly vain." — p. 28.

"When various endurance, perhaps calamitous,  
With inward struggles towards light and for higher virtue,  
Has moulded man's heart into a purer temple of God;  
If there be indeed a God who *intended* this process,  
Who made light of all things outward, — of loss and pain, —  
Because of the high value which he set on man's Soul,  
Which he would perfect in Virtue by sacrificing all beside;  
Is it credible that a result so dearly and elaborately bought  
Was *intended* by him to perish with the fabric of the Body,  
When it had barely attained its human perfection,  
And was aspiring to a goodness more perfect and loftier? —  
Such questions do not demonstrate; yet they convince the heart,  
Perhaps in proportion to its childlike confidence in God." — p. 73.

"What the Hereafter may be, and where, how, when, — we know not;  
But to believe some Hereafter for the good, confirms our noblest thoughts.  
If the wise man does not yet confide, surely he must cherish hope in it:  
And Hope is the supplement of Faith, as Faith of Sight." — p. 94.

"The Primary education of the multitude has two principal roots, Industrial Art, and Poetical Recitation." — p. 120.

"The agreement of all the foremost races of mankind yields the following short creed: God is a righteous Governor, who loves the righteous, and answers prayers for righteousness." — p. 121.

"Atheism would starve sentiment, Pantheism would corrupt morals." — p. 120.

"The virtue of each is the expediency of all."

"No virtue can be militant, progressive, encroaching,  
Except during the moments when man believes himself free."

"Is it forsooth imagined, that, if one man will not sin,  
This *causes* another to sin, because 'the Averages are relentless'?"

"Adoration of God is the universal and final religion,  
That which shall hereafter unite the Mussulman and the Christian,  
The man and the angel, in this world or in whatever world." — p. 183.

In the same theological category, yet as "the contrast rather than the counterpart," we class a volume\* which comes fresh from the Western press, and breathes the earnest breath of a young republic, as that does the refined and cultivated air of an ancient empire. Two

\* Tracts for To-Day. By M. D. CONWAY. Cincinnati: Truman and Spofford.

phases of thought so kindred in drift and spirit, and so diverse in form, make an interesting matter of comparison. We class them together, because both offer to us phases of the religious life, developed under a strong and positive Christian ritual, which now claim utter independence on anything save the allegiance of the faithful heart to God. Mr. Conway, as appears, was bred a Methodist, as Mr. Newman was an Anglican. Each stands now quite outside the limits of any technical creed whatsoever; each in his way is very suggestive as to the future courses of religious thought. The "Tracts for To-Day" we suppose we are to regard as sermons, though the text has often the slightest possible bearing on the argument, and the quaint titles "Orpheus," "Mignon," and "The Lost Bower," seem to hint rather at essays of fancy than religious discussion or contemplation. A freedom of handling, boldness and exuberance of thought, and oftentimes much poetic beauty, are the characteristics of this volume, — marred, we regret to add, by frequent orthographical perversities. In its better portions, it is a fine example of the downright, outspoken *practical* Christianity of the American pulpit, — gallant in its unconsciousness or disdain of the prejudice it jars, and wrestling "against principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world," with the zeal that is often so much better than mere discretion. We do not intend to prejudge the whole perplexed and practical problem of "political preaching," when we say that such discussions as that on "The One Path" vindicate their own right to be. Still less would we imply that the prevailing tone of the volume is "political," or that it is, in any sense, a challenge to the public sentiment on that matter. On the contrary, the most characteristic and attractive parts of it are either the fresh handling of intellectual questions from the author's point of view, — such as the function of scepticism, and the dogmatic value of the Bible; or else the fervid utterance of the affection or the rebuke that touches some point of Christian ethics; or the poetic and exuberant fancy that makes a fact or an argument look quite new. Vigor and promise, rather than the ripe fruit of a disciplined intellect, are what we look for in such a first essay; and in these the reader will not be disappointed.

A WORK of some interest to scholars, but of bulk rather out of proportion to its importance, is Blunt's *Lectures on the Fathers*.\* The first series refutes the disparagements of Daillé and Barbeyrac, and the slurs of Gibbon; the second indicates the real value of the Patristic literature. The author emphasizes the adjectives in his title; it is only the *right* use of the *early* Fathers that he defends, — and that, it would seem, rather as illustrations of Church life than as authorities of Church doctrine. The style of the book is throughout so argumentative, not to say polemic, as to make it rather toilsome reading. But its multitude of quotations now and then puts in strong relief some point of real interest. For example, Gibbon speaks gravely — a garment of praise

\* On the Right Use of the Early Fathers: Two Series of Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. J. J. BLUNT. London: Murray. pp. 650.



disguising the substance of his satire — of the shelter offered by the early Church to the ignorant and poor, to penitent sinners and castaway children; to which Mr. Blunt replies by abundant passages of Clement, Tertullian, and others, implying wealth and luxury, as well as culture and charity, in the Christian body. So, too, from the pleasant prologue of Minutius Felix, we have an argument well set forth to illustrate the numberless casual and incidental ways of propagating the faith. Perhaps the most striking passage in the volume is the illustration (pp. 375–377) of the petty tyranny and espionage that were suffered during the times of persecution, — the husband jealously watching his wife to detect symptoms of a change she cannot hide, or the slave betraying to the authorities the altered manners of a household. Testimonies of this sort, patiently gathered and earnestly set forth, make the chief value of the book, to most readers at least. The argument of the latter part urges the value of the Fathers as to the Canon, Text, and Interpretation of Scripture; and claims that, in spite of their “unguarded” way of conveying their belief, they are opposed alike to the Socinian, Pelagian, and Calvinistic schemes.

In so grave and erudite a book as this, we should not have expected to find the odd vulgarity of saying “party” for “person” (p. 230, of the young man converted by St. John), — a Cockney idiom which has of late deformed also our Transatlantic parts of speech.

QUITE unique, we should think, in the history of controversy, is a volume lately published,\* containing the reasons of adhesion to their own faith given by preachers of half a dozen Protestant sects. At first sight the scheme strikes one not quite favorably, as if it were a symptom that the sharp reality of men's faith is lost, that they can expose their points of difference to this mutual neutralizing, or tempt the bewildered or jesting question of their readers, What is truth? As a signal exhibition of the comity of modern polemics, it has its value; but still more as an indication of the movements of thought going on among those outside our numerous Protestant sheepfolds, who are left to the pastoral crook of a “ministry at large.” Much activity of mind and aptness for religious speculation, we are told, are often found among them; and it seems in perfect good faith that they are invited to listen to these declarations of opinion, so as by all means to save some. As the Lectures severally assume the popular and well-known ground of doctrine in the respective denominations, they offer nothing of importance in the history of theological discussion. And we notice them no further than to call attention to their tone of Christian courtesy, marred (so far as we recall) by no single word of theological rancor, and to the intellectual boldness and breadth of view in the Discourse on “Spiritual Christianity,” with which the volume fitly concludes.

WE do not scruple to call the last volume of the “Devotional Library”† the very best book of its class that we are acquainted with.

\* The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures, delivered in Boston by Clergymen of Six different Denominations, during the Winter of 1858. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

† Seven Stormy Sundays. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

Not only the thought and title are felicitous, but the execution is such as claims for the accomplished author the gratitude of the Christian public. The "Seven Stormy Sundays" — we thank the author for not calling them "Sabbaths" — are admirably improved by pious, grateful meditation, prayers, hymns, and choice thoughts of gifted men, the reading of sermons from various sources in English or German, and the offices of Christian sympathy which here and there correct the spiritual-selfish tendency of overmuch solitude and silent thought. The special titles are quite suggestive of the variety and beauty of the topics: — The Rhododendrons, The Sure Wall, The Daily Bread, Forgiveness, The Children, The Bible, Pain. There is nothing of the monotone which seems almost a fatality of such writings. Sweet religious fancies, anecdotes suggestive of pious trust, incidents and charities of the religious life of home, find their place among vigorous thoughts of Christian men, and the tender hopes or struggles of conscience in a refined, thoughtful, and devout mind, seeking its peace in God. We can think of nothing more finely adapted to the practical occasions of the Christian life suggested by the title.

WE had designed to give a full and critical notice of another volume in the same series,\* but at present have space only to record our grateful sense of its richness and religious value. Mere speculations on the future life and the condition of disembodied spirits, and the application of them to Scripture criticism, have always seemed to us among the most unprofitable exercises of the human understanding. But Mr. Sears has treated this order of thought with such sincere reverence, with so pious, beautiful, and affectionate a faith, that the whole subject must find a sense and value in many minds wholly new. With much in his style of exposition we do not agree, and often he argues from premises that seem to us in the highest degree questionable. But as a guide to *religious* meditation on the theme it treats, it deserves a place in the devotional library of every Christian.

"THE Memories of Gennesaret" † is the twelfth of a succession of little books, by an eloquent minister of the Established Church in Scotland. It is not intended, as we hoped, to illustrate that most interesting portion of our Saviour's sojourn, but to appropriate it for Christian exhortation, spiritual quickening, and earnest admonition. It is various in subject, fervent in spirit, and far more graceful and engaging than customary appeals of the kind. Based upon Stanley's admirable work, "Sinai and Palestine," its geographical allusions are generally correct; and but for the blemish of superstitious fancies, the constant confusion of mistaking the Son for the Father, and that excessive diffuseness apt to characterize a popular preacher, we should hold it deserving of very high praise.

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\* Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality. By E. H. SEARS. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

† The Memories of Gennesaret. By REV. JOHN R. MACDUFF, Author of "Morning and Night Watches," "Words of Jesus," "Footsteps of St. Paul," &c. New York: Carter and Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 388.

## GERMAN THEOLOGY.

OUR half-yearly summary of works in this department is chiefly indebted, for its accuracy and thoroughness, to the aid of our correspondent, an instructor in Theology at Halle. Of chief interest, particularly in the field of Biblical criticism, are the following:—

*Knobel*, Exposition of Exodus and Leviticus. (Leipzig, 1857.) This twelfth issue of the condensed manual of Old Testament exegesis meets a very sensible want. The distinction of the several sources of the narrative, running through the whole of the Pentateuch and the book of Joshua, is here first applied in detail to a continuous commentary of those books. It is Knobel's aim to present in its purity the earliest narrative, the so-called "Elohim-document." To this is assigned only the strictly *religious* element of the legislation,—as to sacred places, sacrifice, festivals, Levitical purifying, etc. The remainder—the extended story of the exodus, the multiplication of miracles, and especially the Decalogue and the civil law—are reckoned under the customary designation of the "Jehovistic"; which, however, includes sundry elder sources, whose diversities are accurately traced only in some few instances. The summary of critical results is reserved till Deuteronomy and Judges have been treated. Here, therefore, as in Knobel's "Genesis," the date of the documents is left undetermined. The geographical investigations are excellent, as well as the illustration of religious customs by comparison with those of other nations; the theological discussions—as that on the nature of sacrifice—are more meagre.

*F. Hitzig*, The Proverbs of Solomon translated and expounded. (Zürich, 1858.) *E. Elster*, Commentary on the Proverbs of Solomon. (Göttingen, 1858.) In the date of the special collections, Elster follows Ewald, and furnishes nothing new as to criticism or language, but simply sets forth the religious and moral purport. With Hitzig, on the other hand, the main purpose is literary and verbal criticism, and especially the revision of the corrupted text.

*Geiger*, Original Text and Versions of the Bible, as affected by depending on the Interior Development of Judaism. (Breslau in Hainau, 1857.) The fortunes of the text are traced in their connection with the inner history of Judaism in three periods:—1. Return from the Captivity to the Maccabees; 2. Thence to the time of Hadrian; 3. The subsequent period. Geiger assumes, that in the earliest time after the Captivity, to which most Biblical writings of the third class (Hagiographa) belong, great liberties were taken with the text of the more ancient Scriptures; that the Alexandrian version of the Seventy, and the Samaritan text, rest not on special revisions, but on a text thus corrupted; that first in the struggle of the national party of the Pharisees against the Sadducees (in whom he finds the aristocratic party of the priesthood), the former undertook the defence of the genuine old national heritage from the loose method which left it open to foreign influences; and that, after the destruction of the Jewish polity, this Pharisaic tendency persisted all the more in holding fast the letter.

Accordingly, the present text frequently appears to be the restored original.

*Bernstein*, *Lexicon Linguae Syriacæ*, Vol. I. Fasc. I. (Berlin, 1857.) This work appears under the patronage of the German Oriental Association in Leipzig, and is received with great applause by the initiated.

*M. von Niebuhr*, *History of Assyria and Babylon from the Time of Phul, from a Comparison of the Old Testament, Berossos, the Canon of the Kings, and the Greek Historians.* (Berlin, 1857.) The grandson of the famous traveller, and son of the historian, seeks first, within narrow limits, to clear up an obscure piece of history; and then, by closely connecting it with the Scripture narratives, to make it of avail for theology. The side-investigations are very penetrating. A Table gives a chronological view of the years 1 – 210 of the era of Nabonassar.

*Osiander*, *Commentary on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians*, — connected with his *Commentary on the First*. Strictly faithful to the Scripture, without being tied by a church-system; ample and comprehensive in the use of exegetical literature.

*F. Delitzsch*, *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, with Archæological and Doctrinal Dissertations on Sacrifice and the Atonement*, (Leipzig, 1857,) revives the old hypothesis, that this Epistle was written by Luke, by the prompting and in the name of Paul. Serviceable, for the sagacious illustration of the Old Testament ideas which make the ground of the argument of the Epistle; and for the account made of the Rabbinic literature, citing *Biesenhal*, *Epistola Pauli ad Hebræos cum Rabbinico Commentario* (Berlin, 1857). The exegesis is dogmatic, and especially seeks to vindicate from the Hebrews the Lutheran doctrine of Vicarious Satisfaction against *Hofmann's* Scripture Proof.

Along with this doctrinal controversy proceeds that also respecting the person of Christ. *Thomasius*, who, in his “*Dogmatik*” (now in the second edition), thought to develop in the Church sense the Lutheran doctrine of the two natures in Christ, and the *communicatio idiomatum*, while he maintained that the Second Person of the Trinity, in his assumption of human nature, really divested himself of some divine attributes, and not merely waived the employment of them, passed as a sound Lutheran notwithstanding this divergence. Against this and similar yet more extreme assertions (of *Hofmann*, and especially *Gess*, *Doctrine of Christ's Person*), opposition had already been made on the scientific side, as well as by *Dorner*, in *Liebner's* “*Jahrbücher für die deutsche Theologie*.” A still stricter Lutheran, *Broemel* (Prof. *Thomasius's* Teaching as to the Person of Christ, *Schwerin*, 1857), has now charged upon him the perversion of the Church doctrine.

That form of Christology which, from the premises of the Church doctrine, seeks to construct a true human personality, not swallowed up by the Divine nature, coincides with the endeavor apparent in philosophy, to set aside the abstract conception of the Divine *immutability*, so as to bring God, as living personality, into living relation to the world, and so, to space and time. This is very clumsily done by the anonymous author of the “*Critique of the Conception of a Deity*”

(Nördlingen, 1856), in the tractate published after his death, "God and his Creation" (Nördlingen, 1857). *Philippi*, Church Doctrine of Faith (Stuttgart, 1857), Part II. Doctrine of God, Creation, Providence, Angels, and Original State of Man, represents the Lutheran doctrine in its purity.

Documents touching the Dismissal of Dr. *Baumgarten*, Professor of Theology in Rostock, (Schwerin, 1858,) containing, 1. The Decree of Dismissal; 2. A very copious theological Opinion of the Mecklenburg Consistory, attempting to show *Baumgarten's* many divergences from the doctrine of the Lutheran symbolic books. The fantastic incoherence of *Baumgarten's* theology gives ample occasion to the charges. The divergences which really appear rest chiefly on his view of revelation, (which is connected with *Schleiermacher*,) and on his apocalyptic and chiliastic ideas.

*Hepe*, Doctrines of German Protestantism in the Sixteenth Century, 3 vols., now complete; also, History of German Protestantism from 1555 to 1581, Vol. III., containing Part I. of the History of the Formula of Concord. Contrary to the common Lutheran view, *Hepe* regards the strict Lutheranism, fixed in that formula, as a departure from the doctrine of *Melancthon*, originally prevalent among the German Protestants, which he considers the basis of the reformed national Church of Germany; and from this side he strikes into the confessional struggle of the present day. But in his zeal for a misconceived truth, he too much disparages the influence of the Swiss Reformation, and especially of *Calvin*, on the German Reformers, especially those of the Palatinate. On the other hand,

*Sudhoff*, C. Olevianus and Z. Ursinus (Elberfeld, 1857), — Fathers and Founders of the Reformed Church, Part VIII., — vindicates the essentially Calvinistic character of the Reformation of the Palatinate under *Frederic III.* and of the Heidelberg Catechism.

*Otto*, *Athenagoræ Philosophi Atheniensis Opera*. (Jena, 1857.) Vol. VIII. of *Corpus Apologetarum Christianorum*. A critical edition, on the basis of new collation of MSS., and the use of some MSS. hitherto unnoticed. The *Prolegomena* gives a full statement of them, and fixes the date of the chief apologetic work at A. D. 177. Ample indices make the edition very serviceable.

*F. Pfeiffer*, *Meister Eckhart*, Part I. (Leipzig, 1857.) German Mystics of the Fourteenth Century, Vol. I., containing the text, all that the editor could find in eighteen years' investigation, thrice as much as printed hitherto. He has obtained from the Vatican library the documents pertaining to *Eckhart*, and promises communications thereupon in the next volume, which will throw light on the relation of the courageous mystic to the Roman Church.

*Boehrer*, Church of Christ and its Witnesses. II. iv. 2. Reformers of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. (Zürich, 1858.) *John Huss* and his Bohemian forerunners, *Jerome of Prague*, and *Jerome Savonarola*, — the latter, from the French work of *Perrens* (Paris, 1853), and the new testimonies of the Dominican *Marchese* in the *Archivio Storico* (Florence, 1850).

*K. Schmid*, *Theology of Semler*, (Nördlingen, 1858,) giving compactly, after Semler's autobiography and his voluminous writings, a view of the essentials, whereby one without time or taste for the weary reading of these works, may ascertain the great importance of the man for the history of exegesis. The life of Semler shows the connection of exegesis with pietism.

*A. Neander*, *History of Christian Doctrine*, edited by T. L. Jacobi. (Berlin, 1857.) The editor is a faithful disciple of Neander, who has spent great pains upon his task. Where new sources have been made accessible since Neander's death, he has filled out with annotations very serviceable and rich, — e. g. upon Hippolytus, the Gnostics, &c. On the other hand,

*Gieseler*, *Church History of the Eighteenth Century*, — 1648 to 1814, — edited by Redepenning, (Bonn, 1857,) — being the fourth volume of his *History*, as well as the fifth, which appeared earlier, — the most recent time, — also the *History of Doctrine*, edited by the same, — fall far behind the earlier volumes edited by Gieseler himself, since the abundant and apt selections of passages from the sources are here wanting.

*D. F. Strauss*, *Ulric von Hutten*. 2 Parts. (Leipzig, 1857.) The well-known critic of the "Leben Jesu," now living in Heidelberg, — employing the valuable material gathered in Bonn by E. Böcking for an edition of Hutten's complete works, — has put forth a copious biography, containing also an analysis of all the more important writings of Hutten. His struggle for humanitary culture against Scholasticism, for the national interests against Rome, and his share in the movements of the Reformation, stand forth in clearer intellectual perspective on the ground of comprehensive studies pertaining to our time; and, from the author's well-known point of view, must hold the mirror up to the present, and its reactionary tendencies.

*R. Haym*, *Hegel and his Time*. *Essays on the Rise and Development, Character and Value, of the Hegelian Philosophy*. (Berlin, 1857.) Interesting as a symptom of the turn of the tide as to Hegel, which has set in so strongly among us, even with those not before hostile to him from any opposing ecclesiastical or philosophic system. Although Haym does not fail to recognize the great and profound significance of Hegel, yet his judgment is plainly depreciatory. If by Hegel himself, and according to the method which he made current, his philosophy is usually regarded as having, by interior necessity, carried farther out, or brought to its term, the speculative process introduced by Kant and continued by Fichte and Schelling, — on the other hand Haym seeks to set forth its subjective origin, the influence of the time and of personal experience on the structure of the system. Against this view, and the notion which it gives of Hegel's own intellectual or political temper, the truest and best known of his pupils, *Rosenkranz*, has vindicated the matter, not without cause, in his *Apology of Hegel*. (Berlin, 1858.)

*Vischer*, *Æsthetics*, or, *Science of the Beautiful*, now concluded with the fourth and fifth parts of Vol. III., — *Doctrine of the Cosmos*. Spite

of the systematic form and terminology throughout, the thought in these closing portions (on Music and Poesy) abundantly expands itself into rich discussion and reflection, slenderly attached to the philosophic stem, and inadequate to prove Vischer's proposition, that æsthetics must necessarily rest on Pantheism.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

It is no slight consolation for the loss the literary world sustained in the untimely death of Otfried Müller, that his chair is filled by his pupil and near friend, Ernst Curtius. He studied with him, labored with him in Greece, was with him when he died, and helped to lay him in his solitary grave on the hill of Colonos. And on him the spirit of Müller seems largely to have flowed. Thorough learning, broad philosophical views, and hearty appreciation of the people whose history he writes, — nothing seems wanting to make this the best History of Greece in existence.\* Of course he does not aim to supersede works like Grote's. He assumes a previous familiarity with the subject, and, like Mommsen (whose Roman History belongs to the same series of publications with this), presents to us the results, rather than the processes of investigation. To his earlier work, Peloponnesos, the fruit of four years' travel in Greece and the classical studies of many years, we would refer as an illustration of the thorough preparation with which he has undertaken this work and the method in which he has investigated.

The volume before us is divided into two books, the first of 128 pages, to the Dorian Migration (*Bis zur dorischen Wanderung*), the other to the Persian Wars (*Bis zu den Perserkriegen*). The first book contains the ripe results of long study on the races and religion of the Greeks, investigations in which the originality and deep insight of his great predecessor are especially displayed, and which he has followed up with erudition and originality hardly inferior. These chapters will be found rich and thoughtful. The second book contains five chapters, — Peloponnesian History, Attic History, The Greeks without the Archipelago, The Grecian Unity, and The Struggles with the Barbarians. Of these we would refer particularly to that on the Grecian Unity (*Die Griechische Einheit*), as full of information and thought on the religion, festivals, chronology, metrology, art, and literature of the period. We shall look with impatience for the succeeding volumes.

It was natural that some degree of interest should be felt upon both sides of the Atlantic in the appearance of Lord Normanby's "Year of Revolution."† The volumes had been for a long time in preparation,

\* *Griechische Geschichte* von ERNST CURTIUS. Erster Band, bis zur Schlacht bei Lade. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1857. pp. 537.

† *A Year of Revolution*. From a Journal kept at Paris in 1848. By the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, K. G. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xxvii. and 481, 431.

and from the position which their writer held as Minister at Paris from 1846 until the *coup d'état*, it was supposed they would be a valuable contribution to the literature illustrative of the third French Revolution. But it must be confessed that these expectations have not been realized. His Lordship, indeed, claims to have been "a constant and most attentive observer of all that was passing in France," and undoubtedly he possessed peculiar advantages for obtaining early and accurate information; but he adds little to the details already familiar to intelligent readers. Confining himself almost entirely to his record of the current rumors of the time, he "has omitted everything of a diplomatic character which could in the slightest degree involve any allusion to the views of the government" whose representative he was; and he gives only one of his numerous conversations with M. Guizot upon topics of permanent interest. Nor does he attempt to compensate by largeness of view and clearness of statement, or by any of the graces of style, for the paucity of his facts. His style is beneath criticism; and his ill-compacted and pithless sentences are remarkable chiefly for their want of condensation and their lumbering movement.

Lord Normanby aspires to be "a competent and trustworthy witness"; yet he often permits his judgment to be warped by his prejudices. He has no sympathy with the republican principles which were entertained by many of the prominent leaders at the commencement of the Revolution; and we are not surprised, therefore, to find him expressing the opinion, that in France, "as elsewhere, the people have too much good sense not to see that their constant and direct interference in the machine of government is a burden to themselves and an embarrassment to progress." \* But we are surprised at the injustice with which he habitually speaks of Guizot. Though that eminent man wears the fourfold honors of an historian, a statesman, an orator, and a philosopher, his Lordship denies to him the possession of more than a "single great talent, — that of the tribune," and ascribes to him the poor ambition of desiring to play "the part of a French Peel." Of M. de Lamartine, on the other hand, he always speaks in courteous and appreciative language; and it is clear that the relations between them were friendly and even intimate to an unusual degree. With the other members of the Provisional Government he seems to have had little or no intercourse; and no attempt is made to conceal his dislike of Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc. In speaking of Louis Philippe he frequently notices that wide-spread distrust of the personal character of the king which was remarked by almost every impartial observer in Paris during the latter part of his reign; and under date of May 18th, we are told. "Had Louis Philippe had any great quality as a public man, — had he been a bold-faced tyrant, instead of being distrusted, justly or not, as a political juggler, — had his exit been less effete, I think some would already have been seriously turning back to see whether a member of that family might not be better than this incapable hydra, of which they are already tired, and there are those who

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\* Vol. I. p. xxv.



think that a *coup de main* might still some day favor Joinville." \* His estimate of General Cavaignac is upon the whole candid and judicious. "The result of my conversations," he says, "is satisfactory to my mind, as showing that, though General Cavaignac may not in his conduct always display that energy which might be the result of greater confidence in his own powers, he is disposed to take a dispassionate and rational view of the country, and of the difficulties of his own position." † Louis Napoleon did not come prominently forward until the latter part of the period covered by his Lordship's journal, and a considerable portion of the allusions to him appear to have been suppressed. Judging from similar references in other parts of the journal, the loss of the omitted passages is not much to be regretted.

It is, indeed, surprising that all Lord Normanby's various experience in public life, and all his practice as a novelist and a pamphleteer, should not have enabled him to produce a work more worthy of the opportunities which he enjoyed. As it is, his work is neither attractive as a whole, nor very valuable. Yet it would be unjust to deny that it contains some important documents and some curious information; and the future historian of the Revolution of February, 1848, may draw some interesting anecdotes from its pages. It is a matter of regret, however, that in regard to one of the most striking circumstances mentioned, — the assistance afforded to the Duchess of Montpensier after the flight of Louis Philippe, — the narrative is arrested at the most interesting point, and we are left to conjecture what Lord Normanby actually did when his intervention was solicited. That he had some connection with the escape of the Duchess we are told elsewhere; but the whole subject is left in an obscurity which not only provokes our curiosity, but destroys the historical value of the facts narrated. ‡ The only part of the story on which Lord Normanby had anything new or important to communicate, is precisely that of which he says nothing.

THE lives of the two great rivals, § who entered the army of the Revolution almost at the same time, served each with brilliancy and effect, assumed commanding positions in the two opposite parties of the young republic, each, if we might believe his opponents, as the most brilliant of intriguers, — of Burr and of Hamilton, — are published almost at the same time. That happens which happens so often. The life of Hamilton, who deserved so much of his country, is so written that nobody will read it but the resolved student who can and will read everything. The life of Burr, who deserves justice and nothing more, is admirably told, made as attractive as a novel, and will be read everywhere. That will happen again, however, which always happens, that this fortune of two books will not affect the ultimate verdict of history

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\* Vol. I. p. 402.

† Vol. II. p. 214.

‡ Compare Vol. I. pp. 107–111 with Vol. I. pp. 161–164.

§ The Life and Times of Aaron Burr. By T. PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1858.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Contemporaries. By JOHN C. HAMILTON. Volume I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857.

on the two men. The man of principle will be remembered, in spite of the poor English and foolish assumptions of his son. The man of no principle will be forgotten, in spite of the brilliant narrative, the covered defences, the ingenious apologies of his biographer.

To write the history of the United States from observations made through a keyhole, — though that keyhole were as large as Hamilton's correspondence is, — is simply ridiculous. To attempt to carry out this plan by making Hamilton the commander-in-chief of the Revolution, so far as Washington's letters were in his handwriting, is worse. This fault in Mr. J. C. Hamilton's volume merits the condemnation it has met. "Hamilton wrote in Washington's name to McDougall," — "Hamilton wrote over Washington's signature to Congress," — such are passages constantly recurring. We are left to understand, that at twenty-one years of age the merchant's clerk of Nevis was using Washington as his cat's-paw to command the generals of the Revolution! This absurdity, however, seems to us simply of a piece with the general style and arrangement of this unfortunate and remarkable volume.

We are not sure, on the other hand, that if Mr. Parton, looking round for a hero, had lighted on Hamilton, he would have done so well by him as he has by Burr. He has a fondness for adventurers. His sedate sentences of dispraise have not the zeal which his apologies have, or his sympathy. We are not to be tempted now into a discussion of Burr's character. He was not so bad a man, it is true, as in his day every human being tried to make him out. But that is simply saying that there never could be such a devil as Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, and everybody described him. He was as bad as a man who loved himself, his wife, and his children, and nobody else and nothing else which was not his, could be. At a French court — anywhere where elegance, accomplishment, and brilliancy are all — he would have had success amazing. But he was not there.

We shall soon have to take up together all these books with which our time abounds of the truer history of the early days of the Republic, — a history only just now beginning to be written. We will defer till then our further comments on this brilliant volume, only saying now, that it is almost amusing to see Mr. Parton's half-concealed surprise, concealed from himself perhaps, that the world insists on forgetting Aaron Burr, his elegance, accomplishments, and brilliancy. The reason is simply this, that the poor creature's life had nothing in it of real faith, true hope, or unselfish love; and these three are the only elements of life which can continue for ever.

MR. BOHN has done good service to literature in his new edition of Carruthers's *Life of Pope*.\* The improvements in this edition have not by any means made it a perfect biography; but they have brought it much nearer to that mark than most of the recent conspicuous under-

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\* The *Life of Alexander Pope*. Including Extracts from his Correspondence. By ROBERT CARRUTHERS. Second Edition, revised and considerably enlarged. With numerous Engravings on Wood. London: H. G. Bohn. 1857. 12mo. pp. 490.

takings of the kind. If Carruthers's *Life of Pope* is inferior in interest to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, it is yet quite equal to Southey's *Cowper*, and far superior to Lord John Russell's *Life of Moore*, or Canon Wordsworth's story of his uncle; incomparably superior to the trifling and inadequate memoir of Samuel Rogers. Mr. Carruthers has selected and arranged his material judiciously, if he has not wrought it into very comely shape. Almost everything worth knowing about Pope may be found in its proper place in his volume. There is more discussion, indeed, of minor disputed questions than seems necessary, and the reader is provoked to be detained upon old controversies, which never were very important and the interest of which has quite gone. This ingenious minuteness in discussing petty questions of date and of dispute has, nevertheless, aroused some new controversy, and the London literary journals have uttered, in their department of "Notes and Queries," very numerous protests against some of Mr. Carruthers's conclusions. In most instances he has sustained himself against the objectors. Mr. Carruthers is a careful investigator rather than an acute critic. He prefers to speak of the man, and to let others think for themselves about his works. His biography (as every good biography ought) arouses a desire to read the works of his subject; it furnishes no convenient condensed opinion, and has nothing of the essay tone. He tells how the "*Dunciad*," the "*Essay on Man*," and the "*Translation of Homer*" came to be written, and what sensation they made, — their causes and their consequences; but he does not tell what they are, does not justify the popular judgment or his own judgment by analysis or quotation of their contents. For this reason the biography is an excellent preface to a new edition of the poet's works.

We are always sure of a good Index in Mr. Bohn's publications, but we do not remember any work in his "*Illustrated Library*," where the illustrations are so cheap and poor as in this volume. We pay for plates, and we get mean wood-cuts. Pope was not an Adonis, yet he had a physiognomy which charmed noble women, and an expression which, with all its vanity, was manly and commanded respect. His presentment in the engravings of this book does no justice to the statement which Mr. Carruthers makes of his features and their expression. He looks here sometimes like an ape, sometimes like a fool. The only decent likeness of him is the engraving of Roubilliac's bust. The street scenes, and water scenes, and chamber scenes are caricatures.

THE pages of a previous volume of this journal bear witness to our hearty appreciation of the undertaking to which Dr. Sprague had devoted years of assiduous and grateful labor.\* Often, since we expressed our opinion of his two volumes of *Memorials of the Congregationalist ministers*, have we taken them in hand, and always with

\* *Annals of the American Pulpit: or, Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year 1855. With Historical Introductions.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. New York: Carter and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. Presbyterian. pp. xxii. 632, 833.

renewed pleasure, and with a deeper sense of obligation to him. The method which he chose for the construction of his work was eminently suited to accomplish his design. It may be taken for granted, that any one who has discharged the office of the Christian ministry — if, even with abounding human infirmity, he has been tolerably fitted for the office, or decently faithful in its discharge — has left behind him some friend who knew him well enough to write a sketch of him, and regarded him with sufficient interest to make that sketch a labor of love. Such friends Dr. Sprague has solicited and allowed to become, in brief and comprehensive epistles, the memorialists of divines whom they knew and esteemed. This is the only qualification — and it is a kindly one — to the confidence with which one may read these crowded pages. The unanimous and hearty commendations which Dr. Sprague received at the close of the previous stage of his labors, might well give him the best encouragement to continue them. We venture to say that he needs all such friendly interest and appreciation; for the exactions of his task on patience, good judgment, and persistent zeal must be of the extremest severity. Yet, doubtless, he has corresponding satisfactions of feeling and conscience. In passing by the yard and workshop of a mortuary sculptor, not long since, we trespassed upon the premises, and in a spirit of thoughtful curiosity we examined the as yet uninscribed marble memorials, the table-stones, broken shafts, wreathed pillars, urns, tablets, and cruciform bas-reliefs which surrounded us in large variety. We thought that, after all, the tributes of honor and affection which would go with them would depend upon the characters of those over whose mortal remains they should be reared: just as the honorary titles which go with the offices of governors, judges, and senators among us mean more or less, and suggest an official or personal dignity, according to the deserts of those who wear them. The honorary titles of social life are, indeed, very like the monuments in that sculptor's yard, waiting for purchasers and for inscriptions. We ventured further to question the sepulchral artist on these premises as to whether he was made to enter more deeply into the mysteries of death, and into the philosophy of posthumous honor and affection, by the nature of his employment, and by his frequent participation in the confidence and tender sentiments of those who came to consult him about monuments and inscriptions. We found, however, that the rich veins in some of his marble slabs could hardly be taken as significant of corresponding veins of tender and delicate sentiment in his heart. The talk, he said, was generally rather about *prices*, and proposed inscriptions were often reduced in compass when he announced his terms as regulated by the number of *letters*. But the works of the press outlast those of the sculptor's chisel, and on the whole are more reliable in their testimony. So Dr. Sprague, whose heart must be a marvellous tissue of delicate veins of sentiment toward the revered dead, relies upon the world to pay for the inscriptions which he procures to be written without any mercenary reward to those who serve the departed and the living through him.

We have now in hand two more noble volumes, devoted to Presbyterian ministers. These pages we have to read without that help from sympathy, personal acquaintance, and traditional or local attachment, which gave a charm to the perusal of the former volumes. But some new features of interest present themselves. The Presbyterian Church in this country offers us a roll of honored, able, scholarly, and devoted men in its ministry. There are memorials of two hundred and fifty-five of them, — written for the most part by friends who will themselves have a kindly and deserved commemoration. There is rich material in the volumes, — racy anecdote, plaintive narrative, tales of moral heroism, of pious zeal, of patient endurance, and of high success in some of the most arduous fields of labor. It is pleasant to notice how readily every one who can aid Dr. Sprague responds to his call. He ought to have large confidence in the spontaneity and the friendliness of human feeling in a good cause. We shall keep his volumes within reach for Sunday reading, and if, after we have gone through every page of them, he has not provided us with another, we shall read again some pages on which we have made our marks. The unique pen of our friend, Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, (with the "semilunar fardels" appended to his name,) contributed at least four letters. Whenever we see his name attached to anything in book or religious newspapers, we read that matter first. Here are three sentences from his tribute to Dr. Henry Axtell: — "In the pulpit, he was bold, clear, consecutive, and often powerful, — while ribands, and rainbows, and cerulean rhetoric, never equivocated his drift, or put his star in a mist of well-bred impertinence. He was assiduous, systematic, pointed, and often irresistible. Without much of learned or travelled lore, or any Germanizing hermeneutics, he was Biblical, and all his weaponry was pointed with holy fire, and often was it both penetrating and barbed."

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

MR. RUSSELL\* sails in August of 1854 for Halifax and Boston, where he is struck by the "curiously-shaped steamers"; also, by "the small stature of the men and women, and the paleness of their faces." The land appears to him "of the most sterile character": between Boston and Lowell he finds only Indian corn and vegetables growing on sand. New England agriculture is "by no means interesting" to him; and after a remark or two on the purity of the spoken tongue, the good education and intelligence of mechanics, and the "broad sidewalks made of planks," which he discovers in most of our villages, he is off for Canada and the West. "If ever countries have a golden age," he says, "Upper Canada and the Western States are now enjoying theirs." (p. 109.) Thence his journey lies by way of Baltimore to Richmond, Savannah, and Cuba, returning by New Orleans and the Mississippi. Abundance of facts and statistics, with an essay, very fully illustrated by charts and diagrams, on the climate and meteorology

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\* North America, its Agriculture and Climate. By ROBERT RUSSELL. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

of the continent (pp. 303 – 380), attest the fidelity with which he has used his opportunities. A large part of the volume reads quite like the report of a commission. It is, in substance, a quiet, unpretentious diary of an apparently diligent and skilful observer; and as such has a value which will be appreciated by those who seek fresh and intelligent testimony of such things.

The reader is struck, in particular, with the quiet and unprejudiced tone in speaking of slavery in its relation to the material interest. In its own field, he thinks, free labor cannot compete with it (p. 143), especially in the capital advantage of *concentrating* labor upon the spot or moment that requires it. Neither, says he, is free labor so much degraded by its presence as has been held. Still, it is but a limited quantity of land that will sustain it (p. 293); the attempt to employ it in manufactories proves a failure; and in the more northerly States it is “chiefly upheld by the cultivation of tobacco” (p. 148), which is but a temporary reliance, owing to the need always in that culture of fresh undressed soil. “Although,” he says, “the six free States of New England have about four times more reclaimed land than Maryland, yet their produce of wheat is less than one fourth, and of tobacco less than one fourteenth, of this slave State.” (p. 135.) An argument which, within its limits, we suppose good to correct the extravagant over-statements often made by the political adversaries of slavery.

A NOTICE is better late than never of one of the most amusing of all books of travel and adventure, — a genuine “Citizen of the World,” needing not Goldsmith’s eye or pen, — a sequel to “Lettres Persanes,” not written in the latitude of Paris, but fresh and real from an Oriental mind. Is it possible that our re-publishers know not “Lutfullah”? \* He is a Hindoo Mussulman, learned in many tongues and in the ways of many men; has served as teacher, interpreter, and confidential agent among the English; learns their language, — “the most difficult in the world,” — and even quotes to them certain of their own poets to adorn his English style; and finishes his tale of adventure by a residence of considerable length in London. He begins his story, with patriarchal solemnity, by the pedigree of ninety generations that connects him with the father of mankind. He diverts us with the pranks of a mischievous and rather precocious Hindoo boyhood among his swarthy fellows, — tells how he put frogs in ladies’ work-baskets, singed frightfully the white beard of an importunate old parasite who bored his father, nearly dosed his schoolmaster to death with a potent drug, cured himself of dysentery by a hearty meal of comfits, and was hardly saved from drowning by a charitable Brahman, — whose idolatry very much shocks him, and plunges him into a maze of sceptical speculations on religion. “Although,” he says, “in my after life I was a good

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\* Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman, and his Transactions with his Fellow-Creatures; interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal. Edited by EDWARD B. EASTWICK. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Muslim, yet I could not shake off such confused notions entirely, until I was about thirty years of age. . . . I beg, however, to observe, that I am still ignorant of my first origin, and of what I am to be on my being transferred to the undiscovered country 'from whose bourne no traveller returns,' as Shakespeare says."

The glimpses of Hindoo life here and there are painfully curious. We see, in passing, a wretched woman paraded in disgrace, seated backward on a donkey, — having, in the pangs of poverty, "killed, boiled, and eaten" a neighbor's child. (p. 7.) We are shown the most effectual torments by which government robbers or lawless bandits extort the declaring of hidden treasures; — setting the victims in the blazing sun, his ear held by a gun-lock or other sharp device; pressing a small stone upon the head till it is slowly driven to the brain; enveloping the face in a "horse's provender-bag" strewn with ashes and red pepper, which in two or three hours will stifle the poor wretch in gasping tortures; — yet some will endure it all, and die rather than betray their scanty hoard. (p. 9.) We learn the secret trade of the murderous Thug, Jum'a (p. 75), whom Lutfullah, shuddering, betrays to the fate of being blown piecemeal from a cannon. We have a defence of the Oriental costume as compared with the Europeans (p. 124), and a comparison of the institution of marriage (p. 220) and the condition of women (p. 338) under Mohammedan and British sway, — in the former case the superiority left undecided, in the latter zealously claimed for the sheltered and unambitious contentment of the harem. We have a most vivid picture of the Suttee, — in which the widow, a mere girl, fortified by fanaticism, camphor, and bang, shows her scorn of pain by burning her finger to the bone with tow steeped in oil, and then, spite of an English officer's remonstrance, sets fire to her own funeral pile.

Aside from this panorama of Hindoo life, we are entertained with the naïve wonder at the English, — the shock given to Oriental modesty by their novel dress, — the popular rumor of them that they "had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body, which made them appear abominably white" (p. 35), — and the thorough respect our author learns to feel afterwards for their valor, justice, and intellect. A judgment of European culture and customs from this novel point of view has its philosophical and moral interest, as well as its flavor of oddity. An Oriental who records his judgment of the English on their own soil, in their own tongue, is well worth hearing. He sums it up by saying that "they are entirely submissive to the law, and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limits of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable." (p. 433.)

MR. DE FOREST's previous volume, "Oriental Acquaintance,"\* was

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\* *European Acquaintance. Being Sketches of People in Europe.* By J. W. DE FOREST. New York: Harpers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 276.

spirited and entertaining, though it was properly described by the epithet "flashy." The present volume is better described by the epithet "trashy." It is a very small specimen of very trifling book-making. It introduces us to no persons worth knowing, unless we except Priessnitz, the water doctor; ekes out the poverty of ideas by anecdotes of dogs, hats, human owls, and stories of fun, incomparably below the average of college jokes; and parades the laziness of a loafer's life in Paris and Florence as if it were something to be proud of. The larger half of the volume is devoted to pictures of life at Graefenberg in Austria, and Divonne in France, two water-cure establishments. The details of this life may be very interesting to those who have tried it, but they are certainly in the last degree dismal to the uninitiated. A writer must be reduced to severe straits where he has nothing better to tell than how they played "Cat and Rat," and how the saintly Adolphe Monod "hopped" around a room, ejaculating, "Bonjour, bonjour, com-mère Marie!" In vain we have tried to discover the humor of the elaborate portrait of "Trompette," a white bushy-tailed cur. It is fair to say, that he was a favorite of the author, and that he is quite as interesting as most of the human acquaintance, the Trocons and Neu-villes and Prince Georges, of the volumes.

The poetical appendages to the chapters are excruciating. In one statement we agree with the author, that his work is "babble" and "prattle," and that his "forte is tittle-tattle."

#### SCIENCE.

FOR the lust of the eye and the pride of life, there is never lack in the progress of the age. Our Annual of Invention\* never fails of matter or interest, and this year is no whit behind former years. Besides innumerable experiments in metals, machines, soils, chemicals, and sunlight, we learn an infinity of cheap and easy substitutes for honest material and genuine work. We learn how to make India-rubber out of oil, whalebone from rattan, and marble from plaster of Paris, — all as good as natural; how to hard-grain leather by electrotype, transmute base metals into gold (oreide), and emboss veneering, so as to deceive even the adept; how to tan hides in fifteen minutes that once took as many months, how to make a week do the work of a year in giving "age" to wine, and half an hour of half a night in kneading bread. We learn that a photographic copy of an old MS. may be even better for critical purposes than the original; that steam-carriages will yet most likely run on common roads, and caloric engines do the drudgery of our house-work; that the "Leviathan" is the smallest ship that will answer her purpose, and if she succeeds, will probably be the smallest on her route; that Bessemer's process is not so far hopeless (a trifle of phosphorus being just the only difficulty), but that we may still look presently to have pure cast-steel as cheap as the commonest

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\* Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1858. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.



iron now. In short, we can hardly think of anything more exasperating to a disciple of the Ruskin school, than most of the devices which mark our annual advance in the outsidings of civilization.

But along with these, we have some very curious chapters on the philosophy of science, and the grandest phenomena of the universe. A discussion, not quite new, has been brought prominently forward the last year, respecting the equivalence or "interaction" of natural agencies, — so much heat standing for so much mechanical force, and having its equivalent also in chemical or electric action, and the actinic quality of the sunbeam, — force of either sort being transmutable into any other, just as a debt is payable in any currency, so much for so much. The problem of *perpetual motion* has been hunted through the labyrinth of nature, and always yields, always must yield, just the same result. There is a given "stock of force" in the universe, which may appear in any form, but can never be diminished or increased, — except indeed by the slow secular diminution, which one day will turn the world back to chaos and old night, so slow that the solar day has not diminished one three-hundredth of a second in 2000 years; and (as we learn by the way, p. 195) the mean temperature of Palestine has not varied a degree since the time of Moses. Scientific truth is vouched by instruments so delicate that (for example) a variation of  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of an inch is "an important thickness" in the polished surface of the mirror of a reflecting telescope, and the fiftieth asteroid has a diameter of only some four miles. It is shown that earthquakes and volcanoes are affected by our nearness to the sun, being more frequent in winter; that the magnetic wave is affected by the solar spots; that the earth has a luminous belt, like Saturn; and the tides will some day bring it to a dead halt in its rotation. An equivalent for the sun's light is stated, in an unspeakable number of candles; it "could scarcely be produced by the daily combustion of 200 globes of tallow, each equal to the earth in magnitude." (p. 215.) Hence the inference, that, as the sun swings through space, it absorbs enormous volumes of nebulous matter, to feed its dazzling furnace. The mechanical force necessary to stop the earth in its orbit would cause an amount of heat "equal to that produced by the combustion of fourteen such earths of solid coal," and would reduce it almost or quite to vapor. Such is a sample of the class of facts with which our higher speculations on the universe now deal, contained here in several valuable essays by Faraday and others. We observe, by the way, that the nebular hypothesis is assumed throughout in these modern cosmogonies, — the twenty years during which it has been growing popular having sufficed to relieve it of all its old prestige of infidelity.

A VERY curious episode in the history of such speculations is found in the book called "Omphalos."\* We class it along with "Historic Doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte," and similar logical paradox-

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\* Omphalos: or an Attempt to cut the Geological Knot. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. London: John Van Voorst. pp. 376.

es; and, to do it justice, it is sustained with even more admirable gravity and skill. It soberly reargues the old notion, that fossils, traps, disturbed strata, and the like phenomena, which gravel the theological adversaries of geology, were made by the Creator just as they are, — not exactly as a mere puzzle and scandal to human science, but because the globe, if made at all, must have been made at *some stage of its existence*, and may as well have been at that as any. Nature is a circle. It knows no such thing as a beginning. Start where you will, you assume the whole background of antecedents. Suppose the Creator to make a river; that presupposes the streams, the springs, the showers, the clouds, the sea, — in short, the whole circle of the waters. A tree testifies to its age by its annual rings; a seed, to the pod that sheltered it, and the vegetable juices that ripened it. Every animal, at every conceivable stage of its existence, implies the train of antecedents needed to bring it into being. Start where you will, the argument is equally valid which proves a previous condition. Admit that there was a Creator, a beginning somewhere, and that species are not fluent but permanent and fixed, — with these postulates it makes not the slightest logical difference at what point you “cut the geological knot.” You have not the slightest valid evidence to show that the mastodon and iguanodon had anything more than a Platonic pre-existence as ideas in the creative mind. The reasoning by which you would prove it compels you to carry the date of creation farther and farther back, *ad infinitum*. The drift-marks on rocks, fossil bones gnawed by the teeth of beasts of prey, tracks of giant birds in sandstone, fishes whose genus can be determined by their scales, coal-strata enclosing leaves and stems of well-defined plants, — all mean no more, logically, than the actual bodily organs of the man Adam, at whatever (apparent) period of life you suppose him to have been created. Had not Adam blood, which supposes chyme, food, and undigested refuse of the same? Had not Adam an “omphalos”?

Such is the argument of this very entertaining little book. If we treat it as a logical *jeu d'esprit*, it is not because the author meant it so, or because we are blind to the serious and utterly unsolvable nature of the problem it propounds. It only restates, with abundance of illustration, and an apparent polemic aim, just what the pride and the humility of science have combined to prove all along. Science, as such, knows nothing of motives, causes, beginnings or ends. It is no argument, in its view, to say, So and not otherwise you may “cut the geological knot”; for it knows of no knot, and has no care to cut it. And for pure speculation, or common sense, or Scripture interpretation, it avails just as little to say, Moses tells us the world was made in six days, about six thousand years ago, and it may as well have included fossils and drift-marks as raw material in any other shape. The argument may show us our utter helplessness — on which “positive” science constantly insists — in dealing with problems of the primal and absolute being. It may throw us back on some form of the development hypothesis which it professes to ignore; which common sense accepts so far at least as this, that the conditions of existence for each new race of being were

long in getting ready, and were made sufficient before the creature could appear. There is no break or pause, no suddenness or violence, in the Divine order of the universe, — to human comprehension, no beginning or end. This little work, with its odd title and dogmatic pretension, is sceptical in its real drift, as all such logical paradoxes are. Its real value — aside from the start it gives to our placid acquiescence in current theories — is in the instructive and curious detail it gathers from the world of natural history, to illustrate its very simple theorem. But the last result of all such discussion must be to deepen the real humility of science, and lead us to contemplate more reverently those ways of the Almighty which are past our finding out.

A VOLUME of a good deal of scientific interest is the journal of an English observer \* who was deputed to test by experiment the advantage, which astronomers have long coveted, of an atmosphere free from the waves and mists that disturb this lower air we breathe. For astronomical discovery, it may be considered that the climate of the temperate zone is well-nigh "used up." Even if instruments could be made of vastly increased delicacy and power, they would be so much the more sensitive to those slight variations of heat and moisture, which now, on an average night, turn the planet we gaze at into a blur of gleaming light, and the fixed star into a tremulous tip of flame. If any new discoveries are to be made in physical astronomy, it must be by carrying instruments of high power above the range of the ordinary atmospheric changes. The table-land of Mexico, or the heights of Teneriffe, must be the site of our new observatories. And meanwhile, we seek such proofs as we may of the measure of advantage to be derived. Such is the motive of the expedition which Mr. Smyth records. It seems to have been in every way eminently successful. Mr. Smyth had, it is true, but an imperfect outfit as an observer. The instruments he took were but second-class; and in one of his experiments, — of getting a steady rest for his telescope on board ship by a system of wheel-work spinning with prodigious swiftness, — the centrifugal force is too much for him, and his machinery flies in pieces just as it has triumphantly proved its own success. But the main results — those for which the expedition was planned — were most successfully established. Two months were spent on the flank of that volcanic pile, a part at the height of nearly 11,000 feet, and many interesting facts of earth, air, and sky are duly registered. The theory which started the expedition is fully vindicated. And what has been so well begun will hardly fail to be carried out by the enlightened policy of the British government, or ours.

The volume, without any high pretensions to literary merit, is a sufficiently pleasant and readable narrative of a very agreeable trip. The wonders of the warmer seas and the novelties of the Fortunate Isles

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\* Teneriffe, an Astronomer's Experiment: or, Specialities of a Residence above the Clouds. By C. PIAZZI SMYTH. Illustrated with Photo-Stereographs. London: Lovell Reeve.

are told with spirit. A good-humored, helpful, enthusiastic temper in all the men, carries off admirably all the little difficulties and details. In one thing the book is quite unique, — its stereographic illustrations, and the folding instrument accompanying, which turns the dull little pair of plates on the page into the marvel of rocks that spring into startling relief, or groups that seem a petrified reality. It is an experiment, and a thoroughly successful one, of a new application of this magical art to book-illustrations of a journey. Pity that its cost puts it at present quite beyond the reach even of most libraries. We record it now, as one step in the science of the beautiful, trusting that a little more practice in the art will bring it within reach of all classes of readers and purchasers.

#### EDUCATION.

THE "Educational Year-Book" \* is the beginning of a work which may be of the highest service, particularly to those who wish to study, in a compact and authentic shape, this marked feature of our institutions. At present we find a good many interesting statistics, and much useful information, but not the satisfactory view of the subject as a whole which we shall look for in coming years. Its register of Colleges, Academies, Learned Societies, and Educational Publications is interesting, but incomplete. In particular, that very important feature of our system, schools for the blind, idiotic, etc., is almost wholly left out. What is still more inconvenient is the want of some intelligible classification, or at least nomenclature, of our seminaries of learning. We are told, incidentally, that in Alabama are twenty colleges, and in North Carolina six male and thirteen female colleges; in all we reckon up not far from a hundred and fifty institutions bearing that title, five or six being in the hands of Roman Catholics. Some general view, however brief, in addition to the details given of special States, seems very desirable. In some quarters the system of public education has hardly got footing, and from some the returns are scanty or out of date. These deficiencies will be remedied in time.

With such qualifications the volume is a welcome and useful one. Some of its details may be of interest. We find of Theological Seminaries, 24; Schools of Medicine, 23, two being for females; of Law, 5; Military and Naval, 5; Normal, 11; Scientific, 2; Agricultural, 1; Associations, Literary or Scientific, 60; Publications, 20. The United States government, has appropriated about 50,000,000 acres of the public domain for schools, and about 5,000,000 for colleges. The "Educational Income" of the country amounts to about \$18,000,000. — The cost of public schools in the State of New York in 1856 was \$3,544,587. — California has a prospective school fund of \$40,000,000; "but less than one fourth of the children attend any school, public or private!" — In Massachusetts there is a school fund of about a million and a half, or prospectively of two millions; half the income thereof to

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\* The American Educational Year-Book. 1858. (Vol. II.) Boston: James Robinson & Co.

be appropriated to common schools, and the remainder for general educational purposes. The annual cost of the public school system is \$ 2,400,000 ; the number of public-schools 4,360 ; of scholars (in winter), 203,031 ; of teachers, 7,188. Ninety-two high schools and five normal schools are supported at public charge ; and there are, besides, eighty-four academies, or private seminaries, most of which have some special endowment.—In the Roman Catholic Colleges we observe with pleasure that instruction is provided in drawing, music, painting, fencing, gymnastics, and dancing,—an illustration of the “unrivalled system of Jesuit education” from which our Protestant seminaries might take a hint.

The “Year-Book” is of about the size and general appearance of the American Almanac, and contains a calendar and other useful tables.

#### POETRY AND FICTION.

THOUGH Mr. Lowell is still a young and growing man, he has secured an established reputation ; and there is no American poet whose works would be more acceptable in the compact and elegant form in which our publishers are beginning to reprint the popular favorites.\* The harmony of his versification, the brightness of his wit, the delicacy of his fancy, and the purity of his sentiment, all commend his poems to general appreciation. With the ripening of his powers, his style has been liberated from the trammels of an artificial expression, and has acquired ease and grace. His later poems are among the richest additions to our poetical literature. The sarcastic drollery of *The Biglow Papers*, the more polished wit of *The Fable for Critics*, and the picturesque beauty of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, are familiar to every reader of poetry, and form a sufficient basis for Mr. Lowell's popularity. Many of his minor poems, too, are perfect cabinet pictures, drawn and finished with the utmost skill. “*The First Snow-Fall*,” certainly one of the best of his minor poems, we are sorry to see, is missing in this edition. In other respects the volumes are entitled to the highest praise as a complete and elegantly printed edition of a favorite poet.

THE new edition of the *Poetical Works* of Sir Walter Scott, added to the series of the *British Poets* published in such a beautiful style by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., is the most complete that has ever appeared. Great pains have been taken by the editor, Professor Child, to have it surpass in this respect of completeness, even the standard Edinburgh edition of Scott's *Poems*. The little gems scattered through the *Waverley Novels*, and the pieces preserved by Mr. Lockhart in the *Biography*, are all collected and well arranged here. The brief *Memoir of the Poet* is from Black's edition. The foot-notes, prefatory, and other illustrative matter, give us ample accompaniments for explanation and comment on the text. We therefore commend anew the whole series from our eminent Boston firm to the widest and heartiest appreciation of our extending literary circles.

\* The *Poetical Works* of JAMES R. LOWELL. Complete in Two Volumes. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 32mo. pp. 315, 322. [Blue and Gold.]

A GOOD deal of interest attached in advance to a novel \* which had been so warmly received in Germany as "*Soll und Haben*," had been translated into five or six languages, had had rival translators in England, and had been recommended by Chevalier Bunsen. About a year after it came before the English public, our republishers brought it before ours. We confess to a little feeling of surprise that it should have been heralded with quite so much enthusiasm. But it is a thoroughly entertaining book, and based on such a study of the transitional stages of German society as to deserve graver thought than any mere novel of society. The story turns on the contrasts and interwoven experiences of the mercantile and the patrician classes of society in Germany. One of the mercantile class paints the picture, and the noblesse suffer, as they should, — though their elegances are fairly appreciated and described. The Mr. Buckle of a century hence will note the book as a type of the step in German civilization when the great middle class was taking a decided advantage of its old masters.

Now the people who buy books, and read them, and make opinion about them, in Germany as in the rest of the world, are no longer this class of the old masters. This picture, therefore, of the true grandeur of mercantile relations, — of the firm integrity of Shröter, "our principal," and of the effective life and ultimate success of the man of work as compared with the man of buckram, prunella, and etiquette, — give to the book, perhaps, its popularity in Germany. We may add, that it will give it real value in England, where this lesson is needed to no little extent too. Here, where it was pretty thoroughly learned two centuries ago, the external costume of the book, the scenes and circumstances of the story, less known than to the German reader, are the most striking feature of the novel. For the characters are all taken into German Poland, among the colonists there. It is curious enough to find that the gallant insurgent Poles of our poetry and liberal enthusiasm are, to the calm mercantile eye, the "*Border Ruffians*" who cut in on the growing Lawrences and Ossawatomes of the budding civilization thus introduced in the wilderness. On the other hand, a cold shoulder is turned on our Cisatlantic arrangements, — the fast trader of the book being brought to himself by a voyage to our side, where he witnesses with horror our speculations, and whence he returns cured, a wiser and a better man.

DR. UHLEMANN'S "*Three Days in Memphis*" † is a faithful and vivid picture of ancient Egyptian life, — among the priests, in the palace, upon the farm, and within city streets. The author vindicates the authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures, and is, therefore, opposed to

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\* *Soll und Haben*. Roman in Sechs Büchern. Von GUSTAV FREYTAG. Leipzig. 1855. — Debit and Credit. Translated from the German of Freytag, by L. C. C. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858.

† *Three Days in Memphis*: or, Sketches of the Public and Private Life of the Old Egyptians. By DR. MAX UHLEMANN, Instructor in Egyptian Antiquities in the University of Göttingen. (Translated by E. G. Smith.) Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1858.

Lepsius, who made such havoc of our prepossessions along the Nile. He has in these few pages concentrated the ripest learning regarding the institutions, opinions, customs, castes, of this deeply interesting land. The form is that employed by Becker in his *Gallus and Charicles*. It is a romance laid thousands of years ago, in which the Göttingen Professor is a spectator and partly an actor. The boy-god Horus transports the Egyptian student, in a moment of time, from the neighborhood of the University into the midst of now-extinct Memphis, and introduces him in Egyptian costume and character into high and low life, into palace and temple, among conjurors and soldiers, scenes of festivity and of mourning, bacchanalian entertainments and military expeditions. An episode of Athyrtis and Seson shows with great power the corruption of the tyrannical priesthood.

A vast body of information is brought into the smallest possible space, and clothed with the greatest attraction which the subject admits. As far as we have compared his statements with older authorities, there is no essential disagreement. The scenes shift before one can tire of them, but not before they have made a distinct impression. The translation is fair, though occasionally incorrect, and there is sometimes a little confusion of tenses. It is a pity that the volume should be quite destitute of illustrations.

Cannot the intelligent publishers give us the "Handbook of Egyptian Antiquities," by the same author, now publishing at Leipzig? The invaluable collection gathered by Dr. Abbot at Cairo, (still within our reach,) makes such a work especially desirable.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WRIGHT\* parades as many titles as a member of the Pickwick Club in full standing, and the character of his researches seem to resemble in some respects the proposals of that illustrious body, as recorded in the first chapter of their history. From an "Esq., M. A., F.S.A., H.M.R.S.L., &c.," we are prepared to expect a work vastly learned, profoundly obscure, and aristocratically dull. The style of the *preface* bears out this expectation. It is heavy and dignified. But the execution of the work agreeably disappoints us. It is as admirable as if the author were plain Thomas Wright, with no appendage to his name. In this closely-printed, double-columned thousand of pages, we have a thesaurus of information concerning the idioms and dialects of the English tongue, such as has never before been brought within the reach of ordinary readers. Learning, wit, good sense, and good taste have made a dictionary which is as entertaining as a play or a poem. We have not attempted to count the titles which are given, or the words which are defined, but we have felt sad, in going over the crowded

\* Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English, containing Words from the English Writers previous to the Nineteenth Century, which are no longer in Use or are not used in the same Sense, and Words which are now used only in the Provincial Dialects. Compiled by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., H.M.R.S.L., &c., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1857. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 1039.

pages, that so many good words, — so many words associated with such delightful verse and such musical prose, — so many fine old Saxon phrases, — have become obsolete, and belong to the past of our mother tongue. Hundreds of these dead words would reanimate the force of our sentences, if we only dared to use them. The sensation of reading a work like this of Mr. Wright is that which we have in the old Burgher cemetery of Nuremberg, where the grand monuments, in brass and stone, with their quaint devices and their fine-cut lines, massively defying the wear of centuries, seem to hold far more of real life than the crumbling palaces and grass-grown streets of the city which drags out the remnant of its fate. These fine old words make us regret that good time when the "baron and squire and knight of the shire" could make familiar use of so natural a dialect. We are impressed, by the work of Mr. Wright, with the fact that the English language has lost quite as much as it has gained by the polish of civilization and the progress of letters.

The work is the most valuable of Mr. Bohn's "Philological" series.

THE books published by Hachette may usually be trusted as decent in their tone, if they are sometimes rather commonplace. Madame Charles Reybaud\* is one of those excellent authors who never offend good taste or sound morality. She is to the reading public of Paris what the authors of "The Lamplighter" and "Delia Arlington" are to the reading public of Boston. She tells her stories in a simple, natural, and honest style, with which you can have no quarrel. The tendency of her works is good. But her original power is considerably less than that of George Sand, or Madame Girardin, not to mention "Marie Capelle," whose unique volume, "Heures de Prison," is the rival of the work of Silvio Pellico.

"Faustine" is a story which illustrates the manners and customs of provincial life in France, particularly in decayed remnants of its noble houses. We are introduced to families where pride and parsimony divide the empire, where the hall holds traditions, while the kitchen is on constant short allowance. There is a superficial plot in which we never get interested, and the ordinary machinery of the novel does not move very smoothly. Faustine is a weak creature, with no will of her own; her aunt is a hard old maid, as haughty as she is indigent; the lover is a simpleton; and the merchant who marries Faustine is made to succeed in a very unlikely scheme, carried out in a very blundering manner. The story is a failure, but the charm of style makes it readable.

Sydonie is more successful. It is a tale of life in St. Domingo, just before the breaking out of the negro insurrection. The wealthy planter, the woodman, and the slave population, life in the mansion-house, the hut, and the forest, are described as graphically as life in the Southern States in "Dred." The character of Sydonie is the companion picture

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\* *Faustine et Sydonie*. Par MADAME CHARLES REYBAUD. Paris: Hachette. 1858.



to the character of the wayward spoiled child of the Gordon plantation. She is amiable, beautiful, fascinating, yet weak, indolent, and good for nothing but to be loved. She is just what any girl ought to be who is educated in a region of slavery, — plenty of heart and passion, with little intellect and less energy. She falls in love languidly, holds to her love tenaciously, and lives only a secondary and parasite life, clinging to some external support.

The volume is well supplied with adventures and catastrophes. There is a thunder-storm in the forest, in which the old governess is killed by lightning at the side of her pupil; — there is a conflict with an alligator, in which the slave Youna, whom Sydonie had saved from death as a malecontent, proves himself to be a champion as skilful as Captain Waterton; — there is a storm at sea, terrible as such storms are in the land of hurricanes; — and, finally, there is the revolt of the slaves, with its burnings, plunderings, massacres, in which the father of Sydonie is a victim, and from which she only escapes by a miracle. The tale is well wrought up, and comes out right at last. The daughter of the exile finds her lover coming to seek her, and goes back with him, as it is proper that she should, to live a happy life in France, the only country really fit to live in.

THE late Rev. Joseph C. Smith\* was not widely known; but where known he was highly respected for his intellectual ability and varied acquirements, and sincerely loved for his manly, religious character. The church at Newton Corner, to manifest their affection for their former minister and their appreciation of his Christian worth, invited the Rev. Dr. Miles to deliver this discourse. The preacher discharged his d with fitting simplicity and calm earnestness. It will be among the consolations of the friends of the deceased, that his true life, with its vigorous virtues and gentle graces, will be revealed to many to whom he was a stranger when "in the flesh," by this truthful tribute to his memory.

Mr. Smith was a graduate of Bowdoin, and studied theology at Andover. These facts explain the insertion of two notes. The first of these states, that, of the "college-educated" Unitarian clergy, "about one third are graduates from some other college than Harvard"; the second we copy entire.

"In the valuable Triennial Catalogue of the Andover Theological Seminary, published in 1857, several mistakes have been made, some of which we may name. Rev. Joseph C. Smith was connected with the institution two years, and not one year only, as indicated in the catalogue. Rev. Dr. Barrett, of the Chambers Street Church in Boston, was never a pupil in the seminary; though his name is unaccountably inserted as a member, at one time, of the class that graduated in 1820. It is not a little singular, that, in the 'Notices' against each former member of the seminary, Joseph C. Smith is the only person named as a Unitarian minister, when there are twelve others, as above stated, to share that name with him; and among these is a professor in the Meadville Theological School, and the Rev. Dr. Dewey of Boston. The inference to the uninformed reader would be, that Mr. Smith was the only person ever in the seminary who had embraced Unitarian opinions."

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\* A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev. J. C. Smith. By H. A. MILES.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Little and Brown announce the seventh volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, being Vol. I. of the History of the American Revolution.

Also, an Edition of Shakespeare, to be complete in twelve volumes, post 8vo, the style of type, &c. being similar to that of the "Household Warley."

Hickling, Swan, and Brewer will publish in a few months Worcester's great octavo Dictionary of the English Language. We have examined some of the advanced sheets, and shall take occasion to speak more fully of its extraordinary beauty and completeness.

Dwight's Journal of Music, one of our best American Journals of Art, enlarged and otherwise improved (particularly by the addition of printed music), is published by O. Ditson & Co., of Boston.

The third and fourth volumes of Froude's History of England have been lately published, bringing the narrative down to the death of Henry VIII.

Also, the seventh volume of Alison's History of Europe, coming down to the Abdication of Louis Philippe in 1848.

Some of the most brilliant papers of the National Review have appeared under the title of "Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen. By Walter Bagehot." London: Chapman and Hall.

From the London press we have also the following:—

"The Senses and the Intellect," by Alexander Bain. This work is understood to belong to the "Positive" School of Philosophy, is extraordinarily rich in facts, and employs the truths of Physiology as aids in its exposition of intellectual laws. It is to be followed by a volume on the Emotions and Will. Published by Parker.

A History of Ancient Pottery, by Samuel Birch.

The Student's Blackstone, comprising those portions of the "Commentaries" which refer to the History of the Constitution and to the Rights of Persons. Published by Murray.

By the same publisher, A Mediæval Latin Dictionary, uniform with Smith's Latin Dictionary.

The Microscope and its Revelations, a compact and beautiful Text-Book, by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, with 370 wood-cuts.

An Index of Dates, and an edition of Pope's Odyssey, with Flaxman's Illustrations, have been published by Bohn.

A "Handbook of Zoology," in two volumes, published by Longman & Co.

By the same, "Resources of Estates," a treatise on agricultural improvements and the development of landed property, by Lockhart Morton. A large and handsome 8vo, with many plates.

"Recollections of the Last Four Popes and of Rome in their Times," by Cardinal Wiseman, published by Hurst and Blackett.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

Theism, Doctrinal and Practical: or, Didactic Religious Utterances. By Francis W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 4to. pp. 184. (See p. 442.)

Tracts for To-Day. By M. D. Conway. Cincinnati: Truman and Spoford. 12mo. pp. 303. (See p. 444.)

Seven Stormy Sundays. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 12mo. pp. 370. (See p. 446.)

*Sermons and Addresses delivered on Special Occasions.* By John Harris, D.D. Second Series. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 390.

*Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson.* Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 342.

*The Life and Choice Works of Isaac Watts, D.D.* By D. A. Harsha. New York: Derby and Jackson. 12mo. pp. 496.

*Life Thoughts, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher.* By one of his Congregation. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 299. (To be noticed.)

*Devotional Exercises for Schools and Families.* New Edition, with Additions. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 192.

*Church and Congregation: a Plea for their Unity.* By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 336.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

*The Works of Tacitus.* The Oxford Translation, revised, with Notes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 464, 496.

*The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer.* By Samuel Smiles. From the Fourth London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 486. (To be noticed.)

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

*Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia.* By Thomas William Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 533. (Notice deferred.)

#### POETRY AND FICTION.

*Andromeda, and Other Poems.* By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 111.

*Debit and Credit.* Translated from the German of Gustav Freytag, by L. C. C. With a Preface by C. C. J. Bunsen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 564. (See p. 467.)

*Waverley Novels.* Household Edition. *The Pirate*, 2 vols. *Fortunes of Nigel*, 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

*Adèle; a Tale*, by Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 574.

*Ran Away to Sea: an Autobiography for Boys.* By Captain Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 359.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. II. *Arakshseeffe* — *Beale*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 8vo. pp. 784. (To be noticed.)

*Appleton's Cyclopædia of Drawing*, designed as a Text-Book for the Mechanic, Architect, Engineer, and Surveyor. Comprising Geometrical Projection, Mechanical, Architectural, and Topographical Drawing, Perspective, and Isometry. Edited by W. E. Worthen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 8vo. pp. 410. (Very amply and beautifully illustrated, and apparently a complete and most valuable work for practical use.)

*History of the Inductive Sciences, from the Earliest to the Present Time.* By William Whewell, D.D. Third Edition, with Additions. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 566, 648.

*Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1858.* Edited by David A. Wells, A.M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 419. (See p. 461.)

*The American Educational Year-Book.* February, 1858. Boston: James Robinson & Co. 12mo. pp. 252. (See p. 465.)

*English Grammar. The English Language in its Elements and Forms. With a History of its Origin and Development.* (Abridged from the Octavo Edition.) Designed for general use in Schools and Families. By William C. Fowler. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 381.

*The Massachusetts Register for the Year 1858.* Boston: Adams, Sampson, & Co. 8vo.

*A Practical Guide to English Pronunciation, for the Use of Schools.* By Edward J. Stearns, A. M. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 55.

*Alphabetical Recitation List, to accompany the Pronouncing Guide.* pp. 55.

*A German Reader, by Professor Charles Follen, D.D. A New Edition, with Additions, by G. A. Schmitt.* Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 326.

*Revival Hymns and Tunes, Selected from the Plymouth Collection.* New York: A. L. Barnes & Co. 8vo. pp. 48.

#### PAMPHLETS.

*A Twenty-fifth Anniversary Sermon, preached in the First Congregational Church in Uxbridge, Jan. 10, 1858.* By Samuel Clarke. Milford: G. W. Stacey. pp. 20.

*Third Annual Report of the House of the Angel Guardian.* January, 1858. By Rev. George F. Haakins, Rector. Boston: P. Donahoe. pp. 18.

*Thirty-ninth Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* New York. pp. 176.

*What Patriotism, Justice, and Christianity demand for India. A Sermon* by Edmund Kell (of Southampton). London: E. T. Whitfield. pp. 16.

*The Future Life: an Examination of its Conditions from the New Testament.* By J. P. Blanchard. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 32.

*A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev. Joseph C. Smith.* Delivered in the Channing Congregational Church, Newton, Sunday, March 28, 1858. By Henry A. Miles. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 27. (See p. 470.)

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